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THE URBAN REVIVAL AMERICAN

THE URBAN PREDICAMENT

James S. Coleman

CAN WE REVITALIZE OUR CITIES?

Lisa R. Peattie

CITIES, SLUMS AND HOUSING

Bruce Stokes

RECYCLED HOUSING

Roger Sale

THE ECONOMY OF CITIES

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THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER

Peter Meinke

THE RETURN TO FORM IN AMERICAN POE

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A NOTE TO THE READER

I ask the reader's indulgence if these remarks take a somewhat personal turn. With this issue I end twelve years as editor of *Dialogue* and move into the more solitary role of free-lance writer with mixed feelings of anticipation and regret.

I will miss the sense of direct contact with readers on five continents, reinforced by many letters and a lively assortment of published responses to articles in *Dialogue*. I will miss (but not as much) the compulsion to read through more magazines and books than any sensible person should be expected to, in search of material for *Dialogue*. I will miss the freedom, unusual in government (and in the private sector as well), to choose the contents of each issue without censorship or policy review.

Dialogue has been something of a departure in government sponsorship of magazines for foreign readers. It was founded on the belief that candor about America's faults as well as its virtues would make stauncher and more understanding friends than a carefully protected screening of facts and analysis. In my first "Note to the Reader," I wrote:

Dialogue addresses itself to the "intellectual public," those readers who have a compelling interest in ideas, social problems, literature and art. We hope to avoid facile popularization and irrelevant scholarship, and to publish articles that link special knowledge to wider cultural influences or pressing human needs. We do not expect our readers to agree with all of the articles we print. Indeed, the contributors will often disagree among themselves and the editors with them. But we hope to provide stimulation, provoke dissent, (and at least occasionally) elicit enthusiasm.

Our title refers primarily to the continuing discussion among Americans of matters ranging from education and culture to politics and economic development.... But there is also a reciprocal character to intellectual discourse which leaps the barriers of geographical frontiers or political systems. We hope that our magazine will contribute to this international dialogue of ideas and aspirations.

It is, of course, for the readers to judge whether or how well we accomplished our aims. But for me and my colleagues, the effort itself has been exhilarating and gratifying.

Nathan Glick

P 3212

The Urban Predicament

CAN WE REVITALIZE OUR CITIES?

By James S. Coleman

For much of human history, the advance of civilization meant the growth of cities. Today, however, we are unsure about the virtues or the viability of great cities. In the United States, there is evidence that cities are shrinking in size and attractiveness, as new modes of transportation and communication create other possible settings for residence and industry. But the decline of cities is not inevitable, according to Professor Coleman. What is needed to revitalize them, he writes, is the fashioning of government policies that place the highest value on healthy and heterogeneous cities.



James S. Coleman is professor of sociology at the University of Chicago and the author of many books on social problems. His best known work is *Equality of Educational Opportunity*, which provided the basic research to support the educational advantages of racially integrated schools. His most recent book is *Power and the Structure of Society*. His article is abridged from an essay included in *The Mature Metropolis*, edited by Charles L. Leven and published by Lexington Books, D.C. Heath and Company.

Over a hundred years ago, when the population of Chicago was about 30,000, a student of American cities named George Tucker wrote:

The growth of cities commonly marks the progress of intelligence and the arts, measures the sum of social enjoyment, and always implies excessive mental activity, which is sometimes healthy and useful, sometimes distempered and pernicious... Whatever may be the good or evil tendencies of populous cities, they are the result to which all countries that are at once fertile, free and intelligent, inevitably tend.

If all this was true in 1870, why does it seem to be no longer true? Between 1970 and 1975, the central cities of U.S. metropolitan areas lost 1,404,000 persons per year through net out-migration. Tucker's words convey a sense of inexorable movement. What were the implicit assumptions that lay behind them? If we get some sense of the answer to this question, then we can obtain a broader perspective on the present condition of cities and the beginnings of insight into what changes in conditions or in policy might be beneficial to them.



Assumptions About Urbanization

If we examine with some care the ideas that were once held about universal increasing urbanization, we can see that what lay behind them was an assumption that the division of the population between cities and non-cities was a division between industry and agriculture. A certain fraction of the labor force was necessary for the production of food, for agriculture.

If that fraction was high, as it has been throughout history until the past century, and is still in some areas of the world, then a large portion of the population had to live on the land and produce food, and only a small fraction was available to live in urban centers and engage in other pursuits. As technological developments took place in food production, allowing the same amount of food to be produced with less labor, then labor was automatically freed for these other pursuits.

A final stable state would be realized only when almost the whole population lived in cities. Thus there were two further implicit assumptions that lay behind the thesis of inevitably increasing urbanization: first, that pursuits other than food production and work in extractive industries must necessarily be carried out in cities; and second, that the persons engaged in those activities must live there.

In recent years, however, both these assumptions have been proven invalid. Many activities that are neither agricultural nor extractive but rather industrial or post-industrial, are no longer carried out in cities. Industrial plants are now often located outside major metropolitan areas; this is also true of expanding nonindustrial activities, such as higher education.

It is equally evident that people do not necessarily live near their place of work. There has come to be a rupture of the connection between place of work and place of residence. The rupture is so great that industrial plants which once would have created cities around them by their very existence no longer do so. Their work force remains largely distributed in surrounding rural areas, not as farmers but as "rural, nonfarm" population, with neither the amenities nor the problems of an urban existence.

No Single Direction

The invalidation of these assumptions indicates that it is not correct to conceive of a single unilateral force pushing in the direction of either centralization or decentralization, with the achievement of complete urbanization or the opposite, demetropolitanization, being only a matter of time. It is instead necessary to think of the relations among cities, suburban areas, and nonurban areas as involving a balance of forces. Some of these forces move toward greater centralization, some toward suburban development on the fringes of central cities, and some toward full decentralization of location. As the balance among these forces changes, there will be net movement into or out of the cities, and into or out of metropolitan areas. If the

forces themselves were immutable, and subject to change only by factors outside man's control, then our task would be confined to that of observing and accommodating to them.

But this is not the case. The forces change partly, it is true, because of technological developments, which are not easily predicted and which have unintended consequences, and partly because of demographic changes, which are not easily subject to societal control. But they can also change as a result of explicit policy, or of alterations in the relative amounts of demand and supply in certain markets, which can either push people into nonurban areas or pull them into urban areas.

The Economy of Cities

It will be useful, in gaining a sense of the forces which have affected the growth of urban areas, to examine factors affecting the location of two elements: economic activity, and residence. For it is the location of these two elements taken together that influences the growth or decline of urban areas.

We accept as elementary that in primitive and premodern societies, most primary economic activities—agriculture, lumbering, mining, fishing—constitute a large fraction of the economy. In modern societies, they constitute a small fraction.

The location of most of these primary industries is fixed, and tied to the land by nature. And in general, these activities are geographically dispersed. Except for relatively small concentrations, such as mining towns and fishing villages, therefore, the location of these activities does not lead to geographic concentration in urban areas. Today, it is true, there are some large and increasing urban agglomerations in relatively primitive economies (for example, Cairo will have over 15 million inhabitants by 1985). But these have occurred as a result of two changes introduced by developed countries: improved health conditions, leading to greatly reduced infant and adult mortality; and imports of food, which have kept large numbers of economically dependent persons alive. If these were wholly isolated economies (that is, if they could not import food in return for raw material or credit), the urban agglomeration could not exist.

As economies came to consist increasingly of secondary economic activities—that is to say, manufacturing industry—the location of economic activity changed. First, it was increasingly disconnected from the land, so that urban agglomerations had the opportunity to form. Second, the interdependence of industries meant great economies of proximity. Two principal developments brought about these economies: transportation and communication. Particularly in heavy industry, but in the manufacture of goods generally, transportation costs between interdependent industrial sectors can be high, and are reduced by proximity. Thus all sorts of metal fabricating plants sprout up near a steel mill, and all sorts of consumer

product plants sprout up near the metal fabricating plants.

The economies of proximity due to communication are important as well. Specifications for materials, sales negotiations, and all of the detailed communication necessary for economic transactions are more rapidly accomplished at less cost with fewer errors at close proximity. Small parts suppliers for automobile manufacturers have crowded close to their customers in the Detroit area to facilitate communications and sales. Such concentrations form sometimes even within small areas of a city to allow quick and easy face-to-face contact. The book and job shop printing industry in the United States has traditionally been located in the East Side of New York, with printers, stereotypers, engravers, and presses all in close proximity. But the most extreme example is the stock market, which consists solely of paper transactions with no physical flows, and is located within a small section of lower Manhattan known as Wall Street.

Forces Toward Dispersal

These factors became increasingly important as the manufacturing sectors of industry grew. But several developments have taken place to make them less important. First, chains of production have become increasingly long. As this occurs, with growing amounts of labor costs embedded in the materials, transportation costs become a diminishing fraction of the total cost of materials, so that proximity to sources of materials is less important. For example, the cost of materials used in manufacture of computer memories is sufficiently high per pound that proximity to sources of supply does not lower costs significantly enough to offer a competitive advantage.

Second, a mature and stable set of manufacturing processes no longer requires the proximity and centralization that were necessary in their period of development. The huge stockyards and meat-packing industry of Chicago have been replaced by smaller slaughtering, processing, and freezing units near the feed lots in Iowa and Kansas. A mature and technologically stabilized automobile industry is now able to have more dispersed manufacturing and assembly plants. Government agencies that require massive keypunching of individual records have this done not in the Washington metropolitan area, but in rural West Virginia and Kentucky, where the labor force is lower paid, harder working, and more contented. The electronics industry, which in its early days utilized the proximity that the high density of New York City provided, no longer required that proximity as it matured and moved, first to New Jersey, then throughout the country, especially to California, and even to Taiwan and Korea. In general, as the major manufacturing processes mature, they are decentralized or moved out of large urban cities.

A third change, interacting with the second, has added to the forces that decentralized economic activities. This is the revolution in communications. Modern long-distance communications, at reduced cost relative to other

goods and services, lessen the importance of proximity. Typesetting for books, that would have been done until recently in New York, is now sent overseas where labor costs are lower. The Western Union telegraph system, which once had its principal transmission staffs in major cities, now maintains only minimal delivery staffs there, with its principal staffs located in a few rural places. Long distance telephone and document transmission equipment allow decentralization, with plants located in rural areas or small towns that would never have been economically efficient in the absence of present communications technology.

Growth of Functional Specialization

One of the consequences of the freedom of location allowed by transportation and communications technology is an increasing functional specialization of localities. The classical independent town that was functionally diverse has come to be replaced by the locality which specializes in one activity. Residential suburbs are functionally very specific, covering only housing, education, religion, and sometimes a few other activities, but not economic production. Other suburbs, as well as towns outside urban areas, complement this with industrial concentration. Still other communities are functionally specialized as vacation resorts with nothing but a service industry, on the seashore, or in the mountains, or throughout whole states, like Vermont or New Hampshire, which have become the locale for second homes and vacationers.

In the presence of functional specialization, central cities are rather an anachronism, for they retain something of the economic completeness which characterizes an independent economy. Nevertheless, certain economic activities have left the cities while others have not, so that there has come to be, by default, some degree of functional specialization of the central city. An examination of the economic profiles of cities of different sizes shows that large cities specialize in governmental activities, consumer services, finance, and wholesale (not retail) trade. They contain manufacturing as well, but in steadily decreasing amounts, as manufacturing plants leave the city and even the metropolitan area.

This functional specialization of localities is part of a change in the organization of society that has taken place since the end of the Middle Ages, and with special rapidity in the past century: a change away from the total institutions, groups, and communities into which persons are born and in which they live all their lives, and toward voluntary associations which cover only a segment of their lives and only for a limited period of time.

The anonymity, and the freedom of choice, of the central city are still compatible with this continuing trend away from encompassing total institutions; but the once functional completeness of the central city is not. I do not mean to imply that the search for a role for the mature city in the future is automatically destined for failure—but only that its potential for success is not to be found in the pattern of the past.

The Effects of Affluence

The decisions made by industry to locate its units in one place or another both influence and are influenced by the choices families make about their lives. Since the industrial revolution and up to the 1940s, people moved to the city because if they gave up farming the only work available was in the city. Thus economic necessity first dictated a dispersed attachment to the land for most persons, and then with the industrial revolution a concentrated clustering around the large factories and related enterprises of the city. There were other determinants of location as well, such as protection of life and property and, for smaller numbers of persons, the possibility of a style of life at once freer, more individualistic, and with easy access to cultural activities and social events. But the central motive was an economic one.

Residential movement in recent years has become much more complex. As economic necessity becomes less imperative, location of residence is increasingly shaped by other motives: living space indoors and outdoors, climate, children's education, safety, proximity of friends, and many others.

One major pattern of residence which has characterized many families may be called the sequence of increasing affluence. This sequence is well described by Philip Hauser in his book, *Population Perspective*. There is, first, a move to an apartment in the central city after the end of education, until about the time the first child arrives. Next is a move out toward the edge of the city, or the suburbs, in a small house; next, a move to a larger house further out; and finally, after children have left, a move back into an apartment in the central city. The result is that the central city contains a higher proportion of young singles and newly marrieds, and of older persons, than do the remaining residential areas. Clearly, the attraction of cities with their proximity to others is strongest among population groups without primary family ties. In the absence of intimate family relations, the importance of relations outside the family increases.

Varied Life-cycle Patterns

There are, of course, variations upon this life-cycle pattern; it is far from universal. Some of those variations have particular implications for cities, however, and some suggest barriers to city residence. One variation, which appears curious at first, is the initial move not to a city apartment, but to an apartment in the outer suburbs, where a number of new apartment buildings have recently come to be occupied by singles and couples. The failure of the central city to attract its "natural" childless residents suggests that in recent years, the city's attractions for this age group have been partly overridden by opposing forces.

A similar inference follows from the alternative movement of many older couples or persons: not into the city, but into a community constructed solely for their age group. Again, by this move, the city loses its "natural"

residents, whose attraction to the city is overridden by other forces.

Another pattern of movement is that which occurs daily, from residence to work and back. This movement is directly dependent on transportation, technology, and cost. The journey that was once limited by trolley car tracks now can easily extend beyond the suburbs into the countryside. The automobile has made it possible, at some transportation cost, to separate the decision about where to work from the decision about where to live. This separation has led to suburbs that are wholly residential, to economic homogeneity of suburbs, and to increased social and ethnic segregation. The interest in escaping the city is evident if one compares the social class pattern with distance from the city center: the economic level of a city's residents varies directly with their distance from the center. Those with the greatest economic resources, and thus the greatest freedom to live where they like, live furthest out. There are exceptions, indicating that under certain conditions the central city is attractive for those who have the freedom to choose, but the general pattern nevertheless exists.

The Impact of Communications Technology

One of the less recognized changes in the elements that determine residential choice is communications. Because of television, and to a lesser extent other communications media such as the telephone and radio, the rural resident now has easy access to many of the benefits that could once only be attained by proximity to others in cities. Entertainment and leisure pursuits which once required physical presence at concerts, movie theaters, football, baseball, and other sporting events, now require only a television set in the living room. The non-metropolitan resident is no longer isolated from the cultural center of society.

For persons in their late teens and twenties, it is true, entertainment and leisure depend more on physical proximity to others, and thus on the population density to be found in cities. For them, the disabilities of non-metropolitan life loom larger. But for young children and for older adults, those disabilities have come to be sharply reduced.

The complement to this change which allows persons to participate in culture from their living rooms is another which has increasingly confined them to their living rooms. The increase in violent crime, which has been most spectacular in central cities, less so in suburban areas, and still less outside metropolitan areas, has left many persons in cities afraid to leave their homes at night. This fear, coupled with the presence of television entertainment and recorded music within the house, further reduces the cultural attractiveness of cities. Indeed, the much lower crime rate outside the city may allow the non-metropolitan resident greater participation in cultural life and entertainment outside the home than the city resident enjoys.

Up to now, I have focused on impersonal forces—economics, transportation, communications technology—that in some cases encourage proximity

and concentration, and in others favor distance and dispersal. But there are also factors of conscious social policy that can affect the attractiveness, or lack of it, of cities. For example, if social policy creates more amenities in high-density areas, such as centers for child care, or more specialized and intensive education of children, or greater opportunity for indoor recreation, proximity becomes more valuable, and metropolitan areas will become denser and more compact. Consequently, despite the great effect of changes in communication and transportation on the shape of urban areas, social policies can affect that shape as well.

Just as the continued growth of cities was not inevitable, their continued decline is not inevitable. There is a fatalism in the face of technological and demographic changes which overlooks the effect of social policy on the demand for proximity and the demand for distance. The question then arises—if I am right that governmental policy can, without undue difficulty, vitalize cities and metropolitan areas that are declining in population and economic purpose—why does it fail to do so? The answer to this question is that we desire other things more. We enact policies which are aimed at accomplishing other goals, but which have as an additional effect an increase in the value of distance from others, or a decrease in the value of proximity. I will give a number of examples.

Policies Affecting Urban Development

One classic example of a policy which, since World War II, has acted to increase the value of distance from others, and thus movement from city to suburbs, is federal home mortgage loan policy. Federal policy, through loan guarantee programs, under the Federal Housing Administration and low cost mortgages for veterans of the armed services, made the purchase of a new home very easy by offering lower interest rates and lower down payments. This facilitated the purchase of suburban housing, since most new construction was in the suburbs. The programs, however, did not equally facilitate purchase of older houses—and these were mainly in the city. One result was an increasing number of houses abandoned in the central cities as urban housing stock deteriorated in maintenance and became less profitable.

If we ask how can neighborhoods be maintained, housing in the central city be kept in repair, and the exodus of families from the city be reduced, the answer is that we would have to change our priorities. We would have to devise policies which made it as economically attractive to renovate and buy older city housing as to build and buy new houses in the suburbs. If the differential policy toward old and new housing had not existed, this would not in itself have led all families to remain in the city. It would, however, have led some to do so, a difference which might have been important in halting progressive decay in central cities.

Another area of social policy illustrates the same point: the construction of expressways in cities under the Federal Interstate Highway Program.

For a number of years in the 1950s and 1960s, the federal highway program was extremely important in changing the relative demand for proximity and distance, for centralization and dispersal. In two ways, this program increased the demand for distance. First, it was able to impede the attempt of neighborhoods and cities to conserve and protect themselves by cutting roads through them, with principal power not in the hands of the city or the neighborhood, but in the hands of the State Highway Department. Second, it greatly reduced the time and inconvenience of travel between central city and distant suburbs, increasing the disconnection between residence and work.

The policy benefited the automobile industry, facilitating the automobile's use, and encouraging the two-car family. It also benefited those who wished to reside away from the city while continuing to work inside it. Thus if we ask with bewilderment, "Why cannot effective policies be devised to aid the central city?" the answer is already with us: there *are* policies, the policies *are* effective, but they are implementing other values, to which we have, as a collectivity, given greater weight. There are signs, however, that public opinion is moving toward giving greater priority to public transportation—trains, buses, subways—than to continued expansion of automobile highways.

School Desegregation

Still another realm of social policy which involves conflicts of values is that of school desegregation. Recent policy (since 1970) in the cities has gone beyond eliminating legal (or *de jure*) segregation toward active integration through the elimination of *de facto* segregation. Following a court case in 1970 in which a judge ruled that city-wide bussing had to be used to achieve racial integration in the schools, bussing came to be an instrument of desegregation policy for large cities. These desegregation decisions in large cities such as Denver, Boston, Memphis, San Francisco, Dallas, Indianapolis, and others, both North and South, have been designed to implement the value of equality of educational opportunity, particularly for black students. They reflect the importance of that value, and of the policy goal of benefiting black students. An indirect consequence of these policies, however, has been a sharp increase in the exodus of white children from city schools. Most of these children moved to the suburbs, but some went to private schools and some left the metropolitan area altogether.

To counteract the present policy which provides a powerful incentive to leave the central city for the suburbs, there have been proposals to introduce compulsory racial balance by bussing not only within the city but throughout the whole metropolitan area. That policy was initiated in Louisville, Kentucky (in 1975), by introducing bussing throughout Jefferson County, which surrounds Louisville. One result has been to drive up housing prices and construction in nearby Bullitt County, outside the reach of the court's action. Another result was a sharp loss of white students from

Jefferson County schools. The long-term result, so long as the judge's order stands, is likely to be a movement first of people and then of industry away from the Louisville metropolitan area.

The school desegregation policies, like the FHA mortgage policy and the Federal Highway Program, exemplify again that the problem of metropolitan areas is not a failure to know what to do to strengthen these areas. It is the use of policies that support legitimate purposes yet have other effects that are harmful to metropolitan areas. The policies are implemented because they pursue values that are collectively held to be more important than those of strengthening metropolitan areas.

Policies That Harm Cities

What kinds of policies are most likely to be destructive of metropolitan areas? The examples discussed here suggest two general properties of such policies.

In all of the areas discussed above—mortgage loans, highways, and school integration—the policies I have described as leading persons to move away from cities, and even metropolitan areas, are largely federal in origin. The low-cost mortgage policies, and the highway program, were the result of Congressional actions, while compulsory school busing derived largely from actions taken by federal courts. One characteristic of policies made at a city level is that they will be very attentive to city interests. City government tends to be conservative with regard to city structure; it is designed to preserve the existing organization. Policy made at the federal level is not so designed. As a result, federal policies will more often sacrifice the values of the city or even of the metropolitan area in the pursuit of other values, such as the health of the construction or automobile industries or a hoped-for better racial balance in public schools.

What makes this fact of particular relevance is that the importance of federal policy relative to local policy is increasing; more decisions affecting localities and their residents are coming to be made at the national level. It is safe to say that in none of the areas discussed would social policy have gone so far in directions that are harmful to cities if it had been made at the local level, subject to local interests and pressures. Would this have been "better"? Such a question is unanswerable, because it fails to specify "better for whom." It would probably have been better for the health of cities, and perhaps of urban areas generally; but it would probably not have been better for the health of the construction industry or the automobile industry. The strengthening of cities does not benefit everyone. There are serious conflicts of interest, simply because the policies that would be attentive to the health of cities would most likely be inattentive to other interests.

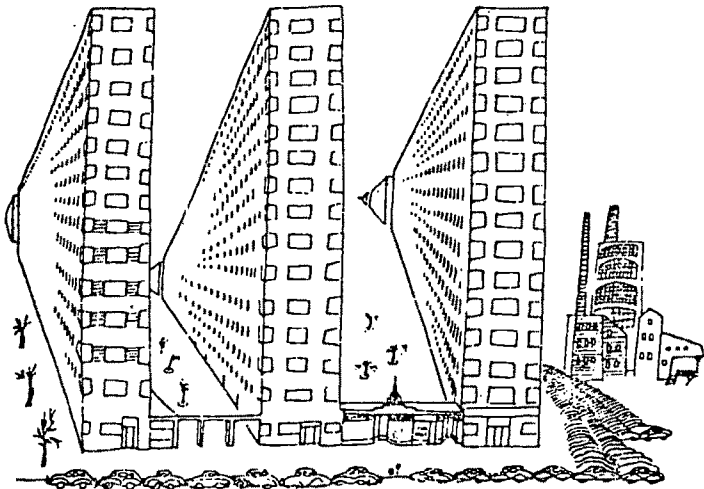
Clearly, the rebuilding and strengthening of urban areas, the revitalizing of cities and metropolitan areas now undergoing decline, cannot be

Can We Revitalize Our Cities?

brought about by some brilliant plan which has so far eluded us. On the other hand, neither is the decline of central cities an inevitable consequence of technological change. The rebuilding of cities will require policies which intrude on other values. It may be necessary to decide, for example, between the value of metropolitan areas and the value of increased protection of the rights of criminal suspects. It may be necessary to decide between a degree of racial imbalance in racially heterogeneous cities, on the one hand, and formal "racial balance" within cities that are nearly all black, on the other. It may be necessary to decide between building highways for the convenience of suburban commuters and building more public transportation. It may be necessary to decide between subsidies for suburban housing and subsidies for inner city rehabilitation.

Only when we begin to recognize that the city declines in large part because we actively pursue ends that bring about its decline will we have reached the sober point where serious discussion can begin, and we can ask the proper questions. For example, what will be gained and what will be lost if we choose policies that strengthen the city and attract people to it? Why do policies adopted with the best of intentions so often bring dubious, or even harmful, results? How important are prosperous, heterogeneous cities to the economic and cultural health of a nation?

The answers to such questions will not be easy or simple. We do know that the growth of cities is not as inevitable as George Tucker believed a hundred years ago. But we also know that cities as we have known them are not inevitably doomed. Their survival depends on a very conscious acceptance of their value and on the fashioning of government policies at all levels that nurture cities without neglecting the needs of suburbs or rural areas. Conflicts of interest and values exist, but they can be mediated by careful analysis and intelligent choices.



CITIES, SLUMS AND HOUSING

By Lisa R. Peattie

Social scientists generally see developing countries as emulating the experience of industrially advanced countries. Professor Peattie here reverses this pattern and suggests that the modernized West can learn some important lessons about housing the urban poor from the more fruitful practices evolved by some developing nations.

Lisa Peattie is professor of urban anthropology in the department of urban studies and planning of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. She has written many professional papers on the politics of planning and on urban economics in developing countries. Like her well-known book, *A View from the Barrio*, her article is based on several years of residence and study in Venezuela. It is adapted from a longer version included in *Shaping an Urban Future*, edited by Bernard J. Frieden and William N. Nash, Jr., published by the MIT Press.



I want to set forth what I see as some issues in housing in the United States—and, by extension, in most highly industrialized countries—by considering housing in a very different sort of social situation, the cities of the developing countries of Latin America. I shall discuss Latin American slums and try to use an analysis of those slums as an intellectual lever for prying into some aspects of America's (and Europe's) more sophisticated slums.

The concept of a "slum" seems to be, actually, a rather complex one containing, in somewhat unclear relationship, elements of land use, density, building condition, and social attributes of people. The *American College Dictionary* defines a "slum" as "A thickly populated, squalid part of a city, inhabited by the poorest people." In an earlier, less sophisticated age, this relationship between people and building seems to have been thought of as a kind of natural state of congruence of species and habitat. A slum was the way that the lower orders lived. As slums began to be seen as a "social problem," the slummy state of the lower classes came to seem less inevitable. In one view, the slumminess of the buildings was seen as produced by the slum residents. Liberal thought turned the relationship around, re-

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garding the poor immigrants to cities as forced into and deformed by the slums. The reversal gave us the movement for slum clearance, which has been struggling against fearful obstacles ever since.

In any case, all agree that a slum is not just a state of buildings but a state of people as well, and that there is some important relationship between the state of the buildings and the state of the people. Yet, I would maintain that despite the clear visibility of a correlation between poor, crowded housing, poor people, and other sorts of "social problems," the dynamics of the relationship still want looking at. Indeed, I believe that despite a good deal of relevant research, most of the questions as to the nature of the relationship are still unanswered. A look at the slums of Caracas does not answer those questions and perhaps raises others, but it may be a way to begin the discussion afresh.

The Caracas Experience

The slums of Caracas are far worse physically than the slums of Boston or New York. Something over a fourth of the population of the city live in *ranchos*—shacks of wattle and daub, of boards, of tin, even of flattened boxes, usually with thin sheet-aluminum roofs. During a quarter-century oil boom, Venezuela became transformed from a nation two-thirds rural to a nation two-thirds urban; and during that rush to the cities, the capital grew fastest of all, trebling its population in a single decade. New immigrants to Caracas, a city squeezed between mountains, crowded themselves onto every patch of vacant and undefended land.

Some ranchos are in better locations than others, and some are better constructed than others, but they are almost without exception below any adequate housing standard, not only to the middle-class observer but (and I think this is important) to their residents. They are generally too small, they are generally poorly constructed, and they are built in locations and under circumstances which tend to ensure that they will be lacking what we hopefully call minimal services.

The circumstances which have produced the rancho settlements of Caracas are those characteristic of developing countries. The ranchos reflect, on the one hand, the lack of public or private institutions for planning, financing, and building regulated, low-income housing. They express also the unbalanced economic development pattern typical of developing nations. There is a sharp rise in productivity and in wages in the narrow, developed sector and a focusing of economic activity and of public services in the city, which makes it an irresistible magnet. At the same time urban unemployment runs at levels unthinkable in the United States—28 per cent in Caracas when I lived there in the 1960s. Those rancho dwellers in Caracas are perching uncomfortably on their hillsides to participate in a vast urban shape-up for jobs. In this shape-up, they stand a good chance of losing out.

Slums of Hope

The rancho settlements of Caracas are, then, slums in which people are suffering from a rate of unemployment probably greater than that in the poor black neighborhood in Los Angeles, California, called Watts, while living in physical conditions far worse than Watts. It is somewhat of a shock, then, to find morale a great deal better. A recent writer says, "[the ranchos] are not expressions of despair, but of hope and activity and courage." One finds in these slums, says another writer, a strongly developed "sense of personal freedom" and a "common belief that the road for social and economic advancement is open."

A survey found only 32 per cent of a national sample of rancho dwellers regarding their situation as worse than it had been five years previously. A substantial majority, 69 per cent, expected it to be better in five years more. An even higher proportion (87 per cent) believed that children of today have greater opportunities for advancement than those of earlier times. Those rancho dwellers had a sense of opportunities which is quite astonishing: 85 per cent thought that "any capable person" might become an owner of a large enterprise; 89 per cent thought that "any capable person" might become a lawyer; 90 per cent thought that "any capable person" might eventually occupy a high government post. One day when I was lending a hand on a self-help sewer construction project in a particularly unattractive Caracas barrio (board shacks on bare earth, and 1,200 children without a school), I was struck by the fact the residents to whom I spoke gave such self-improving reasons for moving there. The commonest were to own their own homes and to exercise better control over their children than had been possible in the multifamily dwellings of the central city.

The rancho dwellers of Caracas, then, have extremely bad housing, but they experience this bad housing differently from the way the slum dwellers of Boston or Los Angeles experience their bad housing. It is important not to summarize and dismiss this difference as a "difference in values" which makes the rancho dwellers "not care." The rancho dwellers of Caracas also value good housing. They demonstrate it by improving their housing as rapidly as they can. The tin or pressed-board wall gets replaced by one of concrete block. Rooms get added on. The concrete block gets plastered. The plaster gets painted. The windows get covered by an ornamental metalwork grille. A little garden is enclosed at the front. All this has to be done in spare time with the money extracted from a small income subject to out-of-work stoppages and personal emergencies, and it may take many years. But when you look at any Caracas barrio which has been long established (and in the Caracas context, long means on the order of twenty years), the process is manifest through variations which expresses evolutionary change. At the bottom of the hill the dwellings are plastered and painted masonry; just above come rough block walls; at the top are the

board and tin shacks. To climb the hill is to run a developmental history backwards.

Attitudes toward Housing

It seemed to me that the members of the Venezuelan working class, once established, housed themselves astonishingly well considering their incomes. I do not consider this evidence of the sudden appearance of a new value on housing, but I believe rather that good housing was something which they appreciated even in the stage when they were living in ranchos. But then it was a value they could not practically satisfy.

The difference in attitude toward housing is, then, not a difference in values per se, so much as it is a difference in relevance and context. The rancho dwellers would like to have good housing, but they are willing to put the satisfaction of that value aside while they try to satisfy some other more pressing values.

A house is a machine for living—a place for eating and sleeping and talking to friends and making love and sewing clothes and helping children with their homework—but it is also an aggregation of resources. People's resources are limited. At any given time they must deploy them as well as they can to solve the problems which are for them at that point most pressing. Sometimes other problems are more pressing than having an agreeable home, and people put that off. During the years my husband and I were in graduate school, we lived in several striking slums. Although I found it unpleasant to have to put on an overcoat to get up at night to nurse the baby, this appeared to be the price which I had to pay for us to continue studying. It was not that my values set studying above comfort at all times and places, but for that time, that selection of priorities seemed appropriate.

The Social Context

The first point, then, which seems to come out of the comparison between the Caracas slums and the American slums is that housing must be thought of in its whole social context. It is not merely that "other cultures" and other styles of life are reflected in other kinds of housing preferences; it is that preferences as to housing themselves depend on the terms set by the social situation in which people are trying to make their lives. For housing experts and for some planners, housing is always a central issue; for some people housing is and must be a peripheral issue. Particularly, it is true that housing standards are in many situations a peripheral issue; other aspects of housing may be more important.

The comparison also suggests that people's sense of mastery and satisfaction is likely to be less strongly affected by the quality of their housing per se than it is by other factors which may be associated with a particular kind of housing. A distinction has been made between two kinds of slums: "slums of hope" and "slums of despair." The Barrio "Child Jesus" in Cara-

cas is a "slum of hope"; Watts is a "slum of despair." The housing in Barrio "Child Jesus" is vastly inferior to that in Watts. Indeed, the point has been made in categorizing areas of poor housing as "slums of hope" and "slums of despair," that there is likely to be an inverse correlation between housing quality and social morale. A typical "slum of despair" is the urban "gray area" in which once-good housing is being occupied by poor people, and in which it is said that "the neighborhood is going down." The shacks of the hopeful entrants into the urban economy are typical "slums of hope"; their occupants are people who feel that they are going up. It is not the housing which makes the difference; it is the thrust of the social forces affecting its residents or, at any rate, the way they perceive those social forces. In Watts the housing is not so bad, but everything conspires to make people feel (realistically) that in occupying those houses they are being trapped at the bottom of society.

Access to Opportunity

A consideration of the Caracas squatter settlements points up, further, that a house, besides being a place to live, is a base of operations. The most rudimentary ranchos are hardly more than that. When the squatter first sets up his framework of poles and lays over them a few sheets of corrugated roofing, he is hardly creating a dwelling; what he is doing is staking a claim—a claim to be there, to sit in at the urban-industrial game. For this squatter, housing standards are much less crucial than access to opportunity. Peter Marris has made this point with great clarity in his study of the social consequences of central-city redevelopment in Lagos (*Family and Social Change in an African City*). When the Nigerian government decided to rebuild the center of Lagos, a main focus of the project was the elimination of the eyesore represented by the shacks of the poor—the people who, as in Venezuela, had been drawn into the margins of the urban economy, subsisting by various kinds of occasional and low-paid labor and commerce. When the shacks were taken down, the residents were offered housing which was greatly superior from the point of view of housing standards, neat little low-rent masonry houses with basic services.

But this new housing, even though low-rent, was not low-rent enough for many of those people, and, worse still, it was on the outskirts of the city. In all the technical skills and social expertise needed to survive in the labor markets of Lagos, the people of the shacks were at the margins. Now they were physically at the margins, too. To be moved away from the center, where the income opportunities were, was enough to push many of them right to the edges of possibility. Their housing standard had been improved, but they had been dealt an overwhelming or almost-overwhelming blow. The case of Watts makes this point, too. Watts is a "slum of despair" partly because it is isolated; it does not give adequate access to opportunity. Either its people should be closer to the jobs, or an efficient low-cost public transit system should put the jobs within reach.

The case of Caracas, the case of Lagos, and the case of Watts make the same point. What the people at the bottom of the system need especially is not so much better housing as a better chance. They need a way of getting closer to good jobs and good schools and the other things which make up social opportunity. It is easy to pass over this point when considering other factors going into housing strategy—on the one hand, the problems of getting low-rent housing provided at all in our tight institutional structure and, on the other, the financial problems of the central city and the cost of social services to low-income people—but the point is clear enough. Social policy should not focus on housing standards but rather on provision of opportunity through housing strategy.

Rent and Maneuverability

The Latin American squatter settlements suggest another element in the housing situation which can easily take precedence over housing standards. This is resource maneuverability. In discussion of housing need, we often use figures of ability to pay based on a standard percentage of income. Such figures quite inadequately represent the level at which a fixed expenditure for housing should be allowed to bite into many people's incomes.

People who need minimal skills in a labor market oversupplied with unskilled workers, people whose physical strength is precarious, people who want to spend chunks of time doing nonpaying things like painting or sculpting or writing or bumming around have the same kind of problem; they must be able to survive layoffs. They must have a style of life which allows retrenchment and maneuverability of income. They have to have some way of hanging on in the city through periods of unemployment, while awaiting the next dollop of income. A substantial rent makes it impossible to retrench effectively. It makes it difficult to maneuver. The people at the bottom need maneuverability even more than the economically established do. Thus, those at the bottom—who in our system frequently pay a much higher proportion of income for rent than the middle class—should, by and large, be paying the lowest proportion. In a society like that of Venezuela, where the people at the bottom have to do a tremendous amount of balancing and maneuvering to get along in the city at all, there are numbers of people whose housing cost should really be zero. The squatter settlements make this arrangement possible.

The Importance of Home Ownership

The figures on percentage of income for housing pass over another important consideration. This is the question of whether the payments are going into rent or ownership. If we are thinking of the "housing problem" merely as a problem of providing people with places to live, it is not crucial whether those places are owned or are rented by those who live in them. But if we think of the "housing problem" as part of the whole problem of

deploying resources to handle a given situation in life, the difference between rental and ownership can be extremely important.

A social scientist who found in the Venezuelan barrios a "sense of personal freedom" and a "belief that the road for social and economic advancement is open," attributes this general sense of potency and optimism to the fact that in the Venezuelan barrios a large proportion of the shacks are built and owned by the residents. This optimism is all the more notable since, in almost all cases, the ownership in question, does not extend to the land on which the houses are built. Most rancho owners are "squatters," occupying land which they do not own and which would not be for sale to them if they were to try to buy it. But ownership of a dwelling—or of other improvements such as fences or fruit trees—is not dependent on ownership of the land where the improvements stand. More than that, ownership of land, in custom if not in law, becomes very rapidly established through use. Rights to plots of land in the form of title to the improvements on the land are in fact bought and sold all the time.

The limits to the sense of ownership are set not so much by the formal legal situation of a given plot or barrio as by the amount of pressure exerted by the government to state its claim against the rancho owner. There are barrios in which rancho owners are subject to pressure from government agents who tell the people that they should not repair their dwellings, much less add to them, since they are where they have no right to be. In such barrios, the spirit of "freedom for improvement and expansion" cannot develop. In many other barrios, the government has in effect decided to cede its claim, to let well enough alone, and to allow people to live as if they were owners. In such areas, the question of legal ownership becomes moot, and people build, buy, sell, and rebuild real property without regard for the legal niceties of land title. They act and feel like owners.

United States Counterparts

The possibility of home ownership at a very low level of income has more than just psychological consequences; it has important economic and social ones as well. A parallel U.S. example of the economic and psychological lift provided by house ownership is described in Stephan Thernstrom's study of social mobility in 19th-century Newburyport, in Massachusetts. Thernstrom points out that "property mobility" through home ownership was of very considerable importance in converting what had been in Newburyport an unskilled, often illiterate, proletarian class, mainly migrants from New England farms and Irish villages, into something quite different. This process is similar to what is happening in Venezuela now.

In the United States today, this "property mobility" seems to have been reduced for the poorest sectors of the population. A comparison between the Latin American rancho settlements and today's low-cost U.S. housing suggests that we have organized some possibilities *out* of our society part-

ly because we insist on higher standards of structure and amenities. But such standards, I believe, are not as relevant to the people at the bottom as are some other aspects of housing: housing as a means of access to opportunity; housing at costs such as to make income maneuverability possible; house ownership as a means of economic and social consolidation; house construction as a path of entry into the skilled labor market for the unskilled worker. All these requirements the rancho settlement satisfies quite neatly. In our more tightly organized cities it is much more difficult to produce a solution of such flexibility. There are only occasional and partial parallels.

As a college student, I had an experience with something like the Caracas barrios in an American setting when I took part in a survey of people living in trailer camps in Chester County, Pennsylvania. The war was on, and Chester was a shipyard town bursting at the seams with war workers. The overflow had spilled out into a series of trailer camps outside town. The trailer camps were depressing enough to look at: public water taps and electricity were the public services offered; living quarters were cramped; when it rained, the trailers sat glumly in the mud. There was some concern over the unfortunate trailer residents, and our survey was the result. I can still remember clearly the sense of surprise we felt at finding that most people in the trailers, while not altogether delighted with their style of life, and certainly with no intention of keeping it up forever, still found it distinctly preferable to paying high rents for crowded apartments in town. This way, they were at least saving money against the war's end. It was a little like the ranchos, but without the possibility of improvement and increasing equity.

Refocusing Public Policy

There is no use pining after the rancho-building squatter settlement solution to the low-cost problem in American cities—even if it were a better solution than it is. Our cities are organized in a way which makes that sort of solution generally impossible for us. We are committed to solving our low-cost housing problem within our own institutional context. But the Caracas comparison does point up some of the things we should be getting our institutions to accomplish.

The first step to make our institutions serve the housing needs of the people at the bottom would appear to be a clear recognition of some elementary facts. Most people who live in slums do so because they cannot afford better housing. Their basic trouble is poverty, not poor housing. They need better housing, but they also need better health services, better food, better education. If our institutions have the effect of raising housing standards but make the poor pay the costs in increased rents, we are doing the poor a dubious service. Whatever name we give to what we are doing—"renewal," "rehabilitation," "improvement"—if it forces the poor to live beyond their limited means, if it forces them to pay for a certain standard

of housing whether or not they wish to do so, we are making poverty more of a box than before.

It is an exciting thought to suppose that we might decide, as a nation, to foot the bill to do away with slum dwellings. But then what? Does this mean that all housing will be kept up to some minimum standard by public policy at public cost? If public policy is to underwrite the replacement of the slums, will any part of the cost be paid by the building owners or by the tenants? And how much of what we call the slum problem is in fact a physical problem? How much is a lack-of-opportunity problem? If we rehabilitate the ghettos, does this mean they still remain ghettos, resistant to upward mobility?

If we want the poor of our cities to live at "decent" housing levels and if, in some cases, we may even want to protect their chance to be in reach of the centers of opportunity, we will evidently have to underwrite their chances. Why not? The underwriting of opportunities is a policy to which our public institutions have been committed for a long time. I think that it is important for us to consider our public policies and institutions relating to housing in such a way as to make sure that we are underwriting *opportunities*, not being custodial. It is probably impossible for us to subsidize housing in such a way as to make possible for some individuals (as the Latin American rancho settlement solution does) an "abnormally" low rent. But I think that we could provide the programs and policies that (1) keep rent levels down so that poor families can have a greater proportion of disposable income, (2) reward instead of penalizing income-producing extra effort by public housing tenants and their children, and (3) make possible new creative approaches to house ownership and housing improvement by tenants at the low-income level. U.S. federal housing policies, starting with the Model Cities legislation of the 1960s, have moved in this direction, although in a limited fashion.

I have merely brought forward the rancho settlement-American slum comparison to suggest what a useful direction this may be for thinking and planning. I believe it is a direction which we will have to pursue further. We will have to shift from a focus on buildings to one on people and social institutions and social trends, from a focus on housing standards to one on housing needs, to one which treats housing not simply as an economic and social material, but also as an economic and social resource.



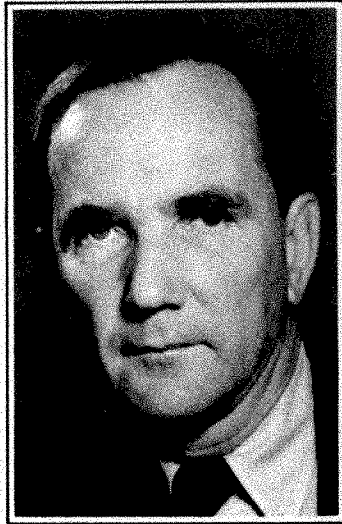
New Towns: Two Views

1. JOINING CITY AND COUNTRY

By Wolf Von Eckardt

The idea of planned communities that avoid the disorder, squalor, pollution and other vices of large cities has intrigued philosophers and reformers from ancient times to the present. Mr. Von Eckardt examines the enterprising and, in his view, encouraging application of that idea in the 20th century.

Wolf Von Eckardt writes on architecture and urban problems for *The Washington Post* and is professor of urban studies and public service at Cleveland State University. His books include *A Place to Live: The Crisis of the Cities*, *The Challenge of Megalopolis* and, most recently, *Back to the Drawing Board: Planning Livable Cities*, from which this article has been adapted. He received the critics' medal of the American Institute of Architecture for his "architectural expertise and acute sensitivity to social needs."



George Bernard Shaw called Sir Ebenezer Howard "the mildest and most unassuming of men . . . one of the heroic simpletons who do big things whilst our prominent worldlings are explaining why they are utopian and impossible." Prominent worldlings, particularly in America, are still at it, oblivious to the fact that Howard's concept has been successfully realized in Great Britain and that it serves as the basis for urban planning in most of the world.

The Modern movement in architecture and city planning embraced Howard's formula of building complete new communities as satellites of the old central cities, rather than letting the cities spread indiscriminately and destructively like cancer. But it negated the spirit of Howard's scheme. The influential French Modernist, Le Corbusier, called the city "man's grip on nature." It is, in his view, a total, totalitarian grip of steel, concrete, and macadam. Howard originally called his new communities "garden cities." He would build them not to grip nature, but to harmonize with nature. His approach was precisely the opposite of the technocratic planning and authoritarian formalism of the Modernists like Le Corbusier and the Bauhaus

school, who set out to solve the same city problems that Howard tried to solve—the crowding, anonymity, and blight brought about by mechanized industry. They saw the solution in more mechanization, in turning not just the house, but the entire city into “a machine for living.” The result was almost all machine and no living.

Howard, being preoccupied with practical-social rather than abstract-aesthetic questions, and not being addled by idolatry of the machine, was concerned with livability. His solution was to humanize and decentralize the city. He anticipated the philosophy that economist E.F. Schumacher outlined 75 years later in his book, *Small is Beautiful*.

Howard's American Years

Ebenezer Howard was born in 1850 in London, one of nine children of a baker. He traveled to America at the age of 21, tried farming in Iowa, then moved on to Chicago, where he may have visited Riverside, a carefully planned suburban community that was then being built four miles beyond the city limits.

Riverside's designer was Frederick Law Olmsted, the landscape architect who had become famous with his brilliant design for New York's Central Park. At Riverside, Olmsted applied some of the same principles of designing *with* nature, rather than putting it in man's grip. In contrast to the gridiron pattern that prevails in most American towns and cities, the roads meander with the lay of the land. Vehicles and people are separated on roads and walkways. Care is taken to preserve the natural topography and ecology, to save not only the cost of later landscaping, but, as Olmsted put it, “to imply leisure, contemplativeness and happy tranquility.” Small parks and ample playgrounds complete this tableau. But the shopping center was to be urban in character. In short, Olmsted's Riverside, designed in 1869, aimed at the “marriage between town and country” that Howard advocated two decades later.

Howard never claimed to have invented “garden cities” or “new towns,” as they later came to be called. His idea, like a river, is fed by many rivulets, springs, and streams. Planned towns have been built for various purposes by all civilizations throughout history. The gist of Howard's much misunderstood and misrepresented proposal was not so much to plan towns as to plan the renewal of industrial London and to humanize urban growth.

The Limits of Cities

Howard recognized, as American urban renewers in the 1950s and 1960s did not, that before a slum is torn down, there must be another place for the slum dwellers to live. He would settle them, along with anyone else who wanted to move out of London, in new communities. He would equip the new towns with industry, so that the residents would have jobs without commuting.

He also recognized, as the American public is now beginning to see, that cities cannot expand wantonly all over the countryside if the advantages of city and country are to be maintained. He would therefore concentrate the city's overspill in his new towns, build them all around a city, connect them with the city and one another by rapid transit, and contain both the new towns and the old city within permanent greenbelts to preserve as much country as possible.

Howard began thinking about this scheme after his return to London in 1876. But he did not formulate them for public scrutiny until 1898, when he wrote a short book, reissued in 1902 as *Garden Cities of Tomorrow*. In the center of Garden City, which Howard thought should have a population of about 30,000, he shows a park with recreation grounds, town hall, concert and lecture hall, theater, library, museum, and hospital. Running all around the Central Park is a wide glass arcade, an enclosed shopping mall. Surrounding the mall are rings of "excellently built houses, each standing on its own ample grounds . . . of very varied architecture and design." Beyond the houses is another park, containing churches and schools with their playgrounds. On the outer ring of the town are factories, warehouses, dairies, markets, coal yards, timber yards, and such, served by a spur of the railway to London, approximately 30 miles distant. And beyond the industrial belt is the greenbelt, devoted to large farms, small farms, small holdings, allotments, cow pastures, and whatever else is green and pleasant. This agricultural belt, providing produce and fresh air for the town's residents, houses another 2,000 people.

The First 20th Century New Towns

Howard hoped ultimately to transform London by converting slums into parks as workers flocked to his garden cities. But he realized that the first step was to build "a working model, and then a group of cities." With financial and moral support by business and professional men as well as many influential public figures, the first garden city was built. Letchworth today is a thriving town. Its population has reached its prescribed limit of 30,000. It has worked out pretty much as Howard had hoped, a verdant, tranquil place that has become a community. The greenbelt has not prevented the town from stimulating the economy of the surrounding, rural countryside.

Letchworth might be regarded as a lone, somewhat quaint, utopian experiment, had Howard not ventured a second demonstration of his concept with the aid of a younger group of associates. The second garden city, Welwyn, also in Hertfordshire, but only 20 miles from London, was begun in 1919. Compared to the daring, often brazen sculptural experiments of the Abstractionists, the architecture of both these first new towns, as of most of those that were to follow, is conventional. But residents and visitors are comfortable with it.

The new town movement does not concern itself with fashionable form.



Welwyn, England: one of the first "new towns"

It is concerned with function, with the workings of community life in the modern age. It is concerned with easy access to work, recreation, and cultural stimulation, with making it safe for children to walk to school, and with making it easy for parents to push baby carriages when they go shopping. It is concerned with keeping traffic and noise under control. It is concerned, in short, with making use of modern technology without sacrificing the social advantages of the historic city. In all of this, Letchworth and Welwyn offer important promises for humanistic architecture.

Missing in Letchworth and Welwyn are parking spaces. The new town design for the motor age, like the motor age itself, came from the United States.

American Applications

In America, Howard's ideas were welcomed by a group of architects and city planners, under the intellectual leadership of Lewis Mumford, who in 1923 formed the Regional Planning Association. Mumford was a writer and social thinker who later became America's leading historian of cities as well as its best-known critic of contemporary urban trends. The conferences, articles and books initiated by Mumford's group led to the building of Radburn (New Jersey) in 1929 by architects Clarence Stein and Henry Wright. Although this town planned for 25,000 people was to be a complete "garden city," it was also to be a town, as Stein put it, "in which people could live peacefully with the automobile—or rather in spite of it." Radburn was the first urban design with a complete separation of pedestrians and automobiles. You see its influence in every new settlement where the children can be let outdoors without fear of being run over by trucks.

Stein placed the backside of the houses along service lanes that lead to secondary collector roads around his superblocks. These, in turn, are linked to the main roads that connect various neighborhoods and connect with the highways and parkways. The fronts of the houses face a common—a publicly shared park within the superblock. The walkways to school and to the community and shopping centers are separated from the motorways by underpasses.

The essence of Radburn's livability is that in every detail of its design, the aim is not to make the most economical use of the land, but the most economical use of people—protecting them from the abrasive effects of noise, poisoned air, needless tensions, fears, and alienation. Stein's ingenious plan proved that this is technically possible without any sacrifice of mechanical comforts. Cars are parked at every house (but don't obstruct the family patio). There are electric refrigerators, dehumidifiers and knife sharpeners, to say nothing of television sets—just as everywhere in America's vast suburbs. And yet the machines do not dominate. The place is, as Mumford said, "deeply human."

The timing of this experiment, however, was unlucky. The first home owners moved into Radburn in May 1929, five months before the stock market collapsed. The corporation was ruined in the Great Depression. It lost most of the land beyond what it had already developed. But the Radburn idea lives on as one of the foremost architectural innovations of the twentieth century. And even today, the small part of the town that was completed still functions as an active community—so much more attractive than its conventional neighbors that its houses sell for much higher prices than comparable houses in nearby communities.

New Deal and Postwar Experiments

With the coming of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal and a broad reform impulse in the 1930s, other "greenbelt towns" appeared—Greenbelt (Maryland), near Washington, D.C.; Greendale, near Milwaukee; and Greenhills, near Cincinnati—all built by the New Deal's Resettlement Administration as experimental model communities for workers' families, as Howard had proposed. They, too, were inspired and largely planned by Clarence Stein, Henry Wright, and the rest of Lewis Mumford's little band, and are even today unusually pleasant communities in which to live. Greenbelt (Maryland), for example, consists of plain row houses built along landscaped inner courts, where children can play safe from cars. The walkways lead to the shopping center without crossing a motor road. There are still recreation and community activities, and today the town is more popular with its residents than ever. The people who live there chose simple homes in an attractive community over gadget-loaded homes in a fancy subdivision. When the first families moved into Greenbelt

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in 1937, they found a lake stocked with fish, athletic fields, a swimming pool and a youth center waiting for them.

World War II provided a fresh stimulus to the new town movement. The destruction of part of London by bombing led to a national planning authority that has so far helped to build 34 new towns in Great Britain. The first generation of postwar new towns was designed to accommodate the "overspill" populations of London, Glasgow, and other large cities. The second group, planned in the early 1960s, was conceived as regional growth centers, located further away from old center cities, and planned to house not only people but industrial plants and shopping centers in an orderly fashion. The latest trend is to build new communities on the outskirts of expanded old towns.

In the United States, a more sophisticated model appeared in the Virginia countryside just south of Washington, D.C., in 1964. The town of Reston is laid out on 7,000 acres of rolling woods and farmland with tennis courts, riding stables, and a golf course, as well as a "Rathskeller" for teenagers and adult education courses and an art gallery for their parents. Children are able to walk to school, and adults to essential shopping, without crossing a motor road. In accordance with Ebenezer Howard's concepts, people were to live and work in the same community. Reston has a thriving, 970-acre industrial park with light industry, offices, and a conference center close to Dulles Airport for people who want to meet between jets.

Reston, Virginia: a sophisticated adaptation of the principle



A Natural Look

Reston is also a place of beauty. There are flowers and carefully swept walkways everywhere. Even the pedestrian underpasses beneath the motor road are wide, well-lit and adorned with simple sculpture. Reston's showpiece is Lake Anne. The lake is man-made but looks natural, except for a dramatic water jet spraying the sky. On a nice day there are small sailboats and canoes on the lake. Motorboats are blissfully absent.

Some of the residents who live along the lake go shopping in their canoes, mooring them at a marina along the town plaza. The plaza is defined by a crescent shaped row of stores with balconied apartments above them and a sculptural fountain in front. There is also a church, with dramatic steps leading up to it, where people sit to chat overlooking the bustle. Facing the plaza is a good restaurant that puts its tables out in the summer. Off on the side is a tall apartment tower (with an art gallery on the ground floor) which, like the bell tower on the Piazza San Marco, has the effect of an exclamation point in this poetic composition.



People and buildings come together at Reston.

The scene has changed little since I first visited Lake Anne Plaza a dozen or so years ago except, perhaps, that the trees have matured and the fountain, store signs, and buildings have attained a kind of patina. They look less self-conscious.

I sit in the outdoor cafe and watch as, at other times, I sat and watched the goings-on in the central square of Siena or Burghausen. It seems as though everyone might join hands at any moment and break into the opening chorus. People do, in fact, hold dances, ceremonies, and pageants at Lake Anne Plaza, as they do on the plazas of other new towns, and as they do on the *place de ville*, *piazza*, and *Marktplatz* of Europe. Reston seems to me to be reconnecting Americans with their past.

Reston and its later and larger sequel, Columbia—built just north of Washington, D.C.—are remarkable achievements. They prove that the new town idea is also valid in America. But they are private real estate ventures built for profit, not “social cities,” as Ebenezer Howard conceived them. Each of these new towns is the product of a single man's vision. But successful social cities require regional planning and intelligent government support, and there are still too few of these in America or Europe or anywhere else.

New Towns: Two Views

2. URBAN UTOPIAS VS. THE REAL WORLD

By Irving Kristol

In the following brief but pungent dissent, Professor Kristol argues that the idea of planned new cities inevitably stubs its toe against the realities of economics and the infinite variety of human preferences.

Irving Kristol is professor of urban values at New York University and co-editor of *The Public Interest*, a journal that tries to bridge the gap between academic research and public policy. His books include *On the Democratic Idea in America* and *Two Cheers for Capitalism*. His article is reprinted from *Fortune* magazine.



If our cities are in sad shape, their condition is nevertheless positively benign as compared with the professions of city planning and architecture, which are in complete and fundamental disarray. Young people entering these professions today discover that all coherence is gone, that the traditional images of perfection are blurred beyond recognition, and that no one really knows anymore what a beautiful new building or a lovely new city is supposed to look like.

But this is good news, not bad. The crisis in these two professions is long overdue. Though everyone has, at one time or another, experienced a pang of unease when confronted with modern architecture, or models of the most "advanced" urban design, few of us have been aware that, for almost a century now, architects have deliberately been designing their buildings for nonexistent cities, while city planners have been designing their cities for nonexistent societies.

This peculiar strategy was premeditated. The principles of modern architecture and city planning were devised from the various utopian-socialist impulses of the 19th century. They had as their purpose not making people at home in the modern world, but the construction of a new post-modern world to be inhabited by a new and happier species of humanity.

And how was this new species of humanity to be evolved? Why, through the shaping influence of this new architecture and these newly designed cities. The skeleton of the future good society would be constructed now, as it were, and the flesh-and-blood of the body politic would take on its new, perfected form by a process of natural growth and adaptation. This may seem like a *reductio ad absurdum* of the environmental fallacy—and so in truth it has turned out to be.

The utopian premises of city planning and architecture in the 20th century are clearly and thoughtfully explored by Professor Robert Fishman in his new book, *Urban Utopias in the Twentieth Century*, published by Basic Books. Fishman analyzes the theories of three major thinkers—Ebenezer Howard, Frank Lloyd Wright, and Le Corbusier. And though he ends up being more sympathetic to them than, on the evidence, he ought to be, he does give us a fair picture of a chapter in urban and intellectual history that future historians will look back on with much incredulity.

The "Garden City" Idea

Ebenezer Howard (1850-1928) was in some ways both the most and the least influential of these urban futurists. The most, because—as the founder of the idea of “the garden city” as the ideal community for the post-modern world—he fathered hundreds of “new towns” (as they came to be called). The least, because his radical ideas were preempted by a suburban revolution that calmly, almost casually, swept up most such “new towns” into its maw.

Howard was an Englishman who emigrated to the United States, read—and was converted by—Edward Bellamy’s utopian novel, *Looking Backward*, and then returned to his homeland in order to change the face of the nation. An indefatigable promoter and lecturer, he did succeed in creating an extraordinarily influential movement. There are today several dozen “new towns” in England, some newer ones are still being established, and there is even a Cabinet Minister responsible for their successful nurture. On the Continent, too, there are many such testimonies to the fertility of Howard’s vision. Even the United States has some, most of them launched with great publicity and now surviving in a bland anonymity.

The trouble with all of those planned “garden cities” is not that they don’t work—they do—but rather that they end up, after a while, being indistinguishable from all the “unplanned” (i.e., privately developed) towns and cities that now dot the suburban belts. And the reason they don’t work as they were supposed to is that the dynamism of the modern world quickly makes hash of all such best-laid plans.

As outlined in Howard’s basic work, *Garden Cities of Tomorrow* (1902), the new urban entities would occupy 1,000 acres, would be surrounded by a “green belt” of 5,000 acres, and would have a population of perhaps 30,000. The relatively high density would discourage individualistic habits

of mind while encouraging the neighborliness that would lead to an eventual "cooperative commonwealth." The green belt would provide healthy fresh air and predispose the citizenry toward a pastoral serenity of spirit not otherwise to be found in our industrial society.

More important even than these considerations was the fact that these "new towns" were to be *self-contained* communities, so "balanced" economically, socially, and culturally that no one would ever have to leave, and of course so attractive that no one would ever want to leave.

The coming of the automobile threw a monkey wrench into this grand design, and helps explain why Howard's disciples—of whom Lewis Mumford is the best known—rage so against our "automobile civilization." It also explains their passionate attachment to "mass transit": this has nothing to do with economics or ecology and everything to do with their relative preference for "communal" as against individualistic modes of transportation, and with the states of mind supposedly engendered by each.

But even without the automobile, Howard's ideals would have turned out to be utopian. In a dynamic world economy, there can be no such thing as a self-contained community. Old businesses die, new ones are born, requiring new structures, new skills, new locations. And even in a Garden City, old people die too—though, to this day, planners of such entities tend to forget to include cemeteries, so hostile to mutability are they.

The first Garden City—Letchworth, about an hour's drive from London—still exists. It is a pleasant enough place in which to live, as is Long Island's commercially developed Levittown, which it by now resembles. But only planners and historians would dream of going out of their way to visit it.

A Futurist Vision

In contrast to the Garden City, there emerged on the Continent the ideal of a post-modern megalopolis—what Le Corbusier called "The Radiant City." Whereas the Garden City really did look backward as well as forward, trying to reconstruct pre-modern communities for a post-modern world, the Radiant City is all future oriented. It celebrates the latest technology—including some innovations still to be found only in science fiction.

This city will have huge buildings with lots of glass, in which people will live and play and procreate (moderately) in intimacy and community. These huge structures, of elegant and precise mathematical proportions whose harmony will pervade the spirits of the inhabitants, will each be surrounded by large wooded areas with appropriately spaced meadows. At a distance, there will be other large and lovely structures where people will spend some time attending the machines that do all the work. Science will have abolished pollution, naturally, as well as providing us with cheap and abundant energy. Everyone will play at least one musical instrument.

There are no such cities, of course, nor will they ever be built. Le Cor-



Brasilia: "austere, spacious..."

busier did design the city of Chandigarh in India, and his disciples designed Brasilia, the new capital of Brazil—but, perhaps because they are based merely on real-world technology, they are uncomfortable places, austere, spacious, devoid of all urban vitality.

A Passion for Purity

But the theories behind the Radiant City did capture the attention of architects, and what we call "modern architecture" is the consequence. The emphasis on "purity of design," leading to purity of soul in a purified community, still is decisive. (Indeed, it is so strong that when John Portman began to build his Hyatt hotels, the architectural profession was outraged, not only by his innovative playfulness, but most particularly by the fact that he had invested his own money in some of those projects.)

And "purity of design," too, still gives us those modern buildings, *not* surrounded by green space at all, but chockablock with older structures or with one another. It makes no sense, even in terms of the theory behind it all—but by now architects no longer know how to build buildings for real cities inhabited by real people.

So it is a healthy sign that city planning and architecture are professions in turmoil today. The real world has had its revenge. The fathers have eaten the fruits of utopianism and the children's teeth are set on edge. New ideas, new perspectives are bubbling to the surface. Despite the mischief created by three generations of futurists, the future is beginning to look better than the recent past.

RECYCLED HOUSING

By Bruce Stokes

Until recently, the American impulse was to tear down the old and build something new. Today there is a discernible trend, though its size and significance is not yet clear, to repair old structures or to transform them to new uses. In city after city, abandoned factories have been refurbished into attractive clusters of shops and restaurants; empty warehouses have been converted to artists' lofts; decaying houses have been restored for modern use. Mr. Stokes examines this trend in the United States and other countries, and notes the considerable savings in raw materials and energy, as well as the danger of higher costs forcing the poor out of renovated neighborhoods.

Bruce Stokes is a senior researcher for Worldwatch Institute, a private research group concerned with international problems involving material resources and the human impact on environment. His book, *Helping Ourselves: Local Solutions to Global Problems*, is scheduled to be published in 1980 by W.W. Norton.



Recycling housing through restoration and preservation is the most dramatic urban phenomenon of the 1970s. In the United States the resurgence of middle-class home buying and homesteading has begun to stem the decay of the cities. Baltimore, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, and Seattle all have brought new life to their inner cities through a conscious effort to forego the "scorched earth" policies of "slum clearance" that dominated urban renewal in the 1950s and to view existing structures not as eyesores but as valuable resources to be adapted for today's needs. In Europe and in much of the developing world, rehabilitation, often in the form of self-help, is at the forefront of housing policy.

This trend can be expected to accelerate. Under the U.S. government's new urban strategy, the amount of money available for federal low-interest loans to families for home renovation increased from \$80 million in 1978 to \$230 million in 1979. Spurred by examples of inner-city revitalization, like that in Baltimore, city halls across the country are reassessing the best way to maintain their tax and employment base and to attract the middle classes back into urban areas. And a conservation ethic has begun to permeate the way Americans and people around the world think about and act in their cities. New concern for urban diversity and aesthetics is now complemented by growing evidence of the economic good sense of bringing back into use structures that have stood vacant for years.

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Conservation of the built environment is also of growing interest to those who have long been concerned with the human and natural habitat. Rehabilitation of existing buildings reduces the impact on the environment and on the natural resource base of the new construction which is the inevitable result of population growth and structural deterioration. Renovation often requires less energy than new construction and minimizes day-to-day energy use because of the energy conserving properties of past architectural practices and of traditional building materials. And, most important, rehabilitation can act as a catalyst to preserve and renew neighborhoods of human proportions that can be felt, comprehended, and loved.

A Worldwide Housing Shortage

For the past generation, population growth and rising affluence have physically and financially outstripped the ability of governments and private industry to meet shelter needs through construction. The United Nations estimates that worldwide the number of households will increase 44 percent between 1970 and 1985. In urban areas alone, authorized construction is expected to fall four to five million housing units behind demand each year during that period. This housing shortfall comes at a time when at least 800 million people are already living in badly built, badly equipped dwellings.

Until the mid-19th century in Europe and North America, and until quite recently in Asia, Africa, and Latin America, people built their own homes or lived in dwellings they constantly refurbished over generations. John Turner, a British proponent of self-help housing, estimated that nearly two-thirds of all the housing ever built was constructed in this way. As social conditions and costs changed, it became socially acceptable and economically efficient, at least among the rich, to buy new homes constructed by others. New social welfare policies gave many governments the role of providing housing for those unable to afford it on the free market.

This dual reliance on the marketplace and on public housing to meet shelter needs through new construction is no longer adequate. In both rich and poor nations, the price of land for housing sites and the cost of materials, labor, and energy in the construction industry are, in general, rising faster than other expenses. World Bank data indicate that even the cheapest existing housing units built by the organized public or private sectors are too expensive for one-third to two-thirds of the people in most developing countries. In the industrialized countries, housing costs are soaring. In the United States home prices are rising twice as fast as income. Financial barriers to home-owning in Europe and Japan are even greater. The value of apartments on the Ile St. Louis in the center of Paris increased tenfold during the last decade. Houses get smaller and smaller in Tokyo as land prices skyrocket.

Monotony of Public Housing

Public housing was first seen as an orderly way to move people out of the squalor of deteriorating tenements, but it has often done no more than replace a horizontal slum with a vertical one. Designed for economic efficiency rather than aesthetics, public housing projects are often sterile compounds wholly lacking in the jobs, stores, and cultural activities that could make them livable, vibrant communities. Isolated in this way, public housing in countries all over the world has become a morass of premature deterioration and vandalism. The Grands Ensembles on the outskirts of Paris are stark masonry monuments to the dreariness of French public housing. The historic downtown centers of Moscow, Leningrad, and Kiev are now ringed with blocks of huge, monotonous, government-built high-rise apartments, badly constructed and devoid of supporting services.

Both private housing development and public housing have had some deleterious environmental consequences. Existing buildings of stone and wood have often been replaced by structures sheathed with aluminum and glass. Time-tested architectural practices that permitted buildings to take full advantage of natural heating and cooling were abandoned in the name of short-run efficiencies. Aesthetic sensibilities and the desire of people to live in buildings with human proportions were often neglected. The graceful lines of structure worn by weather and time and the ambience of neighborhoods infused with tradition can create a psychological climate of incalculable benefit, something frequently overlooked by those seeking to impose a new imprint on the built environment.

Owning One's Own Home

This, then, is the housing dilemma. Commercially constructed private homes are beyond the economic reach of more and more people. Public housing has proven too expensive for the government to build and maintain and often unlivable for the poor who rent it. New housing is often environmentally and aesthetically bankrupt. The solution to these problems may lay in the desire of both rich and poor all over the world to own their homes, even if they have to build or rehabilitate them with their own hands.

Private ownership of conventional dwellings is increasing in many countries. In the United States, nearly two out of three homes are owner-occupied. In France, the homeownership portion of the population has grown by nearly 50 percent in the last 15 years. A quarter of all urban homes and more than half of the homes in the countryside in the Soviet Union are privately owned. Even in China, most peasants in rural areas own their own dwellings; only in cities, where a fifth of the population lives, are the majority of houses provided by the government. In almost every nation, public opinion surveys show that more people would like to own their homes.

In Africa, Asia, and Latin America, data on homeownership, although more sketchy, tell a similar story. In Mexico, two-thirds of conventional

homes are owned by the occupants; in India, 85 percent. In many communities, even the poorest of the poor own their sparse shelters, but not the land they are built on. Unfortunately, the threat of being evicted can sap any incentive to improve these houses and offset much of the advantage of homeownership.

Self-help Housing

Governments and community organizers have begun to regard the desire to control personal shelter as a potentially valuable resource. In 1973 several U.S. cities, and later the federal government, decided they could meet urban shelter needs in part by encouraging the restoration of the mounting number of abandoned houses. This urban homesteading program is rooted in the pioneer philosophy that occupation and improvement of property give rights to ownership. Houses that have become the property of local governments in lieu of payment of back taxes are sold for a nominal sum, often no more than a dollar, to couples or individuals willing to move in and rebuild them. Occupants buy their homes with the investment of their own labor in making housing improvements. Such "sweat equity" opened the door to homeownership through federal programs to 1,013 homesteading families by mid-1978. Although this is only a drop in the bucket, interest in homesteading seems strong. Twenty-three cities already participate in the program, including Baltimore, Cleveland, Rochester, and Peoria. More than 22,000 people have applied to become urban homesteaders and the government is expanding the program.

City governments are also turning to self-help housing as a means of turning abandoned neighborhoods into livable communities. The infectious enthusiasm this can generate for city living is evident in Baltimore, located 35 miles north of Washington, D.C. Fifteen years ago every indicator suggested Baltimore was in trouble. Its economy was stagnating, its suburbs were growing, and many of its oldest neighborhoods, with the brick row houses that are Baltimore's hallmark, were targets for the wrecker's ball.

But the political leadership in Baltimore and neighborhood groups had seen what happened in other cities and had a different vision for their hometown. Baltimore enthusiastically adopted the concept of urban homesteading and is one of the few city governments that not only participated in the federal program but also made city funds available in the form of low-interest mortgages for each individual willing to homestead an abandoned city-owned house.

The rejuvenation of the urban environment has been striking. The harbor area is alive with new projects, including outdoor malls and warehouses being turned into condominiums. Seven 19th-century produce markets have been resuscitated. The reappearance of residential life in industrial areas is typified by one street of refurbished Victorian homes that front on docks handling freighters from around the world.

Baltimore's housing policies have undoubtedly drawn a disproportionate

share of affluent homeowners into the city. But they have also helped preserve for their original inhabitants neighborhoods threatened by freeways and land speculators. Baltimore's emphasis on housing conservation has meant the preservation of an architectural heritage and a unique ethnic neighborhood structure. The rebirth of the city as both a residential and commercial center, already occurring as rehabilitated neighborhoods attract new shops and artisans, means that over time preservation is going to mean not stagnation but growth.

Renovation and Maintenance

While governments can provide leadership and support for self-help housing, individual initiative is the core of the housing rehabilitation movement. Self-housing begins whenever a person picks up a hammer to repair a leaky roof or to fix a drafty window frame.

It is difficult to estimate the improvement in the housing stock made by self-help renovation and maintenance. Such improvements are rarely measured in national assessments of housing capital. One indicator, however, is the proportion of home repairs done by the owner, or at least under his or her supervision. From 1972 to 1976, nearly one-third of the \$70 billion spent in the United States on housing repairs was for such owner-managed improvements. Home improvements seem to be of interest to middle-class homeowners in Europe, too, as spiraling housing costs force many people to fix up their old homes rather than shop for new ones.

The trend toward private buying of old homes for renovation is growing. In 1976, 50 percent of the growth in home ownership in U.S. city centers was due to individuals buying old houses as rising prices for new homes made buyers more willing to renovate. By contrast, as recently as 1970, 80 percent of new homebuyers in city centers chose newly built houses and condominium apartments. Because of a willingness to invest time and money in improving old houses, the arrival of today's homeowners can mark the rejuvenation of decaying neighborhoods. But it can also cause rising property values—and rising property taxes. The largely middle-class redevelopment of neighborhoods can slowly push out the poor who originally found inadequate but cheap housing in decaying areas.

Helping to House the Poor

To alleviate this problem there needs to be control of speculation and special assistance to help the poor keep and renovate their dwellings. Neighborhood development organizations have sprung up in many parts of the country to rehabilitate housing and to sell it to its occupants. The Project for Pride in Living in the low-income Phillips area of Minneapolis first started as a self-help housing program in 1972 and now includes a tool-lending library, a construction training and employment program for poor and minority residents, and a housing purchase counseling program. By

mid-1978, the Project had secured more than a million dollars in mortgage commitments for the community.

In the New Haven (Connecticut) communities of Fair Haven and the Hill, neighborhood groups have joined together to acquire and rehabilitate properties and to counsel residents interested in home improvement, housing maintenance, and energy conservation. In New York City's Lower East Side, a coalition of tenants, religious leaders, and community volunteers is also attempting to reverse the process of deterioration and abandonment. This group has renovated more than 90 buildings, many through the efforts of their residents, and has developed small parks and urban gardens on vacant lots.

These and similar projects across the country provide important new ways for helping the poor stay in their homes and for stabilizing neighborhoods. The United States government has slowly begun to recognize the potential of such neighborhood self-help groups, and a growing portion of the budget of the Department of Housing and Urban Development (more than \$2.5 million) now goes to these programs.

A Worldwide Trend

The trend towards urban renovation rather than new construction is also apparent in other countries. The British call it "gentrification": the rehabilitation of historic but decayed urban neighborhoods, such as the Covent Garden and Islington sections of London. In Amsterdam's city center, 17th-century town houses and warehouses are being renovated, attracting a mix of residential and business life. In the Le Marais section of Paris, between the Bastille and the Seine, dilapidated Louis XIV-era buildings are attracting new residents who can afford to rehabilitate them. As in America, the boom in recycled housing is a mixed blessing. Such efforts often make long-abandoned housing socially useful once more. The cost to society and to the environment is often much less than housing and providing services to people in the suburbs. Historical landmarks are restored and neighborhoods have the opportunity to attain a social mix conducive to economic development. Unfortunately, "gentrification" can also mean just that—a return of the gentry to the city, causing the exodus of poor people who for generations have called a decayed neighborhood their home. The attendant social and economic costs of such dislocations may at times outweigh many of the advantages of rehabilitation.

In the Third World, on the other hand, the poor have taken much of the rehabilitation initiative. The World Bank, through its basic urbanization project, has made a major effort to assist in this process. Begun in 1972, in five years the project has provided \$866 million for self-help activities in 15 countries.

Much of this money is spent on programs that help people upgrade existing housing, for example, replacing sheet metal walls with concrete blocks or laying a floor so a home does not flood. Such assistance is cheaper than

building new homes, makes use of existing materials and structures, and, most important, stimulates the local economy.

The worldwide interest in renovation and reuse of existing housing stems largely from the economic and environmental advantages of renovation and repair. Until recently, however, there has been little research comparing the use of energy and raw materials in new as against renovated construction.

Savings from Recycling

Recycling of old buildings saves energy in two ways: first, use of existing walls and internal structures reduce the amount of material, and thus energy, needed to create a livable space; and second, rehabilitation often lends itself to the use of materials that require less energy to perform a given function, as Richard Stein points out in his new book, *Architecture and Energy*. Further, older buildings, which were often designed to be compatible with their environment and to be naturally heated and cooled, can be rehabilitated to rely on many of these same solar properties, thus reducing their dependence on nonrenewable fuels.

John Turner concludes from his studies on self-help housing in the developing world that simple upgrading of even the poorest homes can conserve resources. He argues that those who upgrade their own homes take full advantage of locally available materials, which often insulate and bear stress as well as if not better than, mass-produced materials at a fraction of the natural resource and energy use involved in production, distribution, and assembly. The savings inherent in such self-help efforts have led the World Bank to shift the bulk of its housing assistance program for the poor from new construction to upgrading.

Recycling housing also means recycling neighborhoods, with possible additional energy and resource savings. As inner city neighborhoods are repopulated by former residents of the suburbs who once commuted into the city every day, the economy will experience some energy savings. However, these savings may be offset by the necessary commuting of some newly displaced inner city dwellers. Where neighborhood food and retail distribution systems remain intact, there may be added energy savings as consumers are again centralized, able to walk to the store rather than required to drive a one-ton station wagon down the road to shopping centers surrounded by vast expanses of parking lot. Much of the expensive "infrastructure" needed for everyday life is already in place in the city: schools, stores, churches, streets, sewers. If these are still functional and are being underutilized, the reclamation of abandoned housing will mean substantial economic, energy, and resource savings over what would be required to house families in new suburbs.

The trend toward greater rehabilitation and renovation of existing housing obviously has broad social impact. Much of the initiative and work in recycling homes must come from those who intend to live in them, be they

middle-class homeowners in America or slum dwellers in the Third World, but governments must play a direct role in setting guidelines and providing financial assistance for such efforts so that individual self-help activities are consistent with the goals of the community.

The Role of Government

Ensuring the legal right to land use is probably the single most important contribution governments can make to housing recycling and improvement. Community ownership of land in urban areas, with long-term leases for individuals, might offer the best course of action. To the squatter in Calcutta and the urban homesteader in Baltimore, confidence that their property will not be arbitrarily confiscated to build a freeway or industrial park is of paramount importance. It is often the deciding factor between patchwork home improvements and an extended commitment by the occupant to better housing and community development.

Government support for housing rehabilitation must also include funds for construction and long-term financing. Private banking institutions usually will not lend to people with low incomes—the very people who must become involved in housing renovation if it is to be more than a middle-class phenomenon. In the private money market, competition for funds most often results in resources going to more lucrative investments. Governments must step in to provide initial capital and to make sure that institutions effectively channel into local projects the savings of those who live in areas slated for preservation. This will require more responsive action on the part of savings and loan associations and credit unions.

Government regulations to limit land speculation can further aid communities and individuals in housing and neighborhood revitalization. If governments are to provide financial assistance and tenure to those who are willing to conserve housing resources, then any unearned increment in value should accrue to the community and not to new occupants. However, no satisfactory method has yet been devised for recapturing this “unearned increment” without stifling individual incentive to preserve existing housing. While this concept was endorsed by a group of urban experts at the 1976 United Nations Habitat Conference, it has never been implemented. It remains one of the foremost problems in government support of housing renovation. Unless this problem is solved, government efforts to encourage neighborhood rehabilitation will tend to be short-circuited by individual profit making.

As economics and aesthetics motivate people to move into decaying neighborhoods, there is a growing need to reform the system of property taxation. At present, those who invest the time and money in housing renovation often are hit with dramatic tax increases; this dulls the incentive to upgrade homes and encourages a rapid turnover in ownership. Longtime residents of an area see their taxes increase markedly because of general

neighborhood improvement. Although everyone's housing equity is also increasing, this is little solace to the elderly and poor who are forced to sell because of high property taxes.

Inappropriate housing standards also unnecessarily impede housing renovation. Housing regulations should, whenever possible, be drawn up so as to achieve socially beneficial goals, including minimum standards for safety and energy efficiency. In too many cases, standards prescribe that a wall must be of brick, so many inches thick, rather than that a wall, of whatever material, must insulate to a given degree and bear a given load. Specifications of *performance* rather than of components would allow home rehabilitators to fashion cheaper and more appropriate dwellings using their skill and imagination.

The Environment of Housing

Above all, housing policy must be seen as an adjunct to environmental policy. The preservation of an aesthetically and culturally habitable *built* environment directly affects everyday life. For many people, the stone, brick, and wood structures which surround them have a far greater impact on their sense of self and of the kind of society they live in than the quality of the air or water has.

The benefits to individuals and to their communities of recycled housing are hard to measure, but recycled housing makes obvious good sense from both an environmental and an economic standpoint. As John Turner has pointed out, "When dwellers control the major decisions and are free to make their own contribution to the design, construction and management of their housing, both the process and the environment produced stimulate individual and social well-being."



THE ECONOMY OF CITIES

By Roger Sale

The last thing one would expect to find is a literary critic fascinated by the economics of urban life. Yet in the following article, Professor Sale discovers remarkable insights and a new way of looking at cities in the writings of Jane Jacobs, particularly in her most recent book, *The Economy of Cities*. Mrs. Jacobs' first book, *The Death and Life of Great American Cities*, helped change the way many people think about the urban environment. She argued there, against the advocates of neat or pastoral Utopias, that the disorder and bustle and apparent inefficiency of the big city may be precisely the elements that make it emotionally gratifying and economically vital. In *The Economy of Cities*, she offers an original explanation of the rise and decline of metropolitan areas throughout history.



Roger Sale is professor of literature at the University of Washington in Seattle and a regular contributor to literary journals. His books include the award-winning *Seattle Past and Present* and *On Not Being Good Enough* (Oxford University Press, 1979), a collection of his writings on literature and cities, from which the present article has been abridged.

Eight years ago, having spent my life in small towns in the East, I moved to Seattle. I came here in order to live in a city, while most people don't come to Seattle at all but to some place called the Pacific Northwest: mountains, forests, fresh and salt water, great fishing and climbing—that is, anyplace but a city. As a result, when I wandered around trying to find out what kind of city Seattle is, I found few people to talk to. I was given the impression that others thought if I really wanted to live in a city I should have stayed East, or gone to San Francisco. Then I found Jane Jacobs's *Death and Life of Great American Cities*. It was, and is, a rather staggering book, not about urban design or renewal, but really about what one could see if one opened one's eyes. Quite simply, Mrs. Jacobs believes that cities are intelligible, and she shows over and over what makes one city park fail and another succeed, why short blocks and old buildings are important, what happens when you change two-way to one-way streets, how city neighborhoods can gain or lose power.

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Now, eight years later, Mrs. Jacobs has written *The Economy of Cities*, shorter and more analytical than her first book, but if anything better, more challenging, because if there is anything people are really cynical and unthinking about it is economics. Some reviewers have misunderstood the book, describing it as a kind of economic pastoral and the author's outlook as "anarchist." But what Mrs. Jacobs is is a vitalist; her key words are "growth" and "stagnation." She is not in any usual sense of the term an optimist—"In human history, most people in most places most of the time have existed miserably in stagnant economies"—but because she is a vitalist her sense of history is not linear and so she believes that processes of growth can begin in all but the most moribund and despairing economies. Seeing possibilities for life, however, is not the same as pretending they exist where they don't, and a good deal of the book is taken up with showing how cities stagnate. For her the great wrecker is coagulation of power and money, usually as the result of some earlier wonderful success, in the hands of those who make even large cities into one-company towns.

Growth and Decay

Mrs. Jacobs argues that a city needs constantly to be developing new work from its old work, and if it only goes on making its old work more efficient, it will eventually atrophy when other cities begin to make what it makes or other products and processes render its work obsolete. Like ancient Harappa of the Indus valley civilization, which went on turning out, in greater and greater quantities, solid wheels and one-piece weapons and implements while other cities were learning to make spoked wheels and ribbed instruments and thus lighter and stronger vehicles and tools. Like medieval Dinant in what is now Belgium, which concentrated on making wonderful brass vessels and so declined when London and Paris began making them too. Like 19th-century Manchester, which Engels and Disraeli saw as the city of the future, but which stagnated because it tied everything to its textile industry. Like modern Detroit, which is dying from a surfeit of cars. Like Seattle, which triumphed over other cities in this part of the country because in its early years it was creating all kinds of work that was not simply logging and shipping, and which has "grown" into a company town where everyone's job and psyche is tied up with the fortunes of the Boeing Aircraft Company. Efficiency not only makes slaves, as we have always known, but it is in itself a form of slavery for cities.

The Example of Detroit

The stories Mrs. Jacobs tells about these cities are too long to be quoted in full, but let me paraphrase the one about Detroit. The city began, as all cities do according to Mrs. Jacobs, as an exporter, in this case of flour, and everything else it made—candles, shoes, hats, whiskey, soap—was only for local consumption. Around the flour mills and the docks grew up ma-

chine and repair places—Detroit's first instance of making new work from old—then parts manufacturers and shipbuilders. By the 1860s some people who had started out in the mills had broken away and were making marine engines, and Detroit became a major exporter of both engines and ships. In turn these new enterprises began to support new businesses, suppliers of parts, tools, and metal. The biggest of these were refineries of copper alloys made from local copper ore, and soon the exporting of copper and copper products became Detroit's biggest business. Then the copper ore ran out, and had the city's economy been dependent completely on this one industry, it would necessarily have begun to stagnate. Instead Detroit moved into the period of its most explosive growth, and grew from 116,000 to 285,000 people between 1880 and 1900.

What is even more remarkable is that Detroit did this without finding one big new industry to take the place of copper refining, so that it looks as though Detroit was growing explosively without having anything to sustain it. But part of the growth was a result of having generated a host of other exports—paints, varnishes, steam generators, pumps, lubricating systems, tools, store fixtures, stoves, medicines, furnitures, leather for upholstery, sporting goods; part was the result of making for itself more of what hitherto it had had to import, and "import replacing" is a city's major means of creating great and diversified growth. To replace an import is to create new local work and is also to create the conditions whereby this new work may thrive, as will happen whenever the product or service, once imported and now locally made or done, is developed into a new export.

It was, thus, no accident that the automobile industry was successful in Detroit, because Detroit was already making all that Henry Ford needed:

He bought from various suppliers in Detroit every single item he needed for his cars—wheels, bodies, cushions, everything... Ford's first significant innovation of any kind—and one of the most important he was ever to make—as to promise customers that they could get a complete stock of repair parts for Ford cars. At first he bought these parts from subcontractors, the same people who supplied the original components. But then he began making repair parts himself, beginning with those that proved to be most in demand. Thus little by little, he added to his assembly work the manufacturing of part after part. By the time he was ready to put the first Model T into production, late in 1907, he was capable of much of its manufacture.

But Ford's very success was a danger sign, and one that no one in Detroit read rightly:

A very successful growth industry poses a crisis for a city. Everything—all other development work, all other processes of city growth, the fertile and creative inefficiency of the growth industry's suppliers, the opportunities of able workers to break away, the inefficient but creative use of capital—can be sacrificed to the exigencies of a growth industry, which thus turns the city into a company town.

The reason Mrs. Jacobs gives for Detroit's decline—although it is currently showing evidences of rebirth—is that almost no capital was used for developing new goods, services, enterprises or industries there, while the city exported extraordinary amounts of the capital it generated.

The Rise and Fall of Cities

What is important here is the idea of a pattern: a new city exports to an older city, then creates supporting goods and services, then experiences explosive growth as it replaces its imports with locally made goods and services and so earns new imports, then creates new exports out of its new local industries. But, though this is central to her book, it is not the idea, really, that makes *The Economy of Cities* so exciting; it is, rather, the immense variety of examples used to buttress the central terms—like the way bicycle manufacturing in Tokyo, now an international industry, began when lots of bike repair shops in that city started making parts to fix imported bikes. New industries almost always begin this way, using “inefficient but creative capital”—inefficient because almost certainly the new form will not score on the first or even the fifth try, and creative because the only way new things happen is by breaking away, starting clumsily, and doing something that most people would not do at all.

That there is something mysterious about all this is part of its excitement: “All that Birmingham seems to have had, to begin with, was a good supply of drinking water—no novelty in Renaissance England.” But being aware of the mystery not only makes the examples rich, it also allows Mrs. Jacobs to score repeatedly against people who are happiest at the drawing board and most uncomfortable when looking at the real world. On the location theory of cities, for example, she writes:

The mouth of the Connecticut River, the largest river of New England, is so fine a site for a depot city that had a major city grown there, we may be sure that it would have been accounted for in the geography textbooks by its location at the river mouth. But in reality, this site has brought forth only the little settlements of Lyme and Old Saybrook.... Many cities engaging in enormous trade occupy notably inferior trading sites. Tokyo and Los Angeles are examples.

Mrs. Jacobs is equally iconoclastic on the relation of overpopulation, natural resources, and poverty. “If people cause their own poverty by their own numbers, it follows that if a given population is reasonably scanty to begin with, it will not be poor. Yet countries that have always been thinly populated, and have rich resources besides, are quite as liable to poverty as heavily populated countries.” She cites as an example thinly settled Colombia, which matches the poverty of densely populated India.

As I say, all this is very mysterious, in a way that makes you want to look around, to reflect on what you know of elsewhere. You take a sentence out of context and it seems only that someone is riding a hobby

horse: "What we abstractly call the dissemination of cultures consists of many exports, some of them amazingly complex, that were first developed within the local economies of cities." But put it back into context:

The scrolls that went from Athens to the great library of the ancients in Alexandria, the complex work of Roman surveyors and engineers who mapped out aqueducts in the Iberian peninsula and Gaul, the treatises on agriculture and fossils and the musical instruments that went forth from Paris to Thomas Jefferson in Monticello, the periodicals sent from London to Benjamin Franklin in Philadelphia, the medical work being done by teams of specialists and sent forth from present-day Peking—these are not what one could call simple exports.

It's like having a whole new world to think about.

Cities of Opportunity

In our making and unmaking of cities lies our great difference from other animals, the humanness of our hopes and awfulness. Because she is so clear, Mrs. Jacobs is also a very stern judge: most cities stagnate, only a few live to earn over and over the process of renewal. But she can show also that our present wantonness with our environment is not simply a matter of original sin, or the necessary concomitant of a burgeoning technology, and also make it clear that we can renew our air and water and find better means of transporting ourselves simply by a more imaginative use of machines and materials. Mrs. Jacobs quotes Alcaeus on Greek cities in 600 B.C.: "Not houses finely roofed nor the stones of walls well built nor canals nor dock-yards make the city, but men able to use their opportunity."

That men have at some times and in some places been able to use their opportunity is not a matter of faith but of history. What is at bottom so invigorating about Jane Jacobs is her strange and wonderful conviction that men love to work. The joy of working, of course, lies in trying to make new things, whether they be truly new, as with inventions or great works of art, or new adaptations of old solutions for new problems and local conditions, like good urban building, or literary criticism, or Japanese bicycle manufacture. That we build from old work is both a sign of the necessity of cultural continuity and of that economic health which makes the present potentially productive and the future possible. The old, if it is powerless, must stagnate and die, and if it is powerful is apt to be conservative, even destructively reactionary.

There are ways to disagree with Jane Jacobs, but not as many as you might think, because on her own terms she is almost invariably right and the real questions arise when you start to consider what she has left out. For instance, in *Death and Life of Great American Cities* Los Angeles comes in for some pretty solid criticism: the place is unsafe, ugly, and weak in growing those veins and arteries on which the lives of great cities

depend. In *The Economy of Cities* Los Angeles comes off much better because it fits all the patterns for explosive city growth that Mrs. Jacobs shows are necessary in the cyclical life of a healthy city economy. Indeed, one of her most staggering lists is of all the things Los Angeles started to make in the late 1940s just when its death was predicted because it had lost its wartime airplane industry.

Los Angeles and Tokyo are her contemporary urban heroes because both cities—without great nearby natural resources, without good harbors, and with a severe threat of overpopulation—“just grew” by making it possible for men and women to find and use their opportunities.

The Variety of Cities

There is a discrepancy here that Mrs. Jacobs does not face in either book; and it leads one to ask if the growth of some cities is preferable to that of others even when both are fulfilling her patterns of continuing renewal, and, conversely, if there aren't some kinds of economic stagnation that are preferable to others. I realize that Mrs. Jacobs can reply to these questions by assenting to their implied answers and adding that such matters lay outside the scope of her inquiry. But such a reply would be at least a little ingenuous, because Mrs. Jacobs is a vitalist and because she is interested in all forms of life—one of the joys of her book is the way she makes so many things relevant to the economy of cities.

But the danger of being a vitalist is that one tends to believe almost absolutely in patterns, and to do that is to choose to overlook the ways history does not just make patterns and the ways one city is not the same as another no matter how similar their patterns of growth and decay. Though Seattle is fulfilling the economic destiny of Detroit along the urban patterns of Los Angeles, it is very much different from either: in its God-given beauties, in its position on the continent, in its historical period of growth, in tangible things that make living here different from living elsewhere. The maker of patterns must stress likenesses, there is no other way, and the vitalist must accept life wherever she finds it. But much of the mystery of cities lies in their differentness one from another, and when she overlooks those differences, for whatever good reasons, Mrs. Jacobs becomes at least partially kin to those people she rightly dislikes most, the planners and governments determined to make similar things into the same things.

Perhaps all I am suggesting is another reason why it is in the examples and in the lists that *The Economy of Cities* is most wonderful, for it is there that Mrs. Jacobs gives us, with the density of a great 19th-century novelist and the clarity of a splendid revisionist historian, the mystery of and reason for the human achievement that is city life.

DIZZY GILLESPIE: A LIFE IN JAZZ

By Gary Giddins

Dizzy Gillespie first electrified the New York jazz scene with his unique trumpet style in the 1940s. Together with the legendary saxophonist, Charlie Parker, Gillespie created "bebop"—a new sound marked by a cascade of notes, breakneck tempos, and abrupt and disconcerting intervals. Today Gillespie, as active as ever, has reached the status of elder statesman, and one of the best of the younger

critics finds that he fulfills that role admirably.

Gary Giddins has written about jazz for the past five years for the *Village Voice*, a New York weekly journal, conducts a radio program, and teaches a course on jazz tradition at New York University. He is working on several books about jazz artists and their work. His article is reprinted from *The New York Times Magazine*.

No festival of jazz—least of all the Newport Jazz Festival, now in its seventh year since relocating in New York—would be complete without an appearance by the eminent John Birks "Dizzy" Gillespie. During its 1978 summer program, the man whose bulging cheeks and upturned trumpet bell symbolize jazz performed twice in the flesh and once on film. He was heard as a guest soloist with the Latin orchestras of Tito Puente and Machito, reminding us that back in 1947 he pioneered and popularized the fusion of jazz and Afro-Cuban rhythms that still flourishes. And he played with his current, invigorating quartet. He could also be seen at New York University's Loeb Center in a rare 1952 film, playing beside "the other half of my heartbeat," Charlie Parker, with whom Gillespie invented modern jazz. Though it was not planned that way, the three events amounted to a modest retrospect of Gillespie's remarkable career.

In the 40 years since he made his way to New York from a small town in South Carolina, Gillespie has been acclaimed as the world's greatest trumpet virtuoso in or out of jazz ("That man!" conductor Dimitri Mitropoulos of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra once said of him. "When I heard him I was thrilled to death"), as the composer of several innovative jazz tunes that have become standards, and as an entertainer of rare comedic gifts. Unlike Parker, the brilliant alto saxophonist who died at age 34 of the effects of alcoholism and heroin addiction, Gillespie has been able to ob-



Dizzy Gillespie leads his former band at the 1957 Newport Jazz Festival; today he leads a jazz quartet.

serve his reputation grow steadily from the stormy days of the be-bop movement, when he was dismissed as a crack-brained *enfant terrible*, to the present, when he is cherished as an elder statesman not just of bop but of jazz itself.

Ageless Ambassador of Jazz

Shortly after he performed at the White House in the summer of 1977 as part of a Presidential salute to jazz, Gillespie celebrated his 60th birthday. He wasn't the first bop veteran to turn that milestone. Kenny Clarke, who devised the drumming style, is three years older, and Thelonious Monk, the composer-pianist, is Gillespie's senior by 11 days. But Clarke has lived in Europe since 1956, and Monk has been generally inactive in recent years. Gillespie, on the other hand, maintains a constant regimen of touring and recording, and serves as a spokesman and ambassador of jazz as well. Moreover, he continues to evince signs of musical growth. His tone has mellowed into an increasingly attractive and personal sound, and although he discounts his credentials as a blues player, he has become a splendidly authoritative bluesman. His recent compositions, such as "Olinga," while as challenging formally as earlier classics like "A Night in Tunisia," "Woody'n You" and "Groovin' High," are cast in a peaceful meditative mode, more concerned with dynamics and mood than with lightning-fast chord progressions.

Everything about Gillespie, from the ebullience that charges his improvisations to his mock-surlly strut and theatrical looniness, proves that the cocky irreverence at the heart of all new musical movements can be sustained beyond the initial burst of inspiration. Gillespie's wit, candor and demeanor are as reassuring of his agelessness as his imperious high notes and those half-valved pitches that whimper and cajole, scold and preach. Nor has he abandoned the free-and-easy spirit of the jam session, as attested by his occasional, unannounced appearances on concert stages and in nightclubs.

A Be-bop Revival

Gillespie's present resurgence in the role of patriarch is underscored by the fact that, much to his surprise, he finds himself spearheading something of a be-bop revival. At an all-star Avery Fisher Hall concert in the fall of 1975, billed as "A Tribute to Dizzy Gillespie," he told the capacity audience, "It's good to see that bop has stood the test of time"; he was cheered for several minutes. A year later, Dexter Gordon, the preeminent bop tenor saxophonist, made one of his rare American visits since moving to Copenhagen in 1962, and was overwhelmed by the enthusiastic response. The movement, augmented by a steady stream of reissued recordings of bop classics, has been gathering steam ever since.

In 1976 the Smithsonian Institution's Division of Performing Arts devoted to Gillespie a two-record retrospective entitled "The Development of an American Artist." In his album notes, critic Martin Williams wrote, "John Birks 'Dizzy' Gillespie is a great figure in American music, in world music, and perhaps the greatest living musical innovator we have." Be-bop is the innovation with which Gillespie is most intimately associated; the word itself probably originated as an onomatopoeic attempt to describe a rhythmic figure, but it came to signify a music that had the effect of dissecting the jazz of the Swing Era and putting it together again in a new way.

Harmonically, be-bop took the large, ineluctable leap from a diatonic, riff-based music of few chords and fewer keys to a labyrinthine chromaticism with elaborate chord substitutions and a marked preference for the diminished scale. Although the fast, angular melodies of be-bop sounded chaotic to skeptics, a new virtuosity was required to play them. Gillespie and Parker brought a new fever to jazz with their stunning instrumental articulation and range.

The most profound change they wrought was rhythmic, symbolized by the substitution of a fluid pulse, sustained by modern drummers on the shimmering cymbal, for the crisply stated percussion beat of swing; and by the soloists' unpredictable accents and asymmetrical phrasing. One might say that while the swing soloist improvised in a situation governed by time, the bop soloist made himself the focal point around which time coalesced. The new rhythm proved to be the Rubicon that few, if any, of the

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pre-bop musicians could cross, and it was in large measure responsible for changing the image of jazz from a popular dance music to that of a more exploratory concert music. This was an inevitable step, but it was vexed by considerable racial frustration.

Resistance to Be-bop

Gillespie, Parker, Monk and the others came of age in the years of the Harlem Renaissance, when blacks were making great inroads into the nation's cultural life. They were not the first jazz musicians to consider themselves artists rather than showmen (the same could be said of most of their predecessors), but they did resent the banalization of jazz by popular dance bands and novelty recordings. Seeking to bring a new life to jazz, the pioneers of be-bop hoped that their high standards, their technical bravura, private wit and implacable energy would guard against decadence, at least for a while. Many people were put off by be-bop, feeling that Modern Jazz was an alien language shared only by a handful of radical black musicians. An older generation felt threatened by the new music; a younger generation preferred the immediate accessibility of rhythm-and-blues, which was just coming to the fore.

Charlie Parker



John Coltrane



Ornette Coleman



Still, bop provided the basic mode of jazz expression through the mid-1960s, by which time it had become the jazz establishment. Then it ran into trouble, not because it seemed foreign but because it sounded too familiar. The revolt against bop was embodied by the "free-jazz" movement that started in the late 1950s, led by saxophonist Ornette Coleman and John Coltrane and pianist Cecil Taylor, which sounded, to the uninitiated, tumultuously discordant and—because it abandoned traditional time signatures—unswinging. Bop musicians were incredulous that they could be superseded by such seeming chaos. But by 1968 it was obvious to everyone that the shape of jazz, (as Ornette Coleman once entitled a prophetic album)

had changed on at least three levels: the best of the upcoming musicians were joining the new avant-garde; musicians were now using modality, which is to say that they based their improvisations on scales rather than be-bop's chords; and rock was having the positive effect of introducing fresh colors and instrumental effects to jazz, and the negative one of encouraging cynical commercialism.

From 1963 to 1967, Gillespie led a series of superb quintets, all featuring saxophonist James Moody. He even sparked a new controversy by hiring an electric bassist (Frank Schifano)—something practically unheard of at that time in jazz circles. The years that followed, however, were bleak. What with the popular hegemony enjoyed by rock and the split in the jazz community between the old and the new guards, many veteran musicians found work scarce. Gillespie remained active, but he recorded infrequently, usually as a soloist rather than at the helm of his sometimes indifferent bands.

A New Beginning

Then, in 1974, he signed with Pablo Records, a new company headed by jazz impresario Norman Granz, and began recording prolifically again. By this time free jazz had expanded into a kind of stylistic eclecticism, attended by a great respect for older styles of jazz. Shortly afterward, Gillespie organized his present quartet, a rigorous, tightly knit unit for which he has written several new pieces and revamped some old ones. In the future he intends to play his compositions with symphony orchestras—the orchestral arrangements are being written by an extraordinary collection of arrangers. With the revived interest in be-bop, a new vigor has entered Gillespie's playing, and at the age of 62 he is enjoying a renaissance.

Gillespie and his wife of 40 years, Lorraine, live in a roomy, immaculate, split-level house in Englewood, New Jersey, just across the Hudson River from New York. On their well-cropped lawn sits a large, metal sculpture consisting of two circles sandwiching a stem that emerges at about 45 degrees. It was not made with Gillespie in mind, but one can easily abstract from it Gillespie's famous 45 degree trumpet bell and his hugely distended cheeks.

When I paid a call, Gillespie was, as usual, in transit. He had just returned from a tour of Africa, and soon he was supposed to fly to California to appear on a television show. We visited in his basement, which is outfitted with four tape recorders, a turntable, speakers, an electric and an acoustic piano, a ride cymbal, congas, a pool table and a bar. The walls are covered with nearly two dozen plaques, trophies, honorary "keys" to various cities, and a large Dizzy Gillespie bust.

He is a man for whom comfort is a natural condition, and his serenity is contagious if you adjust yourself to his contemplative, easygoing tempo. His cheeks are leathery in repose, like tanned hides, and there are touches of gray in his sideburns and at his temples, but he looks younger than 62.



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He carries his girth handily, as though it were one of the rewards of his career. When he is animated by a pleasant thought or memory, his voice rises half an octave and his eyes sparkle boyishly. A follower of the Baha'i faith, Gillespie rarely drinks liquor. He opened two bottles of a nonalcoholic beer that he imports from Switzerland, and began talking about Cheraw, South Carolina, where he was born in 1917.

Getting Started

"I've always been a musician, from the time I was 11 or 12. My father made his living as a brickmason, but he always had a houseful of instruments. He died when I was going on 10, and that's when I started fooling with the piano. About 1928, I think it was, the public school got musical instruments from the state. All the big guys got what they wanted and there was only a trombone left, so I took that up because I was determined to be a musician. The trombone didn't work out too well, but the boy next door got a trumpet, and he'd let me practice on it.

"The first time I heard Roy Eldridge play trumpet, he was broadcasting from the Savoy Ballroom with Teddy Hill's band. Roy was the messiah for our age, just like Louis Armstrong was the messiah for the one before that. We tried to play just like him, but I never did quite make it. I didn't get to see any of the important bands until my mother moved to Philadelphia in 1935."

Gillespie earned the nickname "Dizzy" at age 17 by showing up for his first job in Philadelphia carrying his trumpet in a paper bag. Reports of Gillespie's antic sense of humor were widely circulated when he traveled to Europe with Hill's band in 1937. He was known to play while wearing gloves, or with his chair facing backward, or with his trumpet derby (a hatlike, muting device) on his head. But he was also recognized as an unusually skillful if derivative musician.

"I still sounded like Roy Eldridge, but other things started developing. I became involved with Thelonious Monk and Kenny Clarke, and we'd play a lot in the daytime. Everytime I'd find something new on the piano, I'd show Monk, and when he found something, he'd show me. Roy's playing was based on the trumpet itself, but my playing started developing from the piano."

The Influence of Charlie Parker

Gillespie first met Charlie Parker in Kansas City through his friend, trumpeter Buddy Anderson, "He wanted me to hear this saxophone player, but I wasn't too interested because I'd been hearing Don Byas, Lester Young, Chu Berry, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, and I said, 'Not another saxophone player!' Until I heard him. Jesus! Knocked me off my feet. We played all day that day, in the Booker T. Washington Hotel, Kansas City. Must have been 1939 or 1940.

"Actually, Charlie Parker was the architect of the new sound. He knew

how to get from one note to another, the style of the thing. Most of what I did was in the area of harmony and rhythm—what the rhythm section was supposed to do. We got tired of playing the same B-flat seventh chord, so we started experimenting, which was how we got the flatted fifth, which meant that we could play in two keys at one time. We just went crazy with it, though, and it became a cliché. Well, we were playing these substitute chords and we had to have a melody to go with them, so sometimes we'd write a new melody to fit the new chords. 'Groovin' High' was based on an old song called 'Whispering,' but where there was originally one chord, we'd play four.

"It's hard to say in words how our music came together. When I found out how Charlie Parker played, it was just what I needed to put with my contribution. It wasn't copying, because anything I brought in he'd add something to, and I'd do the same. Harmonically, Monk played different from anybody. He was the most original. If you played with him and didn't know the chords, it was shame on you, because he'd embellish and you wouldn't be able to follow."

Refining the New Sound

Gillespie is generally thought to have recorded the first indisputably modernist solo on an otherwise undistinguished 1942 release by the Les Hite orchestra. The tune was "Jersey Bounce," and his solo was only 16 measures long, but its back-of-the-beat phrasing, dynamic range, harmonic resourcefulness and virtuosic control heralded a new way of thinking about jazz. The new music was refined in private sessions and in the bands of Earl Hines and Billy Eckstine during the next two years.

By 1944, what had essentially been a cliquish way of playing, devised by and for a coterie of adventuresome young musicians, began to exert a more pervasive influence. Bassist Oscar Pettiford organized with Gillespie the first bop band to play on New York's Swing Street, as 52d Street was known in the 1930s and 1940s. Several other bands helped disseminate the new ideas in subsequent months. Within a year, many of the new independent recording companies were eager to record Gillespie, Parker, Pettiford, singer Sarah Vaughan (who was to bop what Billie Holliday was to swing) and other proponents of the new style. Musicians all over the country were learning tunes (and memorizing the improvisations played on them) like "Salt Peanuts," "Billie's Bounce," "A Night in Tunisia," "Hot House" and "Groovin' High." But the major record companies ignored bop. In 1946, Gillespie's newly organized big band had the opportunity to record such ambitious works as "Things To Come" and "Emanon," proving itself to be one of the most exciting orchestras ever assembled. During this period, Gillespie began actively incorporating Afro-Cuban rhythms into his music.

"I didn't start playing congas until [conga virtuoso] Chano Pozo joined the band, but I always did like Latin rhythms, and I played the maracas.



The continuity of jazz: Gillespie's protégé Jon Faddis (aged 25) makes music with pianist Eubie Blake (aged 97).

'Manteca' was a collaboration. Chano came to me and said he had an idea with the bass starting off, and then the trombones coming in, then the saxophones, and then BAM! After he did all this, in typical Afro-Cuban style without harmony, I said, 'We need something else.' I started writing an eight-bar bridge, but I couldn't resolve it so it became a 16-bar blues."

Clowning on Stage

Gillespie also began earning the reputation of a stage clown. His dark glasses, goatee and beret became the superficial symbols of bop and inspired the hipster uniform which the beatniks later adopted. He may well be the last great entertainer to emerge from the jazz tradition. In the late 1940s, his shenanigans disarmed skeptical audiences and helped him achieve a popularity—and notoriety—denied Charlie Parker. "I'm never at a loss for what to do on stage," Gillespie says, "because I came up with Cab Calloway, Lucky Millinder, Tiny Bradshaw, and they would show you what you could do on stage."

Some of Gillespie's comic bits are very old indeed. For at least 20 years, he's been telling audiences, "Now I'd like to introduce the members of the band," whereupon he introduces them to each other. It's still funny.

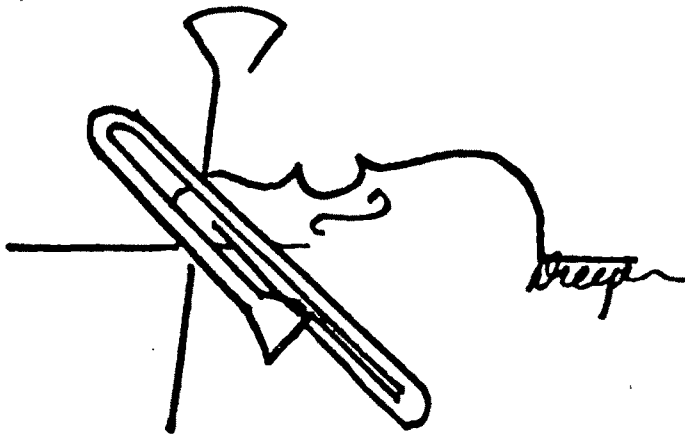
The perennial young Turk is 62, but Dizzy Gillespie is not looking back. "I just helped establish a particular style in our music—it's no big deal. I feel lucky to reach this point. I feel that my playing changes all the time, but it gets harder every day. You'd think the trumpet would get easier,

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but it doesn't. The more you know, the more you know what you can't do. You discover new things all the time, and a good audience inspires you. So does unity among the musicians. You never know what you're going to do until you're up on the stage."

In a typical performance, Gillespie's tone alternates between rich buoyancy in the upper register and velvety understatement in the middle; his phrases are long, darting and replete with unpredictable harmonic turns. Gillespie is also a masterful percussionist, and when he isn't soloing, or conducting the ensemble with his agile hips, he is often seated at his conga drums, creating polyrhythms.

There is frequently a fifth musician sitting in on most of the engagements Gillespie plays in New York. Jon Faddis, a gifted 25-year-old trumpet player from Oakland, California, in some ways epitomizes the renewed interest in Gillespie's music. While it is true that most of the jazz-trumpet stylists who've come along since Gillespie are indebted to him directly or indirectly, Faddis is the first firebrand in years to pattern his style precisely on the master's. Gillespie, who calls him "my musical son," first heard Faddis play in San Francisco ten years ago, and they got to know each other when Faddis moved to New York in 1972. Gillespie sees a parallel between their relationship and that of King Oliver and his young protégé in the 1920s, Louis Armstrong: "Jon used to play my things, but he's playing a lot of his own now, becoming more himself. Yes, sir, the music just goes around and around, evolving all the time."



TWO PROPHETS FOR OUR AGE

By Peter F. Drucker

Here a prophet of the management era describes the ideas and personalities of two contemporary prophets of technology. Buckminster Fuller, creator of the geodesic dome, has long been a one-man cornucopia of ideas about design, structures, and energy. Marshall McLuhan became famous for his dictum that "the medium is the message," which summed up his view of the impact of communication technology on human personality and imagination. Both men are friends of the author, who analyzes their original (at times outrageous) thinking with critical admiration.

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No two more different people could be imagined than Buckminster Fuller and Marshall McLuhan: in appearance, in style, in manner, in speech and, it would seem, in what they stand for. Fuller is short and round and speaks in epic poetry. McLuhan is tall and angular and utters puns and epigrams. But both men became cult heroes at the same time, in the 1960s. And both for the same reason: they are the bards and missionaries of technology.

Bucky Fuller and Marshall McLuhan had been friends of mine long before they became celebrities. I had met both first around 1940. For long years I was one of the few who listened to them. But even I doubted for many years that their voice would ever be heard, let alone that either man could attract a following. They were prophets in the wilderness—and far, far away, it seemed, even from an oasis, let alone their Promised Land.

To Bucky Fuller, technology is the harmony of the heavens. The road to human perfection is a technology—a "big" technology and a "hard" one—that moves the human environment ever closer to the celestial harmony of his "dymaxion" design, of his "synergistic geometry," and of his "tensegrity." Bucky is a transcendentalist, very conscious of the legacy of his great-

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aunt, Margaret Fuller, the last of the New England transcendentalists of the 19th century. Bucky's world is pantheist; man approaches his own divinity the more he identifies with universal technology.

Marshall McLuhan sees technology as human rather than divine. Technology is an extension of man. Alfred Russel Wallace, co-discoverer with Charles Darwin of the theory of evolution more than a century ago, said that "man alone is capable of purposeful non-organic evolution; he makes tools." McLuhan had never heard of Wallace; but he all along shared Wallace's view. Technology to McLuhan is the self-perfection of man, the way through which he extends himself, changes himself, grows, and becomes. And just as an animal that develops a new and different organ through natural evolution becomes a different animal, so a man who develops a new and different tool, and thereby extends himself, becomes a different man.

Unlikely Heroes

Enmity to, and disenchantment with, technology was the ostensible "cause" of the 1960s and early 1970s. No less likely heroes of the decade of the "environmental crusade" could thus be imagined than those arch-technologists, Bucky Fuller and Marshall McLuhan, respectively the seer of "synergistic geometry" and the metaphysician of the "electronic media." But what went on in that decade only looked like "anti-technology." Actually, the decade discovered technology. Until then, technology was something that could be left to technologists. Engineers built dams; "humanists" read James Joyce or listened to Bach or found "laws of nature." Humanists were quite willing to enjoy the "fruits of technology"—whether an airplane ride or a telephone call. But their work, its meaning, its importance, and its course, were not affected by technology or only marginally so, as when the steel-nib pen made unnecessary the trimming of goose quills, or when electric bulbs made possible reading at late hours without eyestrain.

Suddenly, in the 1960s, technology was seen as a human activity; formerly it was always a "technical" activity, carried out by God only knows whom or what, presumably by "elves in the Black Forest." Technology moved from the wings of the stage of history to which the "humanist" had always consigned it, and began to mingle freely with the actors and even, at times, to steal the spotlight.

The first response to such a change in awareness is always violent rejection. It would be so much easier if the change could be undone. If only we could return to the nice "humanist" world of Hellenistic scribes and liberal arts scholars, in which ideas, values, aesthetics, and knowledge are dissociated from such grubby things as how people make their living, produce their tools, and above all in which they are divorced and dissociated from how men work. But underneath the know-nothing rejection there is in such a period also a receptivity to new approaches, a search for a new integration.

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And so Bucky Fuller and Marshall McLuhan suddenly became visible and important. To a generation which realized that technology had to be integrated with metaphysics and culture, aesthetics and human anthropology—that indeed it was at the core of human anthropology and of the self-knowledge of man—these two prophets offered a glimpse of a new reality. That their landscape was fog-shrouded and their utterances oracular only added to their appeal.

Ideas and Inventions

By now, Bucky is a world myth. He has the longest entry in *Who's Who in America*, seventy-five lines. He has more honorary doctorates than anyone else I ever heard of, thirty-seven of them, perhaps a few more than anyone really needs. His books are best-sellers, his lectures draw standing-room-only crowds, and he is a folk hero of the young.

But when I first met Bucky he was quite unknown, though nearing fifty. He had worked obsessively for two decades turning out ideas and inventions. Yet for long years on end the family had to subsist on whatever his wife could earn as a secretary. Bucky's few friends—he was always a solitary—tended to be infuriated at his single-minded pursuit of harebrained ideas when he so easily could have made a good living. For Bucky had a deserved reputation as a forecaster and analyst of technology. There was his forecast, for instance, of the developments that would make possible the airplane of the future. In 1929, so the story goes, Donald Douglas, already a leader among the younger designers, came to Bucky with a rough sketch of his "airplane of the future" for which then there was no aerodynamic theory, no engines, and no materials. And Bucky told him what was needed to build the airplane of his design—the theory, the engines, and the metals—and that it would be available ten years hence, in 1939. Ten years later Douglas built the prototype of what became World War II's most advanced bomber, the Flying Fortress, to Bucky's specifications.

A few years after that Bucky performed a similar feat (to many people it smelled of witchcraft) in predicting and timing for one of the major copper companies the future emergence of what we now call "electronics." He could have had any number of similar assignments, and at good fees. Yet he only took one of them when he was desperate—when, for instance, his daughter was very sick and he needed money to pay the medical bills. Otherwise he stubbornly rode his hobby horse of geometric designs, to which he gave weird names, "Dymaxion," "Plydome," "Tetrahelix," or "Tensegrity," designs that did not seem to serve any purpose even when they worked, as they occasionally did.

In those days, many people could not make head or tail of Bucky, neither his graphs nor his talk, which came out in a never-ending stream of words, half lyrical near-poetry, half science fiction terms of his own coinage. I too, I admit, would have paid no attention had I not been amused by Bucky's conceit that graphs on a piece of paper determine development.

The graphs were most peculiar. At a time when the best anyone hoped for was a restoration of the prosperity that had prevailed before the Depression, Bucky projected explosive economic growth for such stagnant, crisis-ridden, and backward areas as Latin America as much as for the United States, and even for a Europe that was then collapsing under Hitler's onslaught.

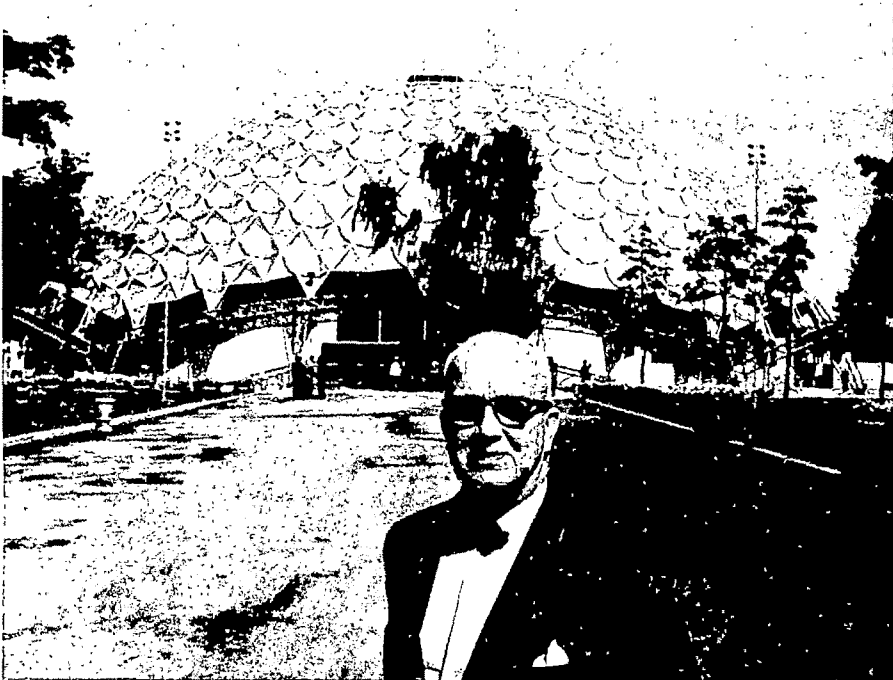
The totally implausible results were obtained by tracing the geometric properties of curves for one factor only: energy. The curves were drawn on the assumption that energy is "organic" and will therefore expand exponentially the way a population curve does, until it fills its "ecological niche" to the limit, subject only to the ultimate—and most remote—constraint, i.e., the end of the release of energy through nuclear fusion and fission in the plasma in the sun's interior. I never was persuaded of the validity of Bucky's assumptions. But his projections for the postwar economy of the world, based on pure geometry, turned out to be remarkably accurate. Yet they were entirely based on geometric vision, devoid of analysis or "facts."

An Impractical "Geometer"

Bucky calls himself a geometer. But he sees more than the order of the earth, which is what "geometry" means. He experiences the order and the rhythm of space, or to use an old-fashioned term, the "harmony of the spheres."

Even Bucky's friends and admirers in those early years used to consider him "impractical." Bucky always denied this—indeed the accusation was

Geodesic dome: the structural virtue of spheres and triangles



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one of the few things that could make him indignant. Otherwise he was singularly even-tempered. But whenever anyone hinted at his being "impractical," he would get shrill and lose his temper. People, Bucky felt, were "impractical," not he. And indeed part of Bucky's trouble was that he tried too hard to be "practical." He applied his strange designs to everyday objects in order to be practical: automobiles, houses, road maps. And he could not understand why people were not willing to shift to a three-wheeler car that had to be entered from the top or crawled into from underneath, for the sake of a little fuel-saving or "clean" aerodynamic lines.

The "Dymaxion House"—a half-sphere on a slab—combines the maximum floor area with the smallest surface and therefore the lowest requirements for heating or cooling. It also combines structural rigidity and stability, close to the theoretical maximum, with extreme lightness of construction that needs practically no structural supports. Bucky could not understand why people still preferred to live in geometrically imperfect rectangular houses which had wall space and into which furniture fitted.

The "Dymaxion Map" was the first to portray portions of the surface of a globe, the earth, for example, on a flat plane without distortion. But the map had to be a conic section with rounded edges and triangular points at both ends—and Bucky could not understand why people were willing to accept the slight distortion of a conventional area map rather than use undistorted maps that looked like cut-out paper dolls. Actually, every one of these designs was eminently "practical," but for new and different uses. The "Dymaxion Car" has been used extensively in space design. The "Dymaxion House" became the prototype for "radomes," the automated sensing stations of the air-warning system in the Arctic, and in the last quarter century for pavilions, sports stadiums, and exhibition halls. And when the astronauts first went into orbit and needed maps without distortion, they began to use "Dymaxion Maps."

Bucky often came to talk to the students at Bennington College in Vermont where I taught during most of the 1940s. For what Bucky needed above all—more than recognition, more than money—was an audience.

Buckminster Fuller: *mesmerizing, non-stop lecturer*



When I introduced him at his first speech at Bennington, I told the audience that he would talk for forty-five minutes and then answer questions. Four hours later Bucky was still talking, and when I tried to break in, he waved me aside and said, "I'm still on my introduction." I think we forced him to stop around one in the morning. It was a mistake. We should have let him keep on talking—later on we did. There is no point setting a time limit on a Bucky Fuller "happening." Bucky keeps on talking in an orotund monotone, rambling on without beginning, middle, or end. And the audience sits and absorbs. No one ever remembers a *word* Bucky says. But nobody ever forgets the *experience*. It is like being in a verbal pool of warm, swirling water, relaxing yet constantly moving and challenging. And the experience is never about Buckminster Fuller. Indeed most of the people who listen to him do not remember too distinctly what he looks like, let alone how he speaks or moves or acts. What they experience—and what every audience, since those Bennington students almost forty years ago, has experienced—is Bucky Fuller's vision. Bucky Fuller calls himself a geometer, but he is in fact a seer.

McLuhan's Early Ideas

I met Marshall McLuhan at about the same time as I first met Bucky, at a meeting of some learned society during which he and I read papers. I was fully prepared to be bored when he started reading his paper in a flat, nasal Midwestern voice with a Canadian twang to it. He had then just started teaching as a very young English instructor at St. Louis University in Missouri, and was of course totally unknown. He looked most ordinary—tall, thin, lanky. The title of the paper—something to do with the origin of the modern university curriculum—did not sound particularly exciting either.

But soon this ordinary-looking English instructor began to say some strange-sounding things. The medieval university, he said, became obsolete with the printed book. Everybody nodded since that much was part of conventional wisdom. But he went on to contend that the modern university came into being in the 16th century because of printing, which not only changed the method of instruction and the form of presentation but changed the nature of what was being taught and what the university intended to teach. The new learning, that unknown man seemed to say, had little to do with the Renaissance or with the revival of interest in antiquity and the rediscovery of the classical writers, or even with astronomy, geographic discovery, or new science. On the contrary, these great events of intellectual history were themselves results of Gutenberg's new technology. Movable type, rather than Petrarch, Copernicus, or Columbus, was the creator of the modern world view. "Did I hear you right," asked one of the professors when McLuhan had finished reading, "that you think printing influenced the courses the university taught and the role of the univer-

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sity altogether?" "No, sir" said McLuhan, "it did not *influence*; printing *determined* both, indeed, printing determined what henceforth was going to be considered knowledge."

McLuhan then, almost forty years ago, did not say: "The medium is the message": he could not have said it, since the word "medium" did not exist in its present-day meaning as the carrier of communication. But even then he clearly believed that "The medium is the message," or, at least, that the medium determines and shapes the message.

I was not convinced of McLuhan's thesis. I knew that movable type was not Gutenberg's "invention" but had been in use in China long before Gutenberg, reinventing or imitating, used it to print the Bible. And none of the effects McLuhan claimed for it had occurred in China; indeed, there the new "medium" had had absolutely no effect on culture, learning, and perception. It remained an inferior tool that did not even make obsolete graphic reproduction of the old style, let alone traditional knowledge, methods of instruction, or what was being learned or taught. Still, the man had something to say, I thought.

Technology as a Tool

By that time I had myself become interested in the relationship of technology to society and culture. The "assembly line," for instance, was a tool. Yet it surely had great impact on the organization of people at work and their relationship, and also on the perception society had of itself. It underlay the new view of something called "industrial society"—a term I was one of the first to use without any clear idea of what it might mean. The assembly line, as I began to realize in those years, was in itself not just "technology"; it was above all a theoretical and highly abstract concept of the nature of work. Yet, as I also began to realize in those years, the assembly line, while highly visible and a symbol in people's mind for a new and dominant reality, was in actuality a miniscule segment of manufacturing, with no more than the smallest fraction of the work force doing "assembly-line work" or ever likely to do it. Technology, in other words, was not quite as simple as the traditional view of both "humanists" and "technologists" assumed. It somehow defined to people who they were, or at least how they saw themselves, in addition to its impact on what they produced.

So I sought out McLuhan and asked him to come to visit. He was always good company, though absorbed in his ideas. I doubt that he asked even once what I was doing or listened to my telling him in twenty-odd years of visiting. He talked by preference in puns. And McLuhan was full of oddities, full of conceits, of observations that had a special quirk, a special hook, a special angle that turned the conventional world of every day into something strange, mystifying, and sometimes frightening—a surrealism of words rather than of pictures, but as truly surrealist as Dali or a Steinberg cartoon.



Marshall McLuhan: *the medium is the message*

McLuhan dropped in with a minimum of warning or no warning at all. Once, in New Jersey, in the midst of a tremendous midsummer storm, our doorbell rang around one in the morning. This was the last time McLuhan dropped in to talk about his visions. On that stormy night in the early 1960s enlightenment had come to him. It was in that night that he, lecturing or visiting friends, suddenly realized what he had been saying all along—and rushed to tell me. What he spoke that night became, shortly thereafter, McLuhan's most important, clearest, and most original book, though by no means his best-known one: *The Gutenberg Galaxy: The Making of Typographic Man*. His later book, *Understanding Media*, which talked about “cool” me-

dia such as TV, and “hot” media such as radio and print, about the world becoming “tribalized” into a “global village” through electronics, and about the “medium as the message,” came two years later. *Understanding Media* made McLuhan famous, or at least notorious. By that time he had stopped dropping in on us, though we have remained friends. When he emerged from that storm McLuhan had finally seen his promised land. After that he did not need a listener any more.

The Prophet of Television

During the twenty-odd years when I saw him frequently, he was a seer without a vision. He knew what he had to see—and could not open his eyes to see it. He must have felt these years the way all of us feel once in a while in a nightmare when we know we have to wake up but cannot do it. He had had all his vision clearly before his eyes when he said at that learned meeting that “Printing determined what henceforth was considered knowledge.” But until television came, Marshall did not know that he had meant it.

It was as the prophet of television that McLuhan became a figure in the intellectual “jet set” of the 1960s. This also explains, I believe, why McLuhan has not really become much more than that. To be sure, television—and the “media” altogether—have been changing *what* is being communi-

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cated, and not merely *how*. They have been changing our perception of the outside world, but also how we see ourselves and what we see in ourselves. Yet not one of McLuhan's specific predictions has come true and not one of them is likely to come true. Printing is not being made obsolete by television. There are more books and magazines being published today than there were before the "tube" invaded the living room, just as drama and poetry did not disappear once "storytelling" became "writing" and "writing" became "printing." Indeed the electronic tools are likely to become the "print media" of tomorrow, when the "printed word" is almost certain to be transmitted by some sort of electronic printer attached to a TV set or telephone. And the Xerox copier makes every man his own Gutenberg.

The interaction between the "medium" and the "message" is more profound than McLuhan's aphorism has it; neither determines the other, but each shapes the other. McLuhan knows all this, I am sure. But because his moment of enlightenment came to him over the television, he has become known—and may even see himself—as the pop culture's Thoreau. This however is grossly unfair to the man and to his insight. McLuhan's most important insight is not that "The medium is the message." It is that technology is an extension of man rather than "just a tool." It is not "man's master." But it changes man and his personality and what man is—or perceives himself to be—just as much as it changes what he can do.

Work as a Social Bond

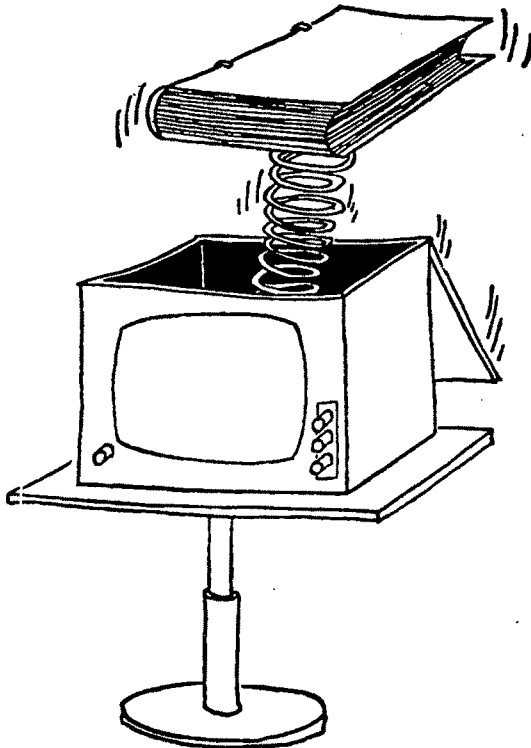
I do not believe that either Bucky Fuller or Marshall McLuhan can integrate technology, culture, and metaphysics. Their vision nowhere relates technology to the specific human activity that is "work." Technology does indeed not deal with tools, machines, and artifacts alone in the way the engineer defines technology, the way the monumental five-volume *History of Technology* (published between 1954 and 1958 under the editorship of the great English scholar, Charles Singer) defines technology, the way the Society for the History of Technology (founded in 1958) defines technology, and the way in which the Society's journal, *Technology and Culture*, deals with technology. But technology is also not just "cosmic force" or "extension of man." It is not, as Singer's *History* defines it, "how things are made or done." It is *how man does or makes*. Technology deals with the purposeful, man-made non-organic evolution through which man discharges that peculiarly and uniquely human activity, "work." And the way man does and makes, the way he works, then has profound impact on how man lives, how he lives with others of his own kind, and how he sees himself—and ultimately perhaps even on what and who he is.

Above all, work is the specific social bond in human life and history. The organic bond that is founded in the need to take care of helpless young, man shares with many of the higher animals; elephant mothers take care of their young longer than do human mothers, and may do it better. But the

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unique social bond that work creates—in all its plasticity, flexibility, diversity, and demand—is the specific human dimension; it is the relationship between “technology” as “tools” and “technology” as “culture” and “personality.” And work is a social activity that neither Bucky Fuller nor Marshall McLuhan ever deigned to notice.

It may be too early to come to grips with “technology” as a specific human and social dimension and as the way man does and makes. I have tried to do so in my own studies, which began about the same time—forty years ago—as Fuller moved from designing “dymaxion machines” to designing theories, and McLuhan first wrestled with the relationship of Gutenberg’s technology of movable type to the curriculum of the medieval university. (What I have to say about the subject can be found in my 1970 essay volume, *Technology, Management and Society*.) I have, I realize, not gotten much beyond specific examples and generalities and certainly nowhere near a “general theory”; neither, of course, have Bucky Fuller and Marshall McLuhan. But at least they tried to show new and different approaches to “technology,” approaches that are not “anti-technological” and may even be excessively “pro-technological,” but that deal with technology as “human” and “cultural” rather than as purely “technical.” The work on technology and culture is still to be done. But Bucky Fuller and Marshall McLuhan should be remembered as the forerunners, the prophets, and the seers.



RECENT TRENDS IN AMERICAN LABOR

By Thomas R. Brooks

After forty years of expanded membership and influence, U.S. trade unions in the 1970s confront an array of new problems. There are more younger workers and women in the labor force, more black workers within the unions, and more white collar and government employees who have traditionally resisted union membership. Mr. Brooks analyzes the ways in which these changes are affecting the character of the labor movement, the techniques of collective bargaining, and the political role of trade unions.

Thomas R. Brooks is a veteran reporter and historian of the American labor movement. He has been a labor organizer and editor of labor publications, and now serves as president of the League for Industrial Democracy. His books include *Toil and Trouble* (a history of American labor), *Walls Come Tumbling Down* (a report on the civil rights movement), and *Clint* (the biography of Clinton S. Golden, a labor intellectual and organizer).



For nearly four and a half decades—since the 1935 federal law that guaranteed the right of collective bargaining—American trade unions have enjoyed an expansion of membership and influence comparable to that of their European counterparts. Unlike European workers, however, American workers have no labor or social-democratic party to represent them in Congress or in the various state legislatures. Union members do participate actively in politics, mainly through the liberal wing of the Democratic Party. A minority is active in the Republican Party, but very few workers belong to radical political organizations. American labor's involvement in politics appears haphazard when compared with the European, Latin American, African or Asian experience.

Nonetheless, labor plays an important reformist role in the United States. The unions, through their influence with Congress and the White House, are largely responsible for such social legislation as old age benefits, workmen's compensation for industrial accidents, health and safety measures, civil rights legislation, and unemployment insurance. Still, American workers rely less on legislation than on direct bargaining with employers for gains—vacations, health insurance, pensions, etc.—that are often a part of social welfare legislation in other countries. Collective bar-

gaining in the United States is more decentralized, by industry or even plant-by-plant, than in Europe, where patterns are set by national labor federations. But the measure of success remains the same—the well-being of working men and women.

Union membership has grown from 12.5 million at the close of World War II to nearly 21 million today, with a resulting substantial increase in real wages and job security. There have been strikes, angry confrontations between labor and management, but few that can compare with the bitter outbreaks that marked the preceding seventy-five years of industrial strife.

Once scorned, union leaders are now courted at every level of American life. Local charities request their participation in fund raising drives; Congress solicits their testimony in an ever-increasing range of economic and social issues; Presidents appoint them to commissions and often consult with them on politically sensitive questions. Today, they negotiate with the country's industrialists, establishing wages, working conditions and health, welfare and pension benefits in key industries, thereby setting patterns for others to follow.

Problems of the 1970s

Such success ought to breed confidence, and so it did. Until recently, conservative critics viewed union leaders as arrogant and unions as all-powerful while liberal or leftist critics thought the labor movement complacent and overly cooperative with the business and governmental establishment. Today, however, there is a less confident mood within the labor movement and a more skeptical estimate of its strengths among observers, friendly or not.

A.H. Raskin, a longtime labor correspondent of the *New York Times*, recently discerned "a sense of insecurity that is growing rapidly in the upper echelons of labor." A host of journalists and commentators have picked up his theme. Typically, *Dun's Review*, a leading business journal, reported a decline in "the once vaunted clout of organized labor." The journal cited as evidence the 1978 defeat in Congress of a labor reform measure that would have helped newly organized workers to win more rapid recognition of the union of their choice from employers.

But predictions of labor's early demise, even reports of its sudden weakening, are, as Mark Twain once observed of his death reported in a premature obituary, "greatly exaggerated." Nonetheless, the U.S. labor movement (like its counterparts in Western Europe) faces a set of new problems that require different responses and strategies than those of the past. Four recent developments are profoundly affecting the labor movement: the coming of a new generation, the increase of black workers within the unions, the growing proportions of women in the labor force, and the unionization of government employees on the national, state and local lev-

el. Each is likely to come to a head over the next ten years; together, they are sure to have a major impact on the essential character of the labor movement, on the techniques of collective bargaining, and on organized labor's role in the political arena.

Younger Workers

The largest youth cohort of our history—some 44 million between the ages of 14 and 24—is now coming of age. Today, half of the U.S. labor force is less than 35 years old. Union members may be slightly older on the average, though not by much. One out of four *new* union members is under 25. This trend toward a younger membership has wider ramifications than simply age differential. These younger workers are better educated; they have completed more than 12 years of schooling on the average, as against 10 years not so very long ago. They have more ambitious and more idiosyncratic expectations. The young blue-collar worker's father or grandfather wanted basically "steady work" and "good money." Industrial sociologists tell us that the young today are more mobile, more willing to quit and move on if the job doesn't suit. In addition certain specific bargaining issues tend to divide the young and older workers. The former, for example, are more likely to prefer immediate wage gains over deferred benefits such as improved pensions. Younger workers, moreover, are entering the work force at a time when unions have already won the battle for recognition, and therefore tend to take union power for granted. They are less likely to attend union meetings or read union publications than older workers.

Several years ago, *New York Times* reporter Agis Salpukas found that younger workers want "treatment as individuals from the bosses on a plant floor; do not want work they think hurts their health or safety, even though old-timers have done the work for years; want fast changes and sometimes bypass their own union leaders and start wildcat strikes." In my own, more recent talks with young workers, I find that the economic recession of 1978-79—and the high rate of youth unemployment—has had a sobering effect. There is more concern over possible layoffs and future job opportunities than when reporter Salpukas toured auto and steel plants interviewing new workers. The willingness to challenge management persists, however, as does the dissatisfaction with what younger workers regard as excessive caution on the part of present union leadership.

A Growing Black Membership

Black and women workers tend to share many of the attitudes of the young, in large part because they are, on the average, younger than their white and male counterparts as well as being, more than likely, new on the job. Blacks—who constitute 11 percent of the total U.S. population—have entered unions at an increasing rate that reflects the broader movement of blacks out of the rural south, where 75 percent of all blacks were to be

found before World War II, into the cities, both north and south. (Today, 80 percent of all blacks live in urban areas.) Ten years ago, one out of three new unionists was black; today, 50 percent of all new members are black.

One must keep in mind, however, that despite past discrimination, black workers in this country have belonged to unions since the inception of the labor movement. Black coal miners, for example, were the backbone of a racially integrated United Mineworkers in Alabama at the turn of the century. Black bricklayers and black carpenters were unionized early in the South, admittedly in segregated local unions. During the 1930s, blacks were active in the founding of industrial unions in the auto, steel, transport and electrical industries.

Opening Jobs for Blacks

Discrimination on the basis of race continues to exist within some unions. Black workers have experienced their greatest difficulties in gaining skilled craft jobs, both in the building trades and within industrial plants. Nonetheless, there have been some remarkable breakthroughs, partly a result of the civil rights agitation of the 1960s. Minority youth are increasingly entering the highly-paid crafts: nearly 20 percent of all new apprentices in the building trades are nonwhite. Even larger breakthroughs have occurred in minority apprenticeships among structural iron workers (20 percent), steamfitters and pipefitters (36 percent), sheetmetal workers (18 percent) and operating engineers (33 percent). Most of these well-paid trades had only white members some ten or more years ago. A major U.S. Supreme Court decision in June 1979 upheld a training program for skilled jobs in the private sector which reserved half the vacancies for black workers in order to secure a more equitable representation in better-paid crafts.

According to a 1970 Department of Labor study, black workers accounted for over 12 percent of all union members, "a somewhat higher proportion than their representation in the total wage and salary work force [of about 11 percent]." An earlier study, conducted by the Urban League of Chicago in 1968, found that unions had a larger percentage—13 percent—of black officials or "policymakers" than any other non-governmental institution. At least ten major unions—including Auto, Steel and Teachers—are more than 20 percent black. Among local unions with sizable black memberships, the proportion of black elected officers is very high indeed. There is less black representation at the national union level, though this is changing rapidly. Two blacks, Frederick O'Neal and C.L. Dellums, are on the national federation's (AFL-CIO) executive council and a growing number of national unions—Steel, Retail Clerks, Transport Workers, Newspaper Guild, Teachers, Auto, and others—have black vice presidents and other top officers.

Women in Unions

Women, like blacks, have been entering the labor force in ever larger numbers since World War II. Overall, the proportion of women in the labor force has increased from 28 percent in 1947 to 42 percent in 1979. One of every five union members is a woman, and female unionists now total 4.3 million, a rise of one million since 1956. Women accounted for more than one half the total growth in union membership between 1966 and 1976. But because women are still employed in large numbers in clerical and sales jobs, which tend to be less unionized, their proportion in unions has been much lower than that of men.

It is worth recalling, however, that women have participated in unions since they first began drawing paychecks in the textile mills of New England in the early 19th century. The needle trades unions—the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union (ILGWU), the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, the Hat, Cap & Millinery Workers—have organized women workers for nearly three-quarters of a century. The Communications Workers of America (CWA) has organized women, mostly telephone operators, since its inception in the late 1930s. Outside these industries, however, it is only recently that the increased number of women workers has been felt in the labor movement. Women workers are pressing for greater attention to issues that concern women, such as flexible working hours and fringe benefits for part-time workers, to aid women who must also care for children at home. Other issues of particular concern to women include: upgrading salaries of traditional "women's jobs," improved maternity benefits, more personal leave time, equity in pensions, and training programs to promote women out of dead-end clerical jobs.

"When I go around the country to speak," reports Cynthia McCaughan, the AFL-CIO co-ordinator of women's activities, "more women are saying, 'I am a shop steward. I am president of my union local. I am on the bargaining committee. Or, I am an organizer.'" While no woman has ever sat on the 35-member AFL-CIO executive council, four are national union presidents and a growing number serve on the executive councils of important unions such as the ILGWU, Amalgamated Meat Cutters, CWA and the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees. The recently organized Coalition of Labor Union Women, headed by Joyce Miller, a vice-president of the Amalgamated Clothing and Textile Workers, now has more than 7,000 highly active and motivated members.

Organizing White Collar Workers

While women are registering gains within the unions, their greatest impact may be on the future growth of the labor movement. With U.S. manufacturing employment shrinking, and the overall labor force expanding, the proportion of unionized workers to the total labor force is declining. One out of five American workers holds a union card today; more than one out of four did in 1970. White collar industries—finance, retail trades, edu-

cation and other services—are expanding rapidly, and these are the industries that employ the overwhelming majority of women workers. Here clearly is a future growth area for unions, and already a number of unions are aggressively exploring its potential. The 600,000-member Service Employees International Union, for example, recently began a drive to organize clerical and professional employees in government, hospitals, universities, banks and insurance companies. To carry out the task, the union now employs 300 women among some 750 local and national organizing staff, compared with 70 out of 650 a decade ago.

Unions, however, have not yet managed to score significant breakthroughs in organizing white collar workers, except in government. In part, this may have been because many women looked upon their jobs as “second jobs,” or temporary interludes before marriage or raising a family. White collar employment, too, was often considered special, and employers tended to treat women employees in a paternalistic fashion. But all that may be changing. Office work through sheer expansion has become more “factory-like,” and bosses more remote. In these changes union organizers see new opportunities for organization.

Organized labor's successes among public employees has encouraged labor's new efforts in white collar and professional organizations. If teachers can be organized, why not private hospital nurses? If public employee professionals and clericals, why not those in private firms? In fact, the growth of unionization among public employees, until recently, offset the decline of membership among blue-collar factory workers. The membership of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees (AFSCME), now the largest AFL-CIO affiliate, rose from 350,000 to more than a million in just ten years. Federal employees are well organized with 1.4 million—about 50 percent—enrolled in unions or employee associations.

Mixed Picture

Nonetheless, there has been a slowdown in union growth, both in the private and public sectors. Some ten million public employees are as yet unorganized, according to AFL-CIO estimates. The situation is analogous to that within the private sector, where the union base is comparatively stable but large numbers of workers remain unorganized. As of 1974, the latest year for which government figures are available, 44 percent of all union members were in manufacturing; 14.5 percent in nonmanufacturing industries; and 13.5 in government (national, state and local). The remainder were scattered among service trades, skilled crafts, private educational institutions, and agricultural work. Basic industries, such as steel and auto, are well organized. Unions are strong in rail and truck transportation, the building trades and in communications. However, 80 percent of all union members are in twelve states, mainly in the industrial belt encompassing the Midwest and New York. Unions are also strong in Califor-

nia. They are weakest in the twenty southern and central plains states where so-called "right-to-work" laws forbid employers and unions to sign contracts requiring workers to join a union in order to keep their jobs. In South Carolina, as an instance, only 8 percent of nonagricultural employees are unionized as compared with New York's 38 percent.

The last decade has seen a dramatic shift in the composition of the labor force in "post-industrial" society from the traditionally unionized manufacturing sector to service, trade, educational and other white-collar occupations. Over that period, the United States has gained 5.3 million new jobs in the latter occupations while the number of manufacturing jobs has remained static. Competition from imports—notably in garment and electronics manufacturing—has also contributed to the absence of growth in blue-collar employment. As a result of these and other factors, union membership has not kept up with the expansion of the employed labor force, a rise from 74 million in 1967 to over 90 million in 1978. Comprising 23 percent of the labor force a decade ago, unions have slipped to under 20 percent.

New Times, New Problems

Old timers and romantic radicals mourn the loss of what they perceive as the crusading spirit, the sense of solidarity that comes from struggle, associated with the spectacular rise of large industrial unions in the late 1930s. Today's union organizer, however, must contend with developments undreamed of by his counterparts in the past, who successfully appealed to the workers' sense of being exploited by their employers. How can one stir up a crusading spirit when major non-union corporations like DuPont and IBM pay decent wages and grant good working conditions?

Perhaps more than any other group of workers in this country, mine workers possess a highly developed sense of solidarity. Yet, in West Virginia, the heart of mine union country, there is a non-union mine employing 150 miners, some of them former union members, who earn an average of \$25,000 a year, a wage fattened by incentive bonuses and overtime pay. Union organizers are trying to organize the mine, capitalizing on the lack of a pension plan and inadequate safety measures, so far with little success. In the past, non-union mines were family-operated affairs, scrabbling a bare living out of hard-to-get veins of coal. Coal, too, was a depressed industry until OPEC's sharp rise of oil prices turned it around. A revived coal market usually stimulated a revived union. Today, however, large, professionally-managed companies are opening non-union mines across Appalachia and in the Midwest. These non-union mines pay well, are profitable, and the one in West Virginia not only has the most advanced mining machinery but also plans for an employee swimming pool and tennis courts.

The American South is no longer the depressed region depicted in Erskine Caldwell's novel *Tobacco Road*. Many who fled north to high-paid

jobs in the auto industry are now returning to an increasingly prosperous South. Former North-South differentials in pay and benefits are narrowing, especially in major industries. Even lesser manufacturing pays better than share-cropping or other risky occupations in what had been a region of subsistence and marginal employment. Although southern workers' newly acquired feeling of well-being may erode over time, it is currently a factor that makes unionization difficult.

Opposition to unionism is also rooted in Southern traditions of individualism, in suspicious attitudes born of self-sufficient farming and a plantation paternalism, and often fed by a resentment of organizers from the North. White workers, too, have been fearful of competition for jobs by black workers, though there are strong signs that this attitude is changing. One conspicuous example of this change is visible among Southern textile workers, whose interracial support of a union despite continued resistance by the J.P. Stevens Company was effectively dramatized in the popular recent film, *Norma Rae*.

Problems of Leadership

Workers traditionally join unions because wages are low, working conditions inadequate, the foreman or boss unsympathetic. Increasingly, however, I believe they do so because of the skill of the organizer, as well as because of union achievements as demonstrated by the union's contracts and history. Leadership, therefore, will be a crucial factor in the future development of the labor movement.

At the top, labor leadership has already undergone a change. Of the 35 members of the AFL-CIO executive council, only two—AFL-CIO president George Meany and Paul Hall of the Seafarers Union—remain from the merger of the American Federation of Labor (AFL) and the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) in 1955. Fourteen members are 50 years of age or under; 13 are in their fifties; the average age is 61. The thirty-five, who head long-established unions, have for the most part come up through normal succession, and in ideological terms are somewhat more militant in outlook than the rank-and-file of their respective unions.

Top union leadership, historically, has been remarkably stable. Walter P. Reuther, for instance, headed the auto workers union (UAW) from 1946 to his death in 1970. The number of unions with mandatory retirement, usually at age 65, has increased, which is one of the explanations for the recent turnover at the top. But there is increasing recognition that leadership at the local level—among shop stewards and staff, including organizers—is apt to be critical. Unions devote a good deal of effort to secondary leadership training. The AFL-CIO now has a "staff college" near its national headquarters in Washington, D.C. Affiliates run seminars and summer schools and larger unions may have a "college" of their own. The

United Steelworkers, for example, has a training center outside Pittsburgh where union officials are expected to put in some "graduate work." The UAW's Walter P. Reuther Center at Black Lake, Michigan, is internationally known and provides intensive training for auto worker organizers, leadership and staff.

Affluence and Unions

A car, a home, a pension—these now common possessions of American workers symbolize the changes brought about through collective bargaining, just as unemployment insurance, workmen's compensation, health and safety regulations testify to labor's legislative accomplishments. Paradoxically, these visible signs of well-being point up labor's current difficulties. High wages not only enable workers to own their homes and one or more automobiles, but often also camping trailers or mobile homes, a motorboat, not to mention television sets and an astonishing array of household and home-shop appliances. Many of these items are now taken for granted, even considered essential to well-being, by an even larger number of working Americans, yet at the same time they add to the cost of living and make working people more conscious of the inroads of inflation. This growth of consumer expectations places added burdens on collective bargaining by encouraging demands for "more," not only money but leisure time and benefits, at the bargaining table. Bargaining is certainly more complicated now than it was when a union representative simply pounded on the table and shouted, "We want 25 cents an hour more, and that's it."

When one considers the magnitude of the problems the labor movement faces today, the wonder is that it is doing as well as it is. Part of the reason can be traced to innovations in bargaining, from devising new holidays to winning new lifetime job security agreements. In steel, for example, the union and ten major producers recently worked out an early retirement system that guarantees either a substantial pension—\$600 a month until age 62 when social security and standard pensions take over—or "suitable long-term employment" in another plant for workers with 20 years' service whose age and service total 65. Longshoremen are guaranteed a lifetime's wage as automation phases out their occupation.

New Directions

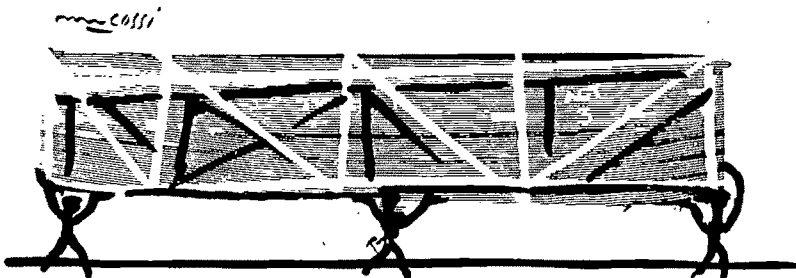
Despite some resistance, one sees a greater spirit of cooperation spreading in labor-management relations, a recognition that ultimately both sides share many goals. Shortly after World War II, the National Planning Association launched a study of "The Causes of Industrial Peace." A prestigious group of businessmen and labor leaders agreed that a strong, secure union can be an asset to management by fostering uninterrupted, efficient production. In the intervening years, that precept won wide acceptance and was enlarged upon.

Within the last few years, for example, there have been organized many

joint committees on industrial lines, in which employers and unionists cooperate on projects ranging from energy policy to community rehabilitation. In basic steel, a union-management agreement aimed at forestalling crippling strikes by submitting unresolved issues at bargaining time to arbitration has worked remarkably well. At the local level, a joint labor-management and community group in Jamestown, New York, has succeeded in boosting productivity and attracting new industry to a region that had been wracked with strikes and economically threatened by serious job losses. The Jamestown experiment attracted national attention and sparked efforts in Congress to promote this approach nationwide.

In the area of job enrichment or worker participation, however, American management has shown a greater interest than has organized labor. The United States is far behind the Scandinavian countries in this respect, partly because American workers tend to be skeptical about the intentions of company managers. In a 1977 survey aiming to measure "Quality of Employment" (conducted by a research group at the University of Michigan), workers rated "more say in how to do their jobs" and "more say in how business is run" low in their list of priorities for effective unionism. Wages, fringe benefits, job security, safety and health, and union democracy were the top priorities. Nonetheless, some unions have joined management in committees striving to make jobs more varied and interesting. The United Auto Workers has given special attention to this aspect of work, as a way of offsetting the monotonous assembly-line system so crucial to auto production. In most other manufacturing industries, workers apparently believe that their concern for improved job conditions can be handled best through ordinary union negotiations rather than through labor-management committees.

Traditional collective bargaining still works and works well; roughly 98 out of every 100 agreements are renegotiated without the loss of any worktime due to a strike or lockout. Collective bargaining is encouraged as a matter of national public policy embodied in law. Moreover, there are today more than 60 million Americans who are either active or retired union members, or spouses or children of union members. When that sizable constituency is combined with the public's recognition that strong unions are essential to a democratic and decent society, the continuing influence of a vigorous labor movement would seem to be assured.



TOWARD A PLANNING SOCIETY

By Otis L. Graham, Jr.



The idea of economic and social planning may be more popular among American businessmen than among the general public, which tends to associate that notion with coercive government. But Professor Graham sees a growing acceptance of national planning by political leaders in both the Democratic and Republican parties. Here he traces the changes in planning philosophy and practice from Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal to the current Carter Administration, and discusses the relationship of national planning to political freedom.

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about 20th century American history, among them *Toward A Planned Society* (Oxford University Press) which develops the ideas advanced in the following article.

It is a common misconception abroad that the United States has an antipathy to national planning, and therefore no history on the matter. That interpretation of U.S. history fits well enough the years from 1776 to World War I, perhaps. It is true that the American nation was born in a revolution against despotic central authority, located in England, and that the American Constitution was designed in a deep suspicion of governmental power. And it is equally true that the overwhelmingly dominant influence in American life from the beginning has been the marketplace, where individuals and corporations pursue profit. These private exertions, not governmental visions and orders, transformed an agrarian society into an industrial giant.

The U.S. economy was never a purely laissez-faire system, however. From the beginning the Federalists under President George Washington and Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton promoted commerce and manufacturing, enacted a tariff to protect "infant" industries, raised no objection as state governments regulated many aspects of economic life. Yet despite these public influences exerted upon national development, 18th and 19th century America was a society where private entrepreneurship was given great scope, and the directing functions of the national government were severely limited. Indeed, the absence of government was

turned into an aggressive philosophy in the late 19th century, as "Social Darwinist" thinkers, believing themselves to be applying biological science to society, elevated the concept of a non-interfering government into a guiding principle for progress: Those who were adaptable and successful would survive, while the weak fell by the wayside.

Early Approaches to Planning

But this deep distrust of governmental power began to make room for more active conceptions even before the 20th century arrived. The positive use of government to achieve social ends that the marketplace apparently could not was the central idea of the Populist movement in the Midwest and South, and then of the larger "progressive" movement which swept through cities, states and to the national level between the 1890s and World War I. That movement left behind more active governments at every level. By 1916, the government in Washington had a broad range of regulatory powers—over railroad rates, food and drugs, mining safety, banking, child labor, monopolistic business practices, and so on. And behind business regulation the stirrings of a social welfare state were plainly to be seen.

Then came America's entrance into World War I. The sudden need to mobilize in 1917 was met by a vast expansion of governmental authority, with the War Industries Board at the apex becoming in effect an economic planning board. This was to last for only eighteen months, and the war-time controls were then entirely dismantled. Partly in reaction against the austerities of wartime and partly in response to postwar prosperity, the 1920s brought a retreat of government from the range of controls it had secured in the previous two decades. Yet the war mobilization had been a great success at a time of crisis, and that generation would remember the achievements of national planning when another emergency of similar magnitude occurred.

Such an emergency arrived in 1929 in the form of a Great Depression, and as a result the history of national planning in the United States has run in a deepening current from the 1930s continuously to this day. The planning idea emerged early in the depression, pressed forward by a loose coalition of businessmen, liberal writers, and public figures who recalled with enthusiasm the successes of wartime planning. Its sources were on the Right as well as the Left, but did not include the labor movement, which at that time was largely suspicious of the state's intentions. Even the advocates of planning did not know exactly how it was to be used as a remedy for depression, and the discussions contained more vague hopefulness than administrative detail. The Soviet experience was seen to be an interesting but inapplicable model. Planning in America was to be capitalist, or democratic socialist, depending upon whom one consulted. Yet in whatever form, it seemed to many the vehicle to produce that concerted action for recovery which individual efforts could not achieve.

The American Review

The Roosevelt "New Deal"

Fortunately for them, the new President in 1933, Franklin D. Roosevelt, was a planner by instinct and conviction. Roosevelt and his "Brain Trust" of academics and other advisors had formulated the basic planning assumptions as follows: that modern industrial society required public intervention to attain stable growth; that such intervention must affect all major social developments; that intervention and management must aim at clearly defined goals, must be coordinated at the center, have state and local components, and be anticipatory rather than simply reactive. Seeing themselves as in the vanguard of a vast popular movement, they did not think of planning as autocratic rule by experts, but as a democratic pathway to greater freedom. In a 1934 report, Roosevelt's planning board was to say:

Planning ... does not involve the preparation of a comprehensive blueprint of human activity to be clamped down like a steel frame on the soft flesh of the community.... Planning is not an end, but a means, a means for better use of what we have, a means for emancipation of millions of personalities now fettered, for the enrichment of human life in ways that will follow individual interest or even caprice. We may plan indeed for fuller liberty.

The New Dealers never worked out satisfactory forms to embody their planning hopes (indeed, not all of them were planners). Congress resisted every advance in that direction and conservatives in the country protested planning when it appeared. By the end of the 1930s FDR had been forced to give up on overall planning and to accept the system of multiple and uncoordinated interventions which has lasted to this day. Yet New Deal planning experiments produced much clarification. A planning society would be characterized by two main features that Roosevelt did not find when he came to the White House in 1933: first, effective policy contact with all the major sources of social change, such as industry, banking, agriculture and labor; second, a set of planning capacities at the center of government, meshed into a process capable of guiding that change.

The new Roosevelt administration found governmental powers inadequate, and expanded them. Federal authority in traditional areas was strengthened, such as stricter regulation of banking and stock exchanges and transportation, and enlargement of activities in natural resource management or agricultural credit. Going beyond this, the New Deal involved itself in wage and price decisions (but not through direct control or regulation), an area which is today called Incomes Policy. There was a new agency to lend money to threatened banks and industries, and mortgage insurance programs channelled investment into housing. Added to the fiscal and monetary powers acquired by the Federal government since 1913 or before, these measures gave to the administration the full armory of

economic tools required to manage a modern economy. It soon became obvious that planning involved more than narrowly economic questions. Before the 1930s were over, the New Deal extended social policy to influence population distribution, land use, science, technology, even the arts. Economic planning led inexorably toward social planning.

The second prerequisite for planning was a set of planning capacities institutionalized at the center of government. When Franklin D. Roosevelt came to Washington in 1933 the presidency amounted to little more than his personal staff: secretaries, cooks, a doctor, two aides. He could call upon no economists, lawyers, scientists, or even speechwriters, in his employ. He tried to remedy this weakness by establishing a national planning board (originally the National Resources Planning Board which functioned from 1933 to 1943, under various names), and assigning to it duties in forecasting, technology assessment, and policy coordination. The board published studies of future trends and social data, and set up state planning agencies. Its efforts were largely ignored, as were its futile attempts to coordinate policy in such areas as public works, urban aid, or housing.

The "Broker State"

Thus in place of a broad approach to planning, Roosevelt's administration was forced to accept random and uncoordinated expansions of familiar regulatory and fiscal powers. While the five years of New Deal legislation (1933-1938) looked revolutionary at the time, the novelty was mostly in pace, scale and style, not in structure. In the post-New Deal political economy, the chief characteristic of national decision-making was bargaining among interest groups, seeking subsidies or protection from market forces. The liberal state was large, but weak in central direction. Because it seemed to take its guidance from immediate calculations of what would satisfy interest groups, it has been called the "Broker State," to emphasize its reactive and mediating style. Organized groups were able to get the state's attention, but not the unorganized—poor farmers, consumers, and workers not represented by strong unions.

But so long as the system seemed to work, and as economic growth continued year after year, the American public repeatedly endorsed at election time the liberal Broker system. For, after all, what were the alternatives? Planning in the postwar years was thought by many Americans to be synonymous with communist economies. On the other hand, only a small minority even among Republicans really wanted to go back to the laissez-faire system which had collapsed in 1929. Economic growth in the postwar era lubricated all the faulty joints of Broker liberalism, hiding its flaws. Its friends celebrated the flexibility, openness, and dispersed decision-making of the Broker system, and hailed it as the unique invention of American pragmatism in a world torn between ideologies of the Left and Right.

Revival of the Planning Idea

Forty years have passed, and the situation has fundamentally changed. The Broker State is now seen to have an inflationary bias, for it works by rewarding all organized groups but disciplining none. It lacks guidance standards, a strong sense of the national interest, and a habit of looking to the longer term. In a time of resource shortages and intense international economic competition, the American system appears to many as alarmingly undisciplined, unable to select and pursue long-term national objectives. In this setting the planning idea has come forward again, though so gradually that it is often not recognized for what it is.

A central element of New Deal planning was the idea that, to manage social change, the government must have policy contact with all major sources of social development. Many steps have been taken in this direction within the past decade. Mercilessly compressed, a list of them would include: the environmental policy act of 1969, and subsequent water, air, solid waste and land-use laws projecting national influence deep into the land-use and development process; progress toward a population distribution policy, including programs for rural and urban development; and new attention to ocean policy. The national government now seems in some way involved in every major area of social activity. If it were decided to move to planning, the government needs no new powers over private life or national development. It has the required powers, granted incrementally over the years. The step to planning would require no new authority in government, but a new operational organization within government.

Here, too, events have moved rapidly in ten years, and under bipartisan motivation. In 1971 President Nixon established the Domestic Council to undertake long-range studies to coordinate policies of different departments and agencies. Admittedly, the Domestic Council has not evolved into the central planning agency that Nixon apparently intended, but he had come very close to establishing the domestic counterpart of the planning board on the foreign affairs side—the National Security Council. A Democratic Congress in the 1970s set up a Budget Office to centralize its fiscal decisions, and added an Office of Technology Assessment to better anticipate the impact of technological change.

A Widening Consensus

These are only selected developments at the Federal level, which I have treated in more detail in my book, *Toward A Planned Society*, a title I would now change to *Toward A Planning Society*, to avoid the sense of rigidity conveyed by “planned” and to emphasize the pragmatic and experimental attitude crucial to democratic planning. Below that level, planning has flourished and geometrically expanded at the state and local levels, encouraged by Federal grants for planning purposes. Outside of government, talk of planning was much in the air of the early and mid-1970s. Business leaders such as Henry Ford II, Thornton Bradshaw of Atlantic Richfield,

Michael Blumenthal of Bendix, and many others endorsed national planning in one form or another. An Initiative Committee for National Economic Planning was formed in 1975 by a group of labor and business leaders and intellectuals. When the government convened groups of distinguished private citizens in the Advisory Committee on National Growth Policy Processes in 1976, and the White House Conference on Balanced Economic Growth in 1978, it heard reasoned appeals for a planning process.

Political leaders reflected and responded to this current of thought. In 1974 the majority and minority leaders of the Senate, alarmed at the severity of unanticipated oil and wheat shortages, called for "a forward audit, a mechanism for looking at the problem as a whole." In 1975 Senator Hubert Humphrey, then viewed as a likely candidate for president in 1976, submitted both the Humphrey-Javits Balanced Growth and Economic Planning bill and the Humphrey-Hawkins Full Employment bill. Not since 1935 had legislation carrying the planning label been before the national legislature. It was understandable when the noted economist Robert Heilbroner wrote in 1976: "Capitalism is drifting into planning. Is there anyone who would deny the fact? The problem is to interpret it."

The sources of this planning resurgence seem clear enough, even at this short distance. A complex economic crisis had arrived in the 1970s, its immediate manifestations being the joining of high unemployment with inflation, shortages of energy and other materials, falling rates of productivity, imbalances of trade, weakness of the dollar abroad. The leadership of the country, public and private, grew worried that the system itself was flawed, and the planning idea seemed to some the only alternative system within a capitalist framework. The year 1976 seemed to be the crest of the planning movement I have described. In that year most of the Democratic candidates for President, including the winner, Jimmy Carter, endorsed planning. Carter, for example, said: "I believe in long range planning so that government, business, labor and other entities in our society can work together if they agree with the goals set."

An Anti-Government Tide

But the tide of public opinion was already shifting strongly toward a suspicion of governmental activism which would produce the tax revolts and anti-bureaucratic mood of the late 1970s. President Carter, sensing this shift, agreed to the Humphrey-Hawkins full employment planning bill in 1977 only after its planning features were made optional rather than binding. National land-use planning legislation was shelved, and advocates of a national growth policy failed in their efforts to create a federal office of growth and development. Intellectuals have joined the public in denouncing politicians, bureaucrats, and all kinds of government activism. Neo-conservatives such as Edward Banfield, Daniel P. Moynihan, Irving Kristol, Robert Nisbet and others who were once leftist liberals tell us how lit-

the government can really do to improve society, how it always misses the mark. We are in a private period, extolling the virtues of small communities, individual self-reliance, and the marketplace.

Yet still the planning idea persists. It is endorsed by business leaders (one study in 1976 found that 10 percent of the interviewed business executives favored planning, and about half were warily open to the idea), environmentalists, labor leaders, editorialists, and even by academics who had formerly been counted among its outspoken opponents. Noteworthy among the latter are Charles Lindblom, whose *Politics and Markets* (1977) reversed his long opposition to planning, and Walt Rostow, who endorsed a form of planning in *Getting From Here to There* (1978). Planning is very much a viable option for the United States in the 1980s, primarily because the idea has been absorbed and accepted while almost no one noticed.

Partly this was a result of the efforts of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Hubert Humphrey and other liberals who endorsed the idea of planning at various times, and explored how it might be institutionalized. Yet at least as important was the emergence, under President Richard Nixon, of a conservative form of American planning. Impressed with Nixon's frequent references to planning and the thrust of his administrative innovations, the respected political writer David Broder wrote in 1971:

The case can be made that there has been more serious, long-term planning at the high levels of the government ... in the Nixon administration than in any of its Democratic predecessors.

"Indicative" vs "Command" Planning

It has long been understood by students of politics that planning could come from either Right or Left, though history seemed to show—at least from the 1930s through the 1950s—that it was in any event a technique of radical extremes. Since communists and some socialists planned, and fascists also planned, the planning idea had long alarmed American moderates. But what the French call "Indicative" planning emerged in capitalist settings in France, Britain, Scandinavia, Japan and elsewhere during the 1950s and 1960s. This was a gentler brand of planning than the "Command" planning of the socialist bloc, one which set advisory targets and coerced only the government agencies and bureaucrats pledged to respect it. It seemed to deserve credit for the remarkable expansion of the French and Japanese economies especially. John Kennedy expressed admiration for French planning, and asked his liberal Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisors to bring back an account of it. Ten years later, Nixon's conservative chairman extolled the virtues of Japanese indicative planning and recommended its emulation.

Both parties of America's centrist politics had their model of planning. Judging by the past, liberal planning would lean more toward regulation

and Federal programs than to market solutions, would accept nationalization of vital industries more readily, would show more concern with jobs than profits, would tilt somewhat more toward consumers than producers. Judging by the first two Nixon years and by the ideas of the business community where conservative planning has its base, planning by a Republican administration would tend to reverse these priorities—preferring market solutions where possible though not dogmatically, showing more concern for profits and investment than for job maintenance, tilting toward producers rather than consumers. But in practice these differences would probably not be very great. Senators Humphrey and Javits, of opposite parties, joined in 1975 to sponsor a Balanced Growth and Economic Planning bill. America, it seems, is in many ways prepared to engage in indicative planning now, under either major party. Indeed, a managerially-oriented Republican might well find it easier to introduce planning than a Democrat, who would feel vulnerable to charges of socialism.

A Continuing Debate

The debate over planning in the United States is now fifty years old, and the basic positions have been stated. Opponents charge that planning restricts freedom; that the government has abundantly demonstrated that it does not know how to manage society or translate its promises into social reality; that we should be decentralizing rather than centralizing power; that planning would take away power from ordinary people and give it to technical experts and those gifted at political manipulation.

Advocates of planning respond that indicative planning is not coercive and that more freedom is lost when the capricious “rigged-market” economy careens from crisis to crisis; that the government is inescapably involved in every area of life, so that the question is not whether it should intervene but only whether it should intervene with coherence and long-range perspectives; that planning can and ought to be combined with the decentralization of many decisions now made at the national level; that planning can be made participatory, more so even than current policymaking.

In this latter area of involving wider sectors of the population, the planning bills and thinking of the late Senator Hubert H. Humphrey are notably creative. He stressed a cycle of consultation in plan-making which reached to the lowest levels of government and involved all citizens potentially. He urged a radically reformed intergovernmental web in the United States, with vital regional governments created out of the merger of many overlapping and ineffective units.

While it is important to continue and sharpen this debate, discussion will not bring planning, nor insure its rejection. Events hold the key, and they display a direction which makes planning likely. In the United States, planning has always come either in national crisis, or when certain goals acquire an overriding urgency. Thus the United States planned vigorously

during two world wars, and planned a highly successful effort to place men on the moon. In the 1970s, two powerful political coalitions almost forced planning on the system as they pursued compelling goals—full employment, and the rescue of declining cities and regions. The coalition behind the Humphrey-Hawkins full employment bill fell just short, when the version made into law in 1978 was stripped of its binding planning features. The drive for a long-range urban program almost united diverse political forces behind a national growth policy which would have been the equivalent of planning for economic development. In the end, this movement had to settle for a modest urban policy which will probably make only slight changes in demographic patterns.

But these instances are instructive. Planning marches on the feet of crisis. And now the American nation acknowledges the arrival of a long-term energy crisis. The early stages of energy planning have brought into view the need for a central planning agency to stimulate needed investment and siting facilities. This may perhaps lead to the recognition of the need for a comprehensive planning process, tying energy to other policy areas.

If it comes, U.S. planning would face the familiar tough question: how to strike the right combination of respect for facts as against values; how to properly combine expertise with the participation of relatively uninformed publics; how to create a structure in which the planners exert influence yet retain a sufficient distance from the administration in office to allow for objectivity and the occasional bringing of bad news?

Joining Individualism and Community

And institutional arrangements in themselves are not the guarantors of good planning. What will be required to animate any planning machinery is a well-rooted integrative philosophy, recognizing the truth of John Muir's remark, that when we pick up any part of nature, the rest of the universe is hitched to it. Our traditional individualism, in this light, most urgently needs modification, a turning of our cultural values which will give more prominence to common and national interests. There must emerge a steeper dedication to collective action toward the improvement of the whole, replacing our trust that broad social advance automatically comes when the most aggressive parts manage to flourish. We must think of ourselves as inhabiting, and having the responsibility to manage, systems.

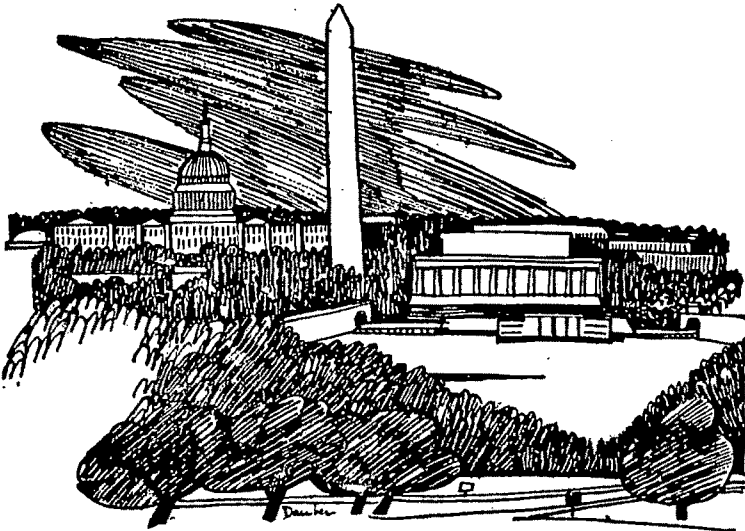
It would be remarkable if our evolution in this direction were not slow, uneven, misunderstood, and inherently risky. The time of transition is always protracted and painful. The system of 1929, when repaired by the New Deal, became a Broker State that lasted for fifty years. We are now in the crisis of that system, as much a matter of values as flawed institutions. Many social commentators have proposed a challenging assignment for America's Third Century: managing toward a Steady State, as Herman Daly termed it, a society holding its physical growth in balance with carrying capacity, without losing its dynamism and openness to change. This,

rather than endless growth for its own sake, is now the American assignment. It becomes harder to see how it can be done apart from a planning political economy and a more collective turn of American values.

The Problem of Political Freedom

It must be recognized, of course, that planning, insofar as it places greater power in the hands of government, offers temptations toward the restriction of personal and political freedoms along with restrictions on economic freedoms. But if those who are concerned about political democracy look at the historical record, they will see that where democratic societies succumbed to totalitarianism, it was because of social disorder and the inability of weak governments and the economic system to insure economic as well as national security.

The assumption of those who developed America's present political economy—whether one calls it a regulatory society or the welfare state—is that the holders of public power are ultimately accountable to the people. Their power rests not just upon a written Constitution (with its built-in checks and balances between executive, legislature and judiciary), but also upon a social system and a set of national characteristics that have evolved over two centuries. These would include a highly independent citizenry and a network of diverse interest groups, people who are concerned to protect their own interests and ready to participate fully and vigorously in political decisions. In a democracy, planning alternatives must be constantly debated by citizens who will not only hold the government accountable but who will themselves help set the planning goals. Any plan must meet the test of public discussion, so that citizens can understand the choices offered and can make their opinions known *before* legislative or executive decisions are reached.



THE DEATH OF A DAUGHTER

By Victor and Rosemary Zorza

When *The Washington Post* published in 1978 the following article about a 25-year-old woman who died "happily"—her own word—in a *hospice*, few readers knew what the name meant. But the article was reprinted by many newspapers around the United States, the authors received more than 10,000 letters, and hundreds of community groups are currently working to set up hospices in their own localities. The response to the article led the authors, the parents of Jane Zorza, to form a committee for Hospice Action, now merged with the National Hospice Organization.

Supporters of the movement include leading figures in politics, labor, business, and the arts. Senator Edward Kennedy wrote: "This article has already given so much hope to so many people—including myself—that I believe it ought to be read by everybody who has lost or is afraid of losing one of their loved ones from cancer or any similar affliction. It will ... also pro-

vide moral sustenance and a special kind of strength to those—and that surely means all of us—who find it difficult to come to terms with the idea of dying—with the death of someone close to them, and indeed with their own mortality."

Hospice is a specialized health care program which emphasizes the management of pain and other symptoms associated with terminal illness, while providing care for the family as well as the patient. The hospice team includes physicians, nurses, psychiatrists, social workers, clergy and trained volunteers, who attend to the family's needs before and after death.

Victor Zorza writes a syndicated column on international affairs for *The Washington Post*. Rosemary Zorza is a potter and a writer. They serve as co-chairmen of the National Hospice Organization's advisory council, and are currently completing a book (to be published by Knopf in 1980) which develops the themes raised in this article.

Sometimes the things that we dread the most turn out to be altogether different than we anticipated. The particularly painful way in which our daughter Jane's cancer developed seemed to presage a period of suffering and torment so great that we quailed at the prospect. As things worked out, the time of greatest suffering was when the doctors were refusing to tell her what her chances of survival were. Once she was told, after several months of uncertainty, that she had less rather than more time to live, she cried a little, and then smiled through her tears. There was no great, anguished sobbing, but a sad, resigned little sigh, al-

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The late Jane Zorza

most of relief, and just a few tears.

"Now that I know," she said, "I want to enjoy every day I have left. I want to be happy—and I want you to help me be happy." Slowly, she dragged herself round the garden with the aid of a stick—she had come home from the hospital in between treatments to spend the weekend with us. It was to be the last time she walked under the trees, the last time she watched the still waters of the pond and heard the rustle of the stream that feeds it. She smiled at the sound. "Could you cut my hair," she said to a friend who was visiting us. "It got too long at the hospital." And to us she said, "Every extra day is a bonus now."

We promised her that she would die at home, but first the hospital would have to be informed. When they previously refused to tell her she was dying, we said we might talk to her ourselves, but the doctors said they knew better. "You don't tell a 25-year-old she is dying, and make the rest of her days a misery," they said. "You don't know whether she is going to have weeks, months, or years. Why, we have known remissions...." The doctors brainwashed us so completely—"We know how to handle this, we have had so many of these cases"—that when Jane's brother bombarded us with phone calls from America, insisting that he knew she would want to be told, we could only reply weakly that the doctors knew better. "It's her life," Richard kept saying. "Let her decide what she wants to do with what's left of it."

The doctors wanted to give her another course of radiation treatment, more chemotherapy, to fit her out with a stiff collar to ease the pain in her neck—all of which meant staying in the hospital. They had been trained to save lives, and all their actions and emotions—because in their own way they were as emotional about Jane as her friends and relations—were dedicated to making Jane live longer, even when they knew that her chances were infinitesimal. "We must not give up," the young doctor kept saying. "She is too young to die." He, who had seen death so many times, had still not come to terms with it.

Before long Jane was moved to the farthest corner of the ward, where the nurses had few occasions to pass. They would come only to administer the painkillers, and that only after all the other patients had been taken

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care of, although Jane had been ready and crying for a pill long before. They had strict orders that the pills were to be given only every two or three hours—so, to be on the safe side, they made it every three hours. They who had come to love Jane and joke and pass the time of day with her earlier did not now dare to come and sit with her for a moment. They were too busy with the other patients, for whom they could still do something.

Home in the Countryside

In the end it was our local general practitioner, the doctor who had known Jane since she was a child, who told her the truth. Once the hospital knew that she had been told, they hurried up her various treatments so that she could be discharged.

We brought her home from the hospital in London to the quiet English countryside, to Dairy Cottage in Buckinghamshire, where she could look out from her bed by the window at the squirrels feeding in the garden. Once or twice she came out on the terrace, but no farther, to take in the view, the land falling away steeply to the pond at the bottom of the garden, and the hill rising from there up to where it met the sky, so that she was enclosed in her own little universe with no other house in sight.

But there was a good deal of life around her, and she loved it. Sometimes the cows on the hillside would stampede to the bottom in a mad rush, and she would look up with interest. The ageless feeling of the garden gave her comfort, for the old avenue of tall yew trees reminded her, she said, of all the beauty that was there before her, and would remain after her.

We were confident we could nurse her at home. Our family doctor—we had become his patients under the National Health Service when we first came to live there in the early 1960s—said he would come at any time of day or night if Jane wanted him. The “district nurses”—also part of the health service—had worked out a roster so that they would come several times a day. The “district health visitor” came every day to see if she could help with any problems that were not strictly medical, talked to us learnedly about the care of the dying, about other families in the same predicament, about how we can adjust to it—and then she went in to meet Jane. She came out crying. She did not know until she saw Jane that she had met her before, when Jane was a teacher at a local school and the health visitor had gone to see her to help sort out the health problem of one of the children. “It is always more difficult when it is someone you know,” the health visitor said, half apologetically.

Jane was more comfortable than she had been at the hospital. Her pain had eased a little. She had said earlier that she wanted to die at home, but at the same time she was uneasy about it. “I’ll be such a nuisance to you,” she said. She was reassured a little when she saw all the help we were getting from the National Health Service.

Her friends came from London, sat by her bed, talked about old times held her hand, cooked her favorite vegetarian dishes. Her brother had come from America. We put up a bird table just outside the window by her bed. All day the birds and squirrels came. We robbed the pantry and put out raisins, wheat, nuts, all the leftovers. More birds came every hour and Jane would say with delight: "A greenfinch . . . a sparrow . . ." She was enjoying herself, forgetting all the claustrophobic months in the hospitals, telling us which of her friends should come to stay and make their farewells—when the cancer again began moving in on her, more and more rapidly. The pain in her body grew to the point where she couldn't bear us to touch her, let alone lift her or even wash her. She needed expert care day and night, but most of all she needed relief from pain. Our doctor gave her everything he knew, but relief never lasted long. Once again we were becoming desperate, squirming with a pain inside us every time she winced, every time she held back a complaint.

Route to the Hospice

Jane knew about the hospices for the dying, several of which had been opened recently under the National Health Service, and she had expressed a mild interest in them once or twice when she worried about "being a nuisance." But how could we, having promised her that she would die at home, now tell her that she might be better off in the hospice?

She solved the problem herself. Would they really be able to control the pain? That was all she cared about now, for the pain was getting worse not just day by day, but hour by hour. She had to be moved—yet we dared not, for fear of causing her more pain. The nurses came, did whatever was necessary, but the slightest motion still made her grimace with pain—yet she only cried out once. As the ambulancemen carried her gently out of the house wrapped in a red blanket, up the steep path, the younger man fumbling at what was obviously a new job to him, the birds were singing—but she gave no sign of hearing them now.

What does a father think when his 25-year-old daughter is being carried off to a home for the dying? This father thought, with a shudder, that she would never see her home again—and that she would be much better off at the hospice than at home. What does a mother think? This mother thought that the most terrible moment of all had come, and she was overcome by a sense of failure—a feeling that she had failed to preserve a child to whom she had given life and had nurtured for so many years.

The ambulance journey was a nightmare. With every jolt, with every grimace, it was as if a knife was being driven into Jane, deeper every time. The younger man drove, very slowly, very carefully. The older man stood up in the back, with us, watching Jane's face, repeatedly telling the driver to go more gently, trying to make bright conversation to distract her, while her eyes reflected the pain and the desperation which communicated

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itself from Jane to him at every jolt. In the end, he told the driver to go more quickly rather than more slowly—the injection the doctor gave her at the outset was wearing off, and the ambulanceman decided that the quicker we got to the hospice the better. But the pain was now so intense that the decision had obviously come too late. It was good to have someone else make the decision.

Ministering to Pain

By the time Jane was carried into the single room they had prepared for her at the hospice, the pain which was already unbearable when she left home had become doubly so. How does an unbearable pain become even more so? As the hospice doctors told us later, anxiety and the expectation of pain can greatly increase the level of pain. Now in spite of all the pain-killers Jane had been given before and after arriving at the hospice, the pain was becoming still worse. The first increase in pain had generated the fear and expectation of more pain.

Instead of the relief we had promised Jane, the hospice was proving a disaster. Wouldn't she have been better off if left to die at home, among the things she loved, the faces she knew?

What happened next was not a miracle, but the slow and thoughtful application of medical knowledge and of loving care by the nurses to yet another cancer patient—and the patient's family. What did Jane want, the doctors asked her. She wanted one of us, her father or mother, to be with her—always, until she died. That was easy. The nurses wheeled another bed into Jane's room, and from then on one of us was with her day and night—except once or twice, when we were talking to the doctor. Then a nurse—or once, when the nurses were too busy, the hospice porter—came to hold her hand and talk to her.

They asked if we would rather take turns at going home to rest, or did we want to stay at the hospice. We didn't want to go home. Home was where Jane was. So they gave us a room with two beds. Earlier, when Jane had been told that she might not have much time left, I (Victor) told her that I would give up writing my column for the duration of her illness, so that I might devote myself completely to her. Jane's reply was to cry out in mock horror. "Help!" she exclaimed—and she made me promise that I would keep up the column, whatever happened. She did not, she said with a smile, want me to devote myself "completely" to her—or there might be trouble. Now, at the hospice, they gave me the other empty room which they kept for visitors, and I used it as a study. It was important, as they explained to us later, that the patient should be comfortable—but it was no less important that she should know that her loved ones are suffering no undue discomfort or disturbance on her account. Helping the family was as important as helping the patient. Jane would adjust to the hospice far better, they explained, if she knew we were happy.

A Dialectical Discussion

Happy? What a word to use in the circumstances. And yet that was the word Jane used herself, repeatedly, once her pain had been brought under control. She used it to describe her own state of mind—and she urged me to share it with her. I pretended that I did—of course, I would do anything to make her happy. If she was happy, then so was I—or so I said, automatically, for the word meant nothing to me. Jane looked up at me, thoughtfully, with a small smile. “Dad, you’re just saying it. That’s no good. There is only one way that I know to make you accept it—by a dialectical discussion.”

And into a dialectical discussion we went—to please her—to and fro, back and forth, session after session. We had never before discussed my attitude toward death. Now Jane was telling me something I had never fully reasoned out with myself. I *was* afraid of dying, Jane told me, and so long as I remained afraid for myself, I would be afraid for her. But she said, she herself could only retain the state of happiness about her own dying if she could make me share in it. She could be happy if she could make us happy too, she said.

Jane was quite unashamedly calculating about it. She worked on her friends who came to see her as she had worked on me. If she could only leave that to us, she said, if she could only make me accept the thought I had always pushed away, if she could show us that it was possible to die with peace and in dignity when our time came—that, she said, would be a great thing to leave behind her. It would be the greatest gift she could bestow on us. And in the very act of accepting the gift, we would be returning it to her and making her own dying easy. And that is how it worked.

The Hospice Idea: Pain and Truth

Of all Jane’s friends, only one, her childhood companion since the age of 5, could not reconcile herself to the thought of Jane dying. (“Don’t let her drive home alone,” Jane said after her friend had come to make her last farewell. “She’s too upset.”) To the rest of us Jane gave something that will always be with us, something that we will be able to pass on to others—for she asked us to do so. She made us promise that we would write about it. Perhaps this might make the hospice movement known more widely in England and beyond, she said. The National Health Service has only half a dozen or so hospices. The one Jane was in has only 25 beds—13 of them empty because funds are short. In the United States, 300,000 people die of cancer every year, so that hardly a family can remain untouched by it. There are so many people who could be helped, she said, if only they knew about the hospices.

A girl of about the same age as Jane who remained in the London hospital after Jane left, died in torment and in misery, in great pain and in an-

guish of mind, without being told that she was dying, though no doubt suspecting it and fearing it. She needn't have—if only she had been moved to the hospice. They gave the other girl all the conventional painkillers, but still it did not help. At the hospital, Jane had to beg for painkillers, but she would be given pills only as prescribed by the doctors, at regular intervals. At the hospice, the doctors had studied carefully the sources and the channels of the pain coursing through her body—they identified eight of these—and treated each of them separately. They didn't wait the regulation two hours, until the effect of the painkiller had worn off. They made sure that the drugs would be administered to Jane before the pain had a chance to start clawing at her again. They didn't make her into a zombie filled with drugs.

During the first couple of days the drugs—some of which would be forbidden in the United States as habit-forming—did bring on hallucinations from time to time, but these eased off later. On one occasion she informed me, with a wicked smile, that my face was “quite funny”: My ear was where my nose should be, my eye was in my chin, and there was a gaping hole in my forehead through which, she said, she could see the sky. When I looked distressed, she consoled me. “It's rather like a good Picasso,” she said. Next time this happened, she said she could only see half of my face, inordinately elongated. “Very interesting,” she chuckled. What, I asked, another Picasso? No, she answered thoughtfully, rather like a Modigliani.

Mozart and the Doctor

Soon the drugs brought the pain under control. She was probably never completely out of it, but after what she had been through, the relief was so great as to make it possible for her to forget the physical discomfort. She was able to give her mind to music. One morning I had put on a Mozart tape for her, just as she was waking up. She slowly opened her eyes, listened with obvious enjoyment for a few minutes, and glanced at me. What can she be thinking of, I wondered, when she is listening to Mozart—that she will have to leave all this loveliness behind her, to go into nothingness? She was not thinking that at all. “How beautiful you are making it for me to die,” she said slowly.

The tape was still on when the doctor came in. “Ah,” he said with the air of a connoisseur, “Mozart.” When he left the room, Jane turned her head toward me. “He's to have my Mozart tapes.” The doctor was a deeply religious man, and we had been a little concerned that Jane's atheism might cause problems. There was a priest at the hospice for those who wanted him. When we arrived, we were asked what Jane's religion was, and when we said “none,” the subject was never mentioned again.

She used to have long talks with the doctor and the nurses. Everybody had time for her, as for any other patient who wanted to talk. That was part of the treatment. “I cannot keep calling you Dr. whatever-it-is,” Jane

said to him after a few days. "Call me Robert, then," he said matter-of-factly.

"What will it be like to be dying?" she asked on another occasion, and before we had time to frame a suitable reply, the nurse who had just come into Jane's room said: "You'll probably just go to sleep, Jane, and you won't feel anything." The nurse knew, as we didn't, that what Jane was really asking was whether there would be a great flash of pain, a violent convulsion, a breaking up of her body, a tearing of her organs. Jane closed her eyes briefly, to absorb the information the nurse had just given her, and then opened them up again with an expression which showed that she believed what she had been told. This gave her greater peace than she had known since her illness began. That was another important thing about the hospice. At the hospital, Jane could never be sure they were telling her the truth. At the hospice, she knew that they would never tell her a lie. When you are dying, this can be more important than any medical treatment.

A Piece of Velvet, A Rose

When we ask ourselves what it was that made it possible for Jane to say again and again at that time that she was happy to be dying, we can think of no single answer. The only satisfactory answer would be made up of the hundreds of little incidents of life at the hospice during her last days. Like the time when she said "I would like to touch a piece of velvet before I die"—and soon a piece of velvet was brought to her. She touched it, and a nurse then put it on her bare shoulder, where it remained—forever. Or the time when a friend brought a bunch of roses, put it by her bed, extracted one flower, and held it out to Jane. "Would you like one?" the friend asked. "I have always wanted to wear a rose in my hair," Jane said, "but never dared." The nurse put the red flower in her hair, and there it stayed—forever. Every time Jane was turned to make her more comfortable—which happened every hour or two—the piece of velvet and the red rose were handled with the greatest gentleness and delicacy, as if nothing in the world was more precious.

The atmosphere of the hospice, relaxed and casual, more like that of a family home than an institution, makes an important contribution to the patient's—and the family's—ease of mind. Before that terrible ambulance journey, Richard had gone ahead to the hospice to prepare Jane's room for her, to make it as homelike as possible, to arrange her personal belongings around it, to put on her bed the woolen shawl she had crocheted and treasured so much—and, very important, to put food on the bird table outside the window.

There is no sense of hurry at the hospice, no clatter of busy feet on hard floors, no sense that someone much more important, more seriously ill, is next in line, as might happen in a hospital. The doctor comes not at the head of a swift-moving posse of assistants, nurses and janitors, but usually

alone, moving and speaking gently, without noise or stress. He talked alone to Jane for long periods, often late at night, sometimes on his way home from dinner in town. The second doctor was quiet too. One day he came when she was almost asleep. He tiptoed to the bed, bent over, and they whispered together.

Perhaps the best explanation of what the hospice does was given by Robert, the doctor. Its approach, he said, was based on providing relief from symptoms as well as emotional support—and on being honest with the patient. And relieving symptoms was not just relieving pain, important as that was, but also easing nausea to prevent vomiting, or a sore throat, or an itch, or a hundred other small things, such as helping Jane to wash out her mouth when she could hardly part her lips—but could still express her delight at the feeling of freshness it gave her.

It helped, too, that the hospice windows looked out over the countryside. One early evening, outside the open door the sky glowed a rosy pink. The sun had set some time ago, and soon the stars would come out. But as yet there was still plenty of light to see by. We listened to the nightingales singing in the trees. I (Rosemary) tried to describe the evening for her. “A rabbit is coming out from under the hedge, Jane,” I said. “He’s eating the grass the other side of the path.”

“A rabbit!” Jane exclaimed, thrilled. “I must see him. Lift me up.”

“It will hurt you, Jane,” I said, doubtful.

“Oh, Mum, my last rabbit,” she begged—and I knew I must help her do whatever she wanted, even though it would hurt her, even though she could not see clearly by now. I put her arms over my shoulders and lifted her body. Her hands hung limply down my back. No, she couldn’t see the rabbit—but her memory of other rabbits was refreshed by this visitor.

The Important Things

During her long illness she must have imagined more than once how horrible the final coming apart of everything might be—and yet now that it was happening, it wasn’t horrible at all. The contrast between what she had once expected and the present reality must have helped a lot—and for this the hospice alone was responsible. These were the happiest days of her life, she said, because there is nothing more important in life than being born and dying. At birth, she said, I knew nothing, and everything around me is good, not evil. That’s a good way to die.

She had been in the hospice for eight days. As she sank into unconsciousness, and her breathing became more and more shallow, she was still being turned over by the nurses every few hours to make sure she was comfortable. As the rose in her hair faded and withered, so did Jane’s body. Then, as we sat by her side, each of us holding one of Jane’s hands, she breathed her last, quietly, easily, deep in sleep, as the nurse had promised her. We sat with her for a little while, kissed her lips, and touched the piece of red velvet and the red rose. As we walked out of the

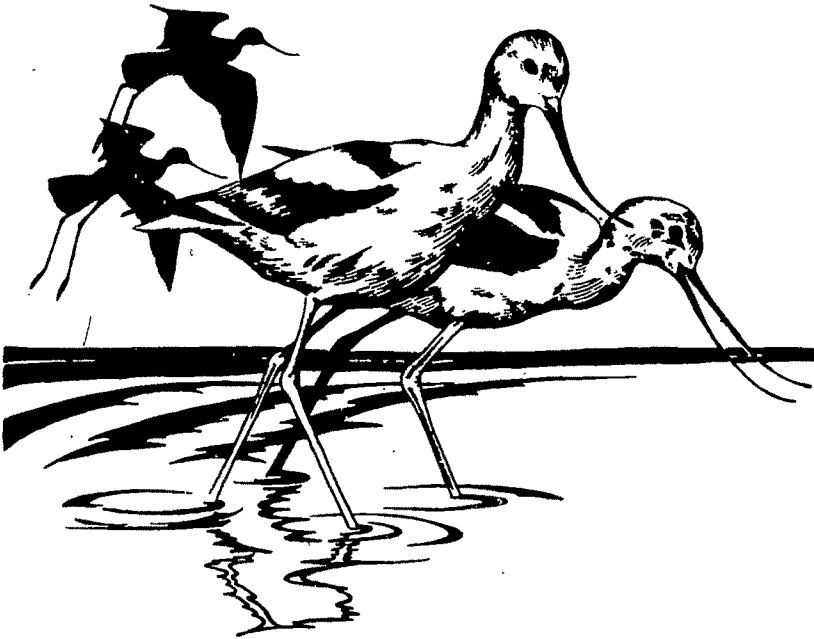
The Death of a Daughter

hospice we knew that one day we would tell others how Jane had died—hoping that it would help them too. We cried a little—but we were able to smile, all at the same time.

Jane died on June 25, at 5 o'clock. She had been ill since February. Her ashes were scattered over the garden, as she had asked. She wanted no funeral, but asked that we should instead give a party in the garden, to make up to her for the 25th birthday party she had missed because she was in the hospital. It was a beautiful day. All her friends came, and the doctor and the nurses from the hospice, and all the people who had helped during her illness. We made more friends during those few months than we had made for years.

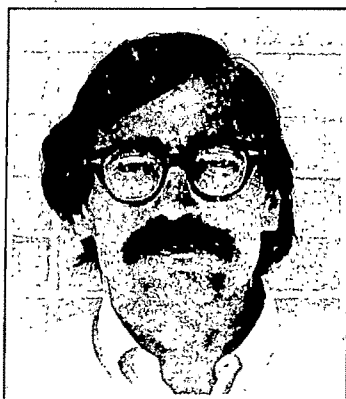
Now that we are back in Washington, we notice one important change. We think far more than we ever did about what really matters in life, about feelings, about the more abiding human values, about people—about people as individuals. Jane talked about these things in her last weeks, and she made them more real to us than they had been. She also took pleasure in giving her more cherished possessions to her friends. She gave a lot of thought to it. She liked to see them walk away with something she had given them, after they had said goodbye.

"I don't need a 'thing' to remember Jane by," said one of her friends. "Jane taught me how to make bread. Whenever I make bread, I think of her." Before she died, we talked of how people live on in what they had done, in their reactions, in the memories of those they had influenced. That's how Jane hoped she would live on. And she will.



THE RETURN TO FORM IN AMERICAN POETRY

By Peter Meinke



A poet and teacher of literature finds growing evidence of a shift from "free verse" to more traditional forms among American poets. In the course of explaining this change, Professor Meinke offers a wide-ranging but highly personal survey of 20th century American poetry.

Peter Meinke is professor of literature and director of the writing workshop at Eckerd College in St. Petersburg, Florida. He has published essays, poems and stories in various magazines. His books include a study of poet Howard Nemerov and several volumes of poetry, among them *The Night Train and the Golden Bird*.

In the 1950s and 1960s the traditional patterns of verse—rhyme, meter, formal structure—were discarded by many of the younger generation as tired, worn-out, and bloodless. Beatnik poets like Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso, for example, disapproved of "making" poems: to re-write was to lose spontaneity, to draw a mask between the reader and writer. And even earlier in this century, the modernist movement as represented by Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams opted for free verse, uneven and unrhymed lines that emulated the casual spoken word.

I sense in the late 1970s a reversal of the trend toward wildness, looseness, spontaneity; more and more American poets are returning to traditional forms. Today it is common to see in the established magazines that print serious poetry—as well as in the more avant-garde "little magazines"—sonnets and sestinas, villanelles, ballads, blank verse and rhymed couplets. The "well-made" poem is no longer suspect, and seems to be gaining respect and a strong following through all segments of the sprawling U.S. literary scene—from the New York School to the Los Angeles Group, from surrealists to confessional poets.

In my view, this change of direction is the most striking development in American poetry of the last five years. It would seem to be no accident that the new editor of the prestigious *Poetry* magazine is John Frederick Nims, a classics scholar as well as a poet who leans toward epigrams and other tight, polished forms. Add to this that the new Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress (the nearest U.S. equivalent to Poet Laureate) is William Meredith, who has said of his own poetry: "Most of the time I

accept the discipline of rhyme and meter." And Meredith writes about six poems a year, which is a far cry from that spontaneous flow recommended by the Beatniks.

The Most Durable Voice

Perhaps the best example of this trend is Howard Nemerov, whose time has arrived at last. At last spring's gathering of America's leading poets (all ex-Consultants in Poetry at the Library of Congress) in Washington, D.C., his reading of his poem "The Scholar Dreaming in the Painter's House" received the largest ovation. He has been writing wonderful poems for many years but has in general been considered unfashionable, academic, too intellectual. But in 1978 his *Collected Poems* captured both the Pulitzer and the National Book Award, and deservedly so: it is a remarkable collection, and Nemerov stands today, in my opinion, as the most durable voice of his generation, more varied and subtle than Lowell, more up-to-date with contemporary events than Ginsberg, and more *intelligent* than any other writer today. He has come to grips with science, religion, politics, psychoanalysis, television, medicine—all the trends, accomplishments and disappointments of today's society—and has incorporated these subjects into the mainstream of English-American poetry. Here is a poem of his, "The Companions":



Howard Nemerov

There used to be gods in everything, and now they've gone.
A small one, I remember, in a green-gray stone,
Would watch me go by with his still eyes of a toad,
And in the branch of an elm that hung across the road
Another was; he creaked at me on windless days.
Now that he's gone I think he might have wanted praise
For trying to speak my language and getting that far at least
Along on the imitation of a speaking beast.

Maybe he wanted help, maybe they all cried out
As they could, or stared helpless to enter into thought
With "read me," "answer me," or "teach me how to be
Whatever I am, and in return for teaching me
I'll tell you what I was in you, how greater far

Than I are seeking you in fountain, sun, and star."
That's but interpretation, the deep folly of man
To think that things can squeak at him more than things can.

And yet there came those voices up out of the ground
And got into my head, until articulate sound
Might speak them to themselves. We went a certain way
Together on that road, and then I turned away.
I must have done, I guess, to have grown so abstract
That all the lonely summer night's become but fact,
That when the cricket signals I no longer listen,
Nor read the glowworms' constellations when they glisten.

This poem is clearly in the main tradition of English literature—sort of an answer to Wordsworth's "Immortality Ode," for example—and yet it's very American, too: its colloquial tone ("There used to be gods in everything, and now they've gone"), its existential doubt ("That's but interpretation, the deep folly of man..."), its basic though ambiguous affirmation, in a vaguely religious way ("And yet there came those voices up out of the ground"). Nemerov knows there is a mystery at the heart of things, but he doesn't romanticize it.

The Influence of Robert Frost

The voices behind Nemerov's voice are the great ones: Wordsworth, Yeats, Wallace Stevens, T.S. Eliot, but particularly a voice that has been unpopular with the prevailing oligarchs of U.S. poetry for many years, Robert Frost. Nemerov is one of our few poets who stayed with Frost, learned from him, and has fashioned his own voice out of what he has learned.

A revived interest in Robert Frost is an example of what I'm talking about. There has been a spate of books about him, including Lawrence Thompson's massive biography, Richard Poirier's probing critical study, and Donald Hall's affectionate *Remembering Poets*. Frost, of course, has always been popular with the American people, probably for the wrong reasons, but generally not with critics and other poets, particularly not with younger poets. That is to say, Frost has been lionized, but up to now has not been influential.

Ten years ago, when I would teach Frost in my poetry workshops, the young writers didn't like him, and for specific reasons: he was conservative politically as well as poetically, he was too reserved and private (not much sex and confession in Frost, except very obliquely), and he was too formal. His classical background, his love of pastoral Latin poetry and 19th century British poetry, his playfulness with rhyme, showed through in a way that made him seem, to the young at least, hopelessly old-fashioned. No surreal imagery, no "deep images" dredged from the depths of his subconsciousness. It was Frost who defined free verse as playing tennis with the

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net down. And at the time everyone wanted to write free verse. Formal poetry was looked upon as a strait-jacket, confining and unnatural. Young writers overlooked what one of their heroes, Dylan Thomas, wrote:

Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

They looked on formal verse as chains, all right, but they didn't think one could sing in them. But today, once again, American poets are realizing that form can be an enriching and indeed freeing attribute in their poetry. The truth is, I think, that they looked with admiration not at the formal qualities of Thomas's poetry, but at the formlessness, the wild excesses, of his life. But that's another subject.

The Virtues of Form

Form frees poets (or *can* free poets) because it bends their minds into new configurations, new groups of words dictated by the form itself. A poet writing in free verse is entirely dependent on his own resources, and most poets do not have enough new ideas, new rhythms, new images when totally dependent on themselves. Poets, after all, are not generally noted for their *ideas*: that's for philosophers. (In fact, the ideas of a good many major poets in our century tend to be horrifying, if not merely laughable: think of some of the wild beliefs put forward by Yeats, Pound, Eliot, Lawrence, Cummings, Olson.) What poets do best is to return, over and over again, to the primary human dramas of love, fear, hate, responsibility, isolation and community. They want to "make it new" (in Ezra Pound's phrase), make their poems speak to both their own times and the times to come, and they are discovering that formal poetry gives a backbone to their visions that is often missing in free verse. Richard Wilbur, one of our finest and most formal poets, once compared poetry to the genie in the bottle: the strength of the genie comes from the fact that he has been compressed into that bottle.

One of the most influential poets of the last 20 years has been Theodore Roethke, and while earlier the poems of his that people liked and copied were his free verse ones like "The Lost Son" and "Meditation at Oyster River," today people tend to quote his marvelous villanelles like "The Right Thing" or his shorter rhymed poems like "My Papa's Waltz" and "Once More, the Round." Here is his villanelle called "The Waking":

I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.
I feel my fate in what I cannot fear.
I learn by going where I have to go.

We think by feeling. What is there to know?
I hear my being dance from ear to ear.
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Of those so close beside me, which are you?
God bless the Ground! I shall walk softly there
And learn by going where I have to go.

Light takes the Tree; but who can tell us how?
The lowly worm climbs up a winding stair;
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.

Great Nature has another thing to do.
To you and me; so take the lively air,
And, lovely, learn by going where to go.

This shaking keeps me steady. I should know.
What falls away is always. And is near.
I wake to sleep, and take my waking slow.
I learn by going where I have to go.

You can hear behind Roethke's poem the voice of the great English mystic, William Blake. Traditional forms do that: there are always echoes, and when it's done well, the echoes reinforce rather than distract.

Poetic Craft vs. Rhetorical Shock

This revived interest in craftsmanship is reflected in various awards. A young woman, Marilyn Hacker, won the Lamont Prize and the National Book Award for her first book, *Presentation Piece*. Her book is filled with very contemporary-sounding villanelles, sonnets, and sestinas, and she is clearly one of the best of the neo-formalists. Another award, a major one, was given by the National Institute of Arts and Letters to J.V. Cunningham for his lifetime of first-rate poetry. Up to recently, Cunningham's poetry has been almost spectacularly ignored—it seemed to readers to be dated, cold, unfeeling. There was a general belief that you could not be passionate in formal poetry any more.

Cunningham doesn't shout, like the Beatniks, but understates, like Frost; and I think in the long run understatement is stronger. When Allen Ginsberg's *Howl* appeared in 1956 everyone was carried away by the refreshing vigor and positiveness of his voice. It begins:

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by
madness, starving hysterical naked...

That confident voice ("I saw the best minds...") was good for our poetry, it loosened it up. But at the time no one paused to ask the obvious question: *Who says* they were the best minds of that generation? It turns out that, in general, they were not: they were just Ginsberg's friends. And today much of Ginsberg's poetry seems turgid and more dated than Roethke's villanelles. One can divide good poetry, whether traditional or free, into two basic groups: some poems, like *Howl*, make their impression on the first reading, because of their qualities of surprise, newness, shock, or

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originality. Others, like Frost's "West-Running Brook" or Wilbur's "The Writer," speak quietly and thoughtfully but grow stronger and more compelling on re-reading. Both kinds of poems are necessary for a healthy national poetry, but it is the second group that is most important.

Many of J.V. Cunningham's poems are in that second group: they *are* passionately felt, though they tend to do without the exclamation mark (again, like Frost's), and they are lasting because they deal with eternal questions in a form that is both suitable and memorable. Here is his poem, a sonnet more or less on this subject, called "The Aged Lover Discourses in the Flat Style":

There are, perhaps, whom passion gives a grace,
Who fuse and part as dancers on the stage,
But that is not for me, not at my age,
Not with my bony shoulders and fat face.
Yet in my clumsiness I found a place
And use for passion: with it I ignore
My gaucheries and yours, and feel no more
The awkwardness of the absurd embrace.

It is a pact men make, and seal in flesh,
To be so busy with their own desires
Their loves may be as busy with their own,
And not in union. Though the two enmesh
Like gears in motion, each with each conspires
To be at once together and alone.

It seems to me that a poem like this, modest and quiet in tone, says more about sexual love than all the shouting of the "hip" poets, who keep crying out "Look at me! Look what I'm doing! What fun!" It is obviously good to have passionate poets, poets with hearts. But a poet with heart *and* brain: that is a marvelous bonus. To choose to write in formal verse does not mean you have either, of course, but in the hands of our best poets formal verse brings an awareness of poetic traditions, of history, of the possibili-

Theodore Roethke



Allen Ginsberg



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ties of language. And there's a certain modesty involved in the choosing to write formally; one is aware of the great poems written before, and this awareness is good for the soul, and often for the poem itself.

Emily Dickinson vs. Walt Whitman

Why we have arrived in American poetry at this particular point is reasonably clear, though it's hard to say in which direction we will go from here. Our history is, after all, very short, compared to most other poetries. American poetry did not really begin until the mid-19th century with those two unlike people, Emily Dickinson and Walt Whitman. Such earlier poets as Anne Bradstreet, Edward Taylor, Jones Very—writing in colonial America—are talented and interesting, as are Longfellow, Bryant, Whittier, and Emerson in the 19th century; but I think no one would compare them to their British counterparts, from Milton to Tennyson. Edgar Allan Poe is interesting because of his delayed impact: he influenced Baudelaire and the French symbolists, who later influenced T.S. Eliot; but no one today really considers Poe a great poet.

It is with Dickinson and Whitman that we get two strong and original voices, clearly American, and still marvelously readable, still influential today. Dickinson showed what can be done through compression, intensity, skepticism, and wit; Whitman showed what can be done through expansiveness, optimism, mystical vision and courage. At first Dickinson seemed most influential as modern poetry went inward, seeking, in Eliot's term, the "objective correlative"—the exact image—for an inner emotion. As William Carlos Williams began to emerge in the postwar period, Whitman became the most influential, visible behind the colloquial language and ev-

Walt Whitman



Emily Dickinson



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T.S. Eliot



William Carlos Williams



Robert Frost

everyday subject matter of Williams, behind Roethke's free verse, the "breath-controlled" lines of Charles Olson, and the declamatory poetry of the Beatniks in the 1950s and 1960s.

T.S. Eliot: Disciples and Rebels

At the turn of the century, American poetry had not yet been born in the public consciousness. Whitman and Dickinson were then not nearly so well known as Longfellow and what Poe called the New England Didactic School. It was T.S. Eliot's poetry, and Ezra Pound's critical and publicizing skills, that brought American poetry to international attention, around the time of the First World War. T.S. Eliot fooled people by starting traditionally and then abruptly turning. When people read the first two lines of "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock":

Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky...

they felt comfortable with this as traditional romantic poetry. But the next line stopped them:

Like a patient etherized upon a table...

How could an evening be like a patient? What's happening here? They were puzzled. It is to Pound's credit that he knew what Eliot was doing and helped to get him published, and it wasn't long before T.S. Eliot dominated American poetry. All the young American poets of the 1930s and 1940s grew up on Eliot. Poetry became allusive, difficult, ironic, detached: in short, "modernist." After a few decades (Eliot lived until 1965) it became what has been called, usually in a derogatory way, "academic," with Allen Tate acknowledged as its somewhat old-fashioned leader. But this was the basic kind of poetry written until the 1950s.

There were voices against Eliot from the beginning, particularly Frost, who went on his own way, and William Carlos Williams, who wanted to follow in Whitman's footsteps and create an American idiom. Williams felt

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that Eliot was too British, too literary, too aristocratic; and as the original impulse of "modernism" faded, American poetry took refuge in the colleges and classrooms, and became an art for the "elite," not for the public. So when the Beatnik revolution came, it was an invigorating change: it broke down the forms, poetry was recited in night clubs and on street corners, it was read with jazz accompaniment, it became once again a popular movement. It brought fresh air into the classrooms and influenced even those poets, like Robert Lowell, who had begun in the other mode.



Muriel Rukeyser



Michael Harper



Adrienne Rich

The Beatnik influence was also responsible for a huge amount of excruciatingly bad poetry; all the free verses began to sound alike. "Down with standards," cried the formerly traditional poet Karl Shapiro, and indeed down they came. It seemed difficult to tell what was a good poem and what was just an amazingly frank description of, say, a mental breakdown, a drug addiction, a divorce, a sexual preference. But it did open up American poetry to new ways of writing, new subjects, and more importantly, brought new energy and audiences to an emerging body of writers.

As that impulse faded in turn, as it was bound to do, various splinter groups could be seen to have formed: the confessional poets, like Lowell, William Snodgrass, Sylvia Plath, Anne Sexton, and others; the "deep image" poets of the Midwest, headed by Robert Bly and influenced by Spanish, rather than French, surrealism; the Projectivist poets, headed by Charles Olson, with their idea of breath control, etc. Perhaps the biggest gains of the 1960s and 1970s came from the various consciousness-raising groups that emerged at this time: black consciousness, feminine consciousness, Hispanic-American consciousness. While most of this new poetry was not particularly memorable, enough good poets—such as Michael Harper, Edward Field and Adrienne Rich—have come out of these groups to make a permanent contribution to American letters. Today, these poets, too, are being influenced by the return to traditional forms. Even a woman like

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Muriel Rukeyser, who has a finely developed Whitmanesque line in much of her poetry, has been writing some powerful and touching formal poetry. Here—a short one—is her birthday poem from her book *Breaking Open*:

Now that I am fifty-six
Come and celebrate with me—
What happens to song and sex
Now that I am fifty-six?
They dance, but differently,
Death and distance in the mix;
Now that I'm fifty-six
Come and celebrate with me.

A Backward Motion Toward The Source

To sum up. Granting all kinds of exceptions in such a large mass of writing, I feel there have been two major waves in 20th century American poetry. The first was the wave of "modernism" that began with T.S. Eliot in the 1920s. The second wave, of what I think of as the apotheosis of romanticism, or neo-romanticism, was the basically free verse of the Beatniks and confessional poets, led by the example of William Carlos Williams in the 1950s. And now, in the late 1970s, I sense the tide turning back to a more traditional form of writing, with Frost as the influential figure, but still keeping within these forms the new subjects, the "confessional" mode, and the more personal voice, that were gained in the past 25 years. Perhaps it is just a small current—it's difficult to say when one is in it. It may be like what Frost describes in his lovely poem, "West-Running Brook":

Speaking of contraries, see how the brook
In that white wave runs counter to itself.
It is from that in water we were from
Long, long before we were from any creature...
Our life runs down in sending up the clock.
The brook runs down in sending up our life.
The sun runs down in sending up the brook.
And there is something sending up the sun.
It is this backward motion toward the source
Against the stream, that most we see ourselves in,
The tribute of the current to the source.

I think that poetry must always return to its source. There will always be currents, tides, ebbs and flows of differing size and shape. I've tried to describe where I think the tide is flowing today. But what is the source? I think it must be the sense of mystery and wonder at the center of human experience, and the poet's basic job, among many others, is to praise it, name it, and wonder at it, not to answer it and not to solve it.

THE VANITY OF AUTHORS

By Joseph Epstein

Literary criticism has, by and large, neglected the paraphernalia of book-making: forewords, footnotes, acknowledgments, dust jackets, indexes, and the like. Here a writer and critic of books tries, tongue in cheek, to remedy the lack, offering some incidental insights into the unbounded vanity of authors.

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I am about to publish a book. Nothing fancy, merely a book of essays—the very essays that have been appearing in this journal since 1975. I wish it were a rather fancier book. What I mean by a fancier book is one loaded down with what, if the book business were the car business, might be called accessories: footnotes, appendixes, a foreword, a preface, an introduction, a prolegomenon, blurbs, a dust-jacket photograph, eight or nine pages of acknowledgments, a translator's note, both a topic and a name index, epigraphs in six or seven languages, a glossary of terms, and an afterword by a foreign dignitary. My own book in its entirety will not be as long as would the combined accessories I have just named, but then one can't have everything.

Still, rather like a poor man at a Rolls Royce agency, one can peer in at the dash, lift up the hood, kick the tires. So I, the poor man of my own simile, have come to look at the accessories in and around other people's books, and these have come to exert their own peculiar fascination. Reading through an author's acknowledgments, looking through his index can tell you a great deal about his book. His photograph on the dust-jacket can tell you something about the man himself: whether he has had a hard or easy life, whether he is modest or vain, and so forth. This is, one might ar-

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gue, judging a book by its cover (and its acknowledgments and index), a thing which from earliest education we are instructed not to do, but with so many books in the world, what else are we to do—read the entire work? Let them, I say, make better covers.

But apart from the utility of discovering whether or not one would wish to spend a few days of one's life with a certain book, other treasures are to be found among the accessories of books. If someone wanted to study the reasons for the current wave of feminism, he could do worse than read the acknowledgments of husband authors to their wives. Debts to wives, in these acknowledgments, are almost always "incalculable." "The debt I owe to my wife," runs a typical such acknowledgment (written in 1964), "is incalculable. For the better part of two years, she conducted research, typed manuscript, criticized drafts, ran down leads, corrected proofs, and somehow simultaneously cared for two small children and a home. Her sacrifice has improved every page of this book; the errors and shortcomings are mine." Ah, but yes, one can hear a feminine voice adding, and so was the pleasure all yours and so shall be the glory.

The Ambiguity of Acknowledgment

But acknowledgments also have much to tell about how books are being made nowadays. Sometimes this process seems to resemble nothing so much as an assembly line, as the author goes down the line thanking squads of research teams, librarians, graduate students, government agencies, and private foundations. Some authors run on for five or six pages thanking people who have spoken with them or read portions of their manuscript, or offered helpful advice of one kind or another. Except to the chronically grudging, giving acknowledgment seems to be a highly pleasurable activity. Once begun, it is not easily brought to a close, for it is something akin to handing out gratuities with play money—one may as well be a big spender.

I suspect that giving acknowledgments is much to be preferred to being acknowledged, where the pleasure is not always unequivocal. Being publicly acknowledged for one's "invaluable help" in producing what turns out to be a very shoddy book is at best a droopy flower in one's boutonniere. I have myself been acknowledged in some five or six books but never, if I may say so, adequately. Generally I either felt that my aid was vastly over-estimated or, in some instances, found myself bristling slightly at having my name put in a longish list that included people I have no very high regard for.

I am not sure when elaborate acknowledgments first came into being. My guess is that they are an innovation of our own century and are connected with the need to secure permission for extensive quotations from other works. But by now acknowledgments have become quite formulaic, and nowhere more so than in that phrase with which most of them end. After handing out thanks all around for help and advice, support and love,

our author, brave fellow, remarks, "Any errors of fact or judgment are of course my own"—which is sometimes varied to read, "of course these persons do not necessarily concur in my analysis and conclusions." This always leaves me a bit uneasy. What errors? Why do his friends not concur with him? Is our author not only careless but wrongheaded into the bargain?

A Mad Logic

Not least among the problems presented by acknowledgments is to decide how far down one ought to dip in the well of debts incurred when laddling out thanks. One can easily enough imagine acknowledging one's parents—if not precisely for help on the book in question, then certainly for one's intellectual development generally. But what about the man who made it all possible to begin with—one's mother's obstetrician, "without whose steady hands and grace under pressure this book might never have been written"? And while at it, "I should like also to thank the dentist of my early years, Dr. Joseph Chulock, whose program of sound dental hygiene made possible the dazzling smile I display on the back of this dust-jacket. My janitor, Tony Ardecelli, in the midst of a serious energy crisis, kept the heat coming into my apartment, making it possible for me to work on this book through the exceptionally severe winters of 1978 and 1979. My postman, Lester Goodman. . ."

At the university where I teach, the story is told about a graduate student whose dissertation director was the very reverse of helpful. The minimal advice he gave the student was useless. Letters the student wrote to him went unanswered. Appeals for aid were unavailing. On all the administrative details for which the dissertation director should have been responsible he proved dependably unreliable. Despite all this, the graduate student managed to complete his dissertation; and having done so, the time came for him to write his acknowledgments. Not to mention his dissertation director—whom, by now, he thoroughly and rightly detested—would have been unseemly. Yet to give him any credit at all nearly made the student ill. He solved the problem thus: "This is the place to acknowledge my dissertation director, Professor Samuel Smith; only he and I know how much he contributed to this work."

Nicely done, that, yet why not take it a step further? Ought not an author to acknowledge, along with those who aided the progress of his work, those who impeded it? For most authors, this list of negative acknowledgments figures, I fear, to be rather longer than that of positive acknowledgments, and rather more impassioned as well. Here is the kind of thing that might result:

I wish to acknowledge the contribution of my editor, whose advice, usually delivered in bullying tones, consistently led me far astray, causing me constant discouragement. The title of this book, so dull and yet so vulgar, is his, foisted upon me against my will. The Guggenheim,

Ford, and Rockefeller foundations, always ready to loose their purse strings for projects both idiotic in themselves and likely to have been repulsive to their founders, saw fit, each of them, to deny my urgent grant applications, thus forcing me to live, at hazard to my health, on my publisher's piddling advance.

But I see that I have rather a stronger hand at this than I had thought, and so had better stop here.

Indexes and Footnotes

"All writers," Orwell remarked in his essay "Why I Write," "are vain, selfish, and lazy. . . ." and I for one can testify to the truth of the first of these qualities. Having over the years written superficially on a superfluity of subjects, I have discovered that I am not above, in looking over any book on a subject I have written about, sneaking a peak into the index to see if I have been quoted or if my name comes up. (Apparently I am not alone in this act of peeping egotism. William F. Buckley, Jr., tells of sending a copy of one of his collections of essays to Norman Mailer, but before doing so marking in the index next to Mailer's name the single word, "Hi.") I am currently attempting to shake off this habit, for I began to realize it might be rather dangerous when, one day, I found myself looking for my name in the index of a book written before I was born.

But to get to the bottom of things, what about footnotes, the accessory that is coming to be a misnomer, now that footnotes are less and less often printed at the foot of the page? Noel Coward claimed to detest footnotes, likening the eye's trip from the text to the note to having to go downstairs to answer the doorbell while in amorous dalliance. Put in such flat-out hedonistic terms, I suppose it is all a question of who is waiting downstairs when one arrives there. If the man writing the footnotes is Gibbon, the trip is likely to be worth making. For example, the famous sentence in Gibbon about the younger Gordian—"Twenty-two acknowledged concubines, and a library of sixty-two thousand volumes, attested the variety of his inclinations, and from the production which he left behind him, it appears that the former as well as the latter were designed for use rather than ostentation"—meets with the following footnote: "By each of his concubines, the younger Gordian left three or four children. His literary productions were by no means contemptible."

Today, under most publishing dispensations, one would have to go to the end of Gibbon's chapter, or indeed to the back of the book, to read that note; and by the time one got there, lo, the joke would be gone. What would an editor today make of the 165-page footnote, said to be the longest in the world, in the 19th-century work *The History of Northumberland*? Doubtless he would direct the author to chapter 12 of Horrelbrow's *Iceland* (1758), a chapter entitled "Concerning Owls in Iceland," which reads in toto: "There are no owls of any kind in the whole island."

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The Variable Dust-Jacket

To impress is of course the point of a book's dust-jacket. Serious books cannot avail themselves of the flash or luridness of dust-jacket art of the kind used by, say, the sort of gothic novel that in the trade is known as "a bodice ripper." Puffs and blurbs are all they have, plus an occasional inflated author's biographical note. But these latter have become rather more dull than they once were. Novelists especially used to go in for flashy bios, in the attempt, I suppose, to seem worldlier than thou. A not untypical biographical note might read that our novelist "has worked as a lumber-jack, dishwasher, judo expert, encyclopedia salesman, janitor, cellist, and part-time circus roughy." Today such a note is more likely to read that our novelist is "a former Rhodes scholar and director of the Creative Writing Program at State University. He is a recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship, a grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, and an award from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters." This change in the nature of notes on novelists reflects the chief change in the production of American novels: their increasing academicization.

The photographs of authors on the dust-jackets of books have changed, too, or so it seems to me. They are now by and large more professional than they once were—better, that is to say, but also less interesting. For myself, I have come to like books that do not have photographs of their authors, preferring my imaginings of their looks to the reality. My imaginings, I should add, are almost always wrong, based as they usually are on an author's prose. (Thus I imagine, to cite a single example, that Tacitus was elegantly lean.) But if my own imaginings are often wrong, reality is even more disappointing. Exceptions there may be, but writers are for the most part better read than seen.

Although not a regular accessory, readers' underlinings and marginal comments found in books borrowed from libraries seem to me of especial interest. These marginal comments in his books are perhaps as close as a writer gets to a spontaneous response from his readers. Every writer would like to spin through a library copy of his book to find its margins decorated with such accolades as "How true!" "Beautifully formulated!" "Right on!" Alas, since people are more often animated by disagreement, one is much more likely to find one's margins lacerated by such cuts as "Dubious!" "Wrong again!" "Sheer rubbish!"

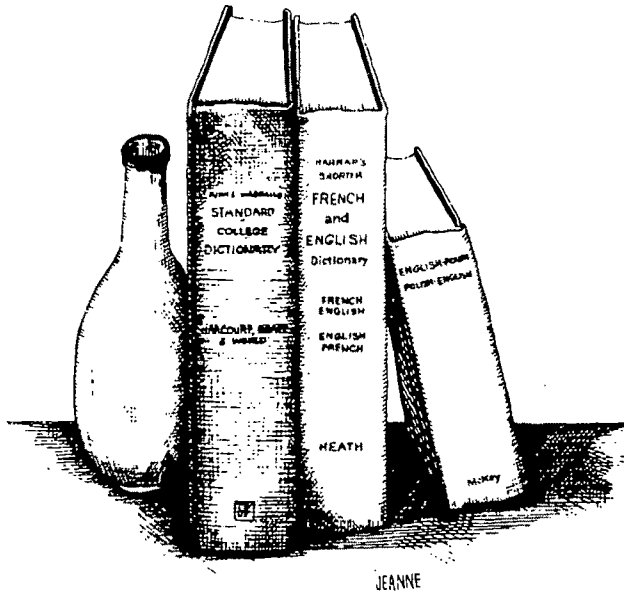
Dedications and Disclaimers

Dedications run the gamut from the simple ("To my mother") to the sweet (Rebecca West's dedication of *The Strange Necessity*: "To Irita Van Doren Whom One Would Like to Be Like"), to the slightly mysterious (M.L. Rosenthal's dedication to *Poetry and the Common Life*: "For Sally Moor Gall, gratitude for clear thoughts, disturbing questions"), to the wiseacre (Dwight Macdonald's dedication to his splendid anthology *Paro-*

dies: "To my dear sons Michael and Nicholas, without whose school bills this anthology would not have been made").

Ships, buildings, monuments, bridges, and books receive dedications, but only books have a chance to exert an influence in the world. The chance is not necessarily great, to be sure, and even if one's book does exert an influence, who can say for certain that it will be for the good? Because of the problematic nature of the fate of a book in the world, perhaps an author ought also to include, along with the other accessories to his book, a Disclaimer. This Disclaimer ought to appear, as we say nowadays, up-front and probably in italic type. It ought not to be a place for false modesty but for a true statement of the authorial case. A model for such a Disclaimer might read:

I wrote this book in the hope of making a persuasive argument, while giving pleasure to myself in forming my thoughts into sentences, paragraphs, and chapters. Whether I shall give anything even resembling an equivalent pleasure to my readers is highly doubtful, I realize, but an author retains his slender hopes. I wish my book were better than it is, but I fear that it is quite the best that I have had the skill and patience to make. If any justification for this book is needed, it is that the book seeks, in its stuttering way, to take a very small part in a conversation which has been going on for a very long while now. For myself, I hope to be able to read it ten years hence without shame or regret.



THE TERRORIST MENTALITY

By Ernst Halperin

The reviewer is professor of international politics at the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy, which is part of Tufts University in Massachusetts. His review is reprinted from *Commentary*.

***Terrorism*.** By Walter Laqueur. Boston: Little, Brown. 277 pp.

***The Terrorism Reader*.** Edited by Walter Laqueur. New York: New American Library. 291 pp.

Whereas the first half of our century was filled with the clamor of great armies locked in the battles of conventional warfare, the succeeding decades have been marked by the activities of political movements striving to achieve their aims by guerrilla war and terrorism—"low-level violence," as the political scientists call it.

Walter Laqueur's *Terrorism* completes the survey of the theory and practice of these movements initiated in his earlier volume, *Guerrilla*. Being of a school which holds that phenomena can only be understood in their historical context, Laqueur also deals extensively with the 19th- and early 20th-century predecessors of our contemporary ter-

rorist movements. The result is an admirably compact intellectual history of modern-age terrorism. The book is superbly organized, detailed yet condensed to essentials, erudite yet without vain displays of learning, and at the same time elegantly styled and free of academic jargon.

It is particularly profitable to read *Terrorism* in conjunction with the recently-published paperback, *The Terrorism Reader*, which Laqueur has edited. This companion volume contains interpretations of terrorism by various authors, justifications of tyrannicide ranging from ancient Greece and Rome to the 18th century, and pronouncements by theorists and practitioners of modern, i.e., 19th- and 20th-century terrorism.

The earlier discourses on tyrannicide are often on a high moral and philosophical plane. But when we come to modern advocates of terrorism, the sheer savagery of their pronouncements is rendered all the more repugnant by their unwavering self-righteousness. Thus, one 19th-century extremist, Karl Heinzen, claimed that "murder is the principal agent of historical progress,"

and that "the path to Humanity will pass through the zenith of Barbarity." Another, the anarchist Johann Most, fantasized that dirigible airships would one day be able to drop dynamite on military parades attended by czars and emperors.

A Cold Passion

Even more revealing is the famous Russian "Catechism of the Revolutionist," formerly attributed to the founder of the anarchist movement, Mikhail Bakunin, but now generally assumed to have been written by Bakunin's demoniacal disciple, Nechaev. The "Catechism" describes the true revolutionary as a person in whom "all the tender and effeminate emotions of kinship, friendship, love, gratitude, and even honor" are stifled by a "cold and single-minded passion for the revolutionary cause." His nature has no place for "any romanticism, any sentimentality, rapture, or enthusiasm." His revolutionary passion "must at every moment be combined with cold calculation. . . . He is not a revolutionary if he feels pity for anything in the world."

The French anarchist Emile Henry justified the bombing of a Paris café with the argument that "there are no innocent bourgeois." And Laqueur informs us that some of Henry's associates went so far as to maintain that there are no innocent human beings in general—thereby granting themselves a license for indiscriminate killing.

In our century, as Laqueur shows, the tenor of terrorist literature has changed. It is now filled with technical instructions and arid doctrinal declarations. With the conspicuous exception of the Irish, contemporary terrorists hardly bother to justify their actions. Ours is

not a moralistic age; killing is taken for granted.

Indeed, Laqueur concludes that the present phase marks an essential change in the character of terrorism: restraints have been shed; the practice of indiscriminate murder has become widespread; multinational, remote-control terror has emerged; and, above all, there is an unwillingness to attack effective dictatorships. The preferred targets of terrorism today are not despotic regimes, but democratic governments hampered by constitutional restrictions and by libertarian inhibitions in dealing with political opponents.

Laqueur is averse to sweeping generalizations and skeptical about psychological interpretations of terrorism. He warns that "terrorist movements are usually small . . . and while historians and sociologists can sometimes account for mass movements, the movements of small particles in politics as in physics often defy any explanation." He will go no further than to state that "terrorism always assumes the protective coloring of certain features of the *Zeitgeist*," that underlying the leftist or rightist ideological orientation of the terrorist groups there is usually a "free-floating activism," and that "there will always be . . . aggressive people more interested in violence than in liberty and justice."

Terrorism as a Sickness

My own inclination is somewhat more clinical, and I confess to being fascinated by the psychology of terrorism. What strikes me as significant about a document like Nechaev's "Catechism" is that most people would find it impossible to follow his prescripts for becoming an ideal revolutionary even if they de-

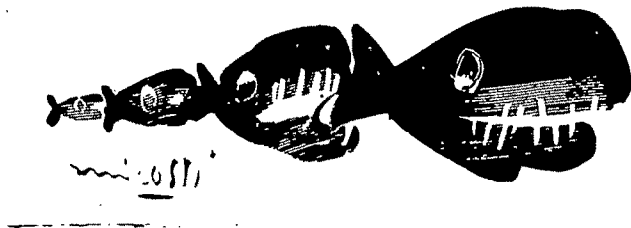
sired to do so. But there is one type of person who could conform to them with the greatest of ease: a psychopath drained of all human emotion and at the same time accustomed to hiding his murderous impulses from those with whom he associates. The message of the "Catechism" is that in order to become a true revolutionary, one must be thoroughly sick, sick as the author, Nechaev, himself.

What is the precise nature of the sickness? Nechaev's description of the "true revolutionary" is in fact the description of a homicidal paranoiac. The same paranoia is clearly apparent in the declarations of Heinzen, Most, and other 19th-century advocates of terrorism. Russian *narodniki* and French anarchists alike invariably characterize their terrorism as self-defense or justified retaliation. In other words: *they* are out to get us, so we had better get *them* first. The paranoiac externalizes his hostility and aggressiveness, attributing his own murderous impulses to his fellow men.

Nechaev's "true revolutionary" is of course an artificial construct, a kind of "ideal" type. It is unlikely that the out-and-out homicidal paranoiac he de-

scribes would be able to control his murderous impulses sufficiently to serve a political group or cause. In real life the terrorist is more likely to be a person whose penchant for violence becomes activated only in circumstances of great political excitement. Members of the Russian intelligentsia who became terrorists under the regime of the czars belonged to this type, as did the terrorists in the anarcho-syndicalist movement in the late 1800s and the Weathermen on American college campuses at the time of the Vietnam war. Today, the same type is to be found among the Red Brigades who have surfaced in Italy's time of crisis.

Still, psychological interpretations are admittedly incomplete and should not be carried too far. They may shed light on the motivation of individuals, but they cannot clarify the motives of the sponsors and manipulators of terrorist groups, or those of their supporters and sympathizers, or the reasons for the ebb and flow of terrorist activity itself. For a thoughtful and thorough discussion of these larger problems, the reader may turn to Walter Laqueur's books.



MARXISM AND THE NEW CLASS

By Lewis Coser

The reviewer is professor of sociology at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. His books include *Men of Ideas* and a forthcoming study of the publishing industry, *Gatekeepers of Ideas*. His review is reprinted from *The New Republic*.

The Future of Intellectuals and the Rise of the New Class. By Alvin W. Gouldner. New York: Seabury Press.

Alvin Gouldner's long and tortuous love affair with Marxism has finally come to an end. Over the years, in a distinguished series of books on various topics, Gouldner used a radical Marxian perspective in an attempt to shake the social sciences from what he considered their complacent acquiescence in things as they are. He now says goodbye to all that. "Marxism," he states, "is the false consciousness of cultural bourgeoisie who have been radicalized." "Marxism was made ... by the son of a minor Prussian bureaucrat and the son of a multi-national industrialist [Engels], both of mandarin culture." Though it conceived of itself as the fighting science of a proletariat on the way to the conquest of power, it was in reality a doctrine based on a fusion of Romanticism and Positivism "in which a section of the alienated New Class [was] seeking a mass basis in the proletariat." Marxism proclaimed that the working class was the "universal class" in which

the future of mankind was vested. This was a delusion. In all of history, "The lowliest class never came to power. Nor does it seem likely to now."

The Ambitious Intellectual

The universal class to which the future is likely to belong, Gouldner's main thesis runs, is not the proletariat, but the New Class encompassing both the technical intelligentsia and humanistic intellectuals. Tensions and conflicts between the two main components of the New Class abound, and the class as a whole is flawed by self-seeking strivings to enhance its own interests and power. "Yet [it] may also be the best card that history has presently given us to play." Its power is growing, and though the New Class might still need a longish period of historical maturation, it is likely that it holds a corner on the future.

The New Class, according to the author, owes its origin to the disaffection and alienation of intellectuals and other members of the intelligentsia from bourgeois domination and bureaucratic management alike. It cultivates a "culture of critical discourse" that undermines particularistic and situation-bound criteria in the name of rational-universalistic standards that are free from traditional attachments and pragmatic considerations. Its "grammar of critical discourse claims to sit in judgment over the actions and claims of any class and all power elites." The New

Class, moreover, is committed to a total vision of things and chafes under the restrictions that market-bound criteria or bureaucratic routines impose on social action.

Turning to the social origins of the New Class, Gouldner sees it arising out of the blockage of opportunities for upward mobility that members or potential members of the New Class have experienced under capitalism or incipient capitalism. The French, the Russian and the Chinese revolutions, Marxism, the new left of the 1960s, the various national liberation movements of the third world, were all led by alienated intellectuals who, even when they were unaware of this, "objectively" furthered the interests of the New Class. They became revolutionaries because they noted the disparity between their income and their power in the prevailing scheme of things on the one side, and their cultural capital, social weight and self-regard on the other.

A Master Key to History?

Although distancing himself in one way or another from all of them, Gouldner follows in the footsteps of Saint-Simon and Veblen in the past, and Daniel Bell, John Kenneth Galbraith, Adolph Berle and Gardner Means and, above all, James Burnham [as represented by *The Managerial Revolution*] in the present. He is especially close to Burnham because, like him, having believed for a long time in the proletariat's liberating mission, he now invests the New Class with an equally universal burden. Both of these men, though they differ in many particulars, have been unable to divest themselves of the fatal Marxian bent to look for one master key to history and for one saving "universal

class." Most of the other New Class analysts write with a measure of analytical sobriety and cool detachment, but Burnham and Gouldner write with the excitement and nervous exhilaration of explorers who have just discovered the shape of things to come. They have seen the future, and it seems to work.

Too Wide a Net

The trouble with all this is that the concept of the New Class is so elastic and protean that practically anybody with a modicum of educational attachments can be included in it. But what have Leninist "professional revolutionaries" in common with the modern professions? Che Guevara, Gouldner notes, was trained as a physician and is hence a representative of the New Class. What characteristics does he share with an American pediatrician or a British barrister, except that they both use abstract language? Gouldner casts his net so wide that he is bound to bring forth a lot of miscellaneous creatures with little in common—except that they were indeed caught in the same net. If the students of the 1960s are members, or potential members, of the New Class along with the technocrats, engineers and detached scholars against whom they revolted, one wonders what increment of knowledge is gained by using such promiscuous terminology. Much of Gouldner's argument involves a stress on the functional indispensability of the New Class in the working of Eastern and Western societies alike. But indispensability is never a clue to solidarity and conjoint class action.

Marx expected that the working class, due to its concentration in large-scale factories, would develop such solidarity—as it did. But Gouldner does not

even begin to show how and where his New Class has developed an autonomous communality of outlook and values. What is it that binds a computer programmer to a humanistic scholar or to a Marxian intellectual? Such people do not constitute a class in itself and surely not a class for itself. As C. Wright Mills argued long ago, "occupational skill is not identical with class position."

Gouldner has shown, though he is

hardly the first to have done so, the functional significance of the technical intelligentsia and of modern professionals in the running of post-industrial societies, but he has failed to sustain his major prediction that they will inherit the earth. As long as they do not develop an autonomous consciousness of kind, a common system of values, and a common political thrust, they are likely to remain the servants of power, and not become its new masters.

WILLIAM FAULKNER: NOVELIST OF THE SOUTH

By Quentin Anderson

The reviewer is professor of literature at Columbia University in New York and the author of *The American Henry James* and *The Imperial Self*. His review is reprinted from *The New York Times Book Review*.

William Faulkner: Toward Yoknapatawpha and Beyond. By Cleanth Brooks. New Haven: Yale University Press. 445 pp.

When Malcolm Cowley published a collection of William Faulkner's Yoknapatawpha works in 1946, almost all the novelist's books were out of print. Faulkner was chiefly a writer's writer, the subject of brilliant essays by Conrad Aiken and Robert Penn Warren, but he had been forced to supplement his income by doing movie scripts in Hollywood. Then success came in like a tide. He was awarded the Nobel Prize in

1950. His fame coincided with the post-World War II boom in literary scholarship; and by now Faulkner has been overlaid by more articles, dissertations and books than almost any other American writer. But we still lack a first-rate book about him. Cleanth Brooks' is not that book, but it does two important things: it reaffirms the distinctive character of Southern culture both explicitly and by the implications of its critical method, and it gives the best account of the work Faulkner did in the 1920s as an intellectually gawky and emotionally moonstruck beginner.

Cleanth Brooks, the teacher and critic whose collaborations with Robert Penn Warren (*Understanding Poetry* and a companion volume on fiction) domesticated the New Criticism in our high schools and colleges, published *William Faulkner: The Yoknapataw-*



William Faulkner

pha Country in 1963. This second book rounds out a full study of Faulkner. It treats early poems, the play called *Marionettes*, sketches and stories published in New Orleans newspapers, and Faulkner's ties with the literary circle in the same city, a circle whose leading figure was Sherwood Anderson. After discussing the first two novels, *Soldier's Pay* and *Mosquitoes*, Mr. Brooks devotes a chapter apiece to the later novels laid outside Yoknapatawpha: *The Wild Palms*, *Pylon* and *A Fable*. He concludes with a treatment of "Faulkner on Time and History."

A Social Context

The imaginative footing Faulkner found in Yoknapatawpha County is described in Mr. Brooks' preface: "His mythical county provided him with a social context in which what was healthiest in his romanticism could live in fruitful tension with his realistic and detailed knowledge of his own land." What Faulkner had known, or had reason to

hope for, was what Mr. Brooks calls "full community," a culture of the rural South in which people defined themselves by the ties they had with others, a hope far removed from the isolation of the Midwest small-town "grotesques" sprouting apart in Sherwood Anderson's *Winesburg, Ohio*.

Cleanth Brooks—like his friends, the poet-critics Robert Penn Warren, John Crowe Ransom and Allen Tate—has roots in a clearly Southern culture. He comes from a region in which, for both good and ill, the ascendant social powers had worn human faces, and in which the cash nexus could be seen as a destructive intrusion—an invasion by the Snopeses, who appear in *The Hamlet*, *The Town* and *The Mansion*. The society they invade, organized from top to bottom by discernible human agency, is now gone, but it is clear that Mr. Brooks, by appointing himself ranger in Faulkner's literary national park, intends to preserve not only the novelist's literary accomplishment, but also the image of such a human world.

We associate Cleanth Brooks with the New Criticism, criticism that examines literary works to discover those internal tensions and abiding ironies that enable them to stand free of personal and historical circumstance. How, then, did Mr. Brooks come to cherish Faulkner's image of a world defined almost entirely by personal relations and traditions? The contradiction is only apparent. In fact, the New Criticism depended on a subscription to very old values indeed—on ideals of community and implicit or explicit religious values. Because they had encountered society as an assembly of human relationships instead of impersonal commercial forces, the New Critics I have mentioned had some measure

of the freedom we associate with aristocrats. They could take their society for granted. This was the very thing that made it possible to treat literary works apart from politics and apart from a writer's immediate personal situation.

It is probable that the New Criticism was itself the product of split social faith; that it arose at the moment when discerning Southerners saw the importance of what they were losing. This does not alter the fact that both for Faulkner and for Mr. Brooks the world is sanctioned by an inclusive meaning, which, as Mr. Brooks says of Faulkner, "amounts to a kind of religious faith."

The Individual and Society

In Faulkner, individual actors and individual actions have a wider social resonance than they do in any other American writer, because he creates the social space in which they can be felt. To the North and West the invasive influence of a commercial society had made it harder to create social space. The classic example in 19th-century America is Ralph Waldo Emerson, who, beset by the pressure to define himself in commercial terms, found every social tie threatening to his individuality. Looking abroad on a country that seemed all a market, he tried to create a self that would be independent of the society. He felt himself threatened from within by the emotions of the family man and the property owner, and fought his acquisitive underself—the Snopes within.

Faulkner went on in *A Fable* to make Snopesism generic. In that novel about World War I, he proclaims that human

"rapacity" is universal. But he betrayed his best work in doing so. Yoknapatawpha, as many critics have said, cannot be stretched to cover the battlefields of World War I. The imaginative fabric tears. And Mr. Brooks' critical approach to the range of Faulkner's work similarly fails in its attempt to be universal, since it too is rooted in a particular historical time and place.

No satisfying book has yet been written on Faulkner, although Michael Millgate's *The Achievement of William Faulkner*, the work of an Englishman who finds no difficulty in assuming that American society has a full imaginative existence, is worth attention; and Irving Howe's *William Faulkner: A Critical Study* (originally issued in 1952 and reissued with improvement in 1975) is clearly the best we have. Mr. Howe's literary judgments are admirably clear and firm, but he puts Faulkner's emotional commitments and his relation to his peculiar society aside, as if the individual's relations to his society could only be considered in connection with Mr. Howe's socialist assessment of collective needs and hopes. Perhaps—like other members of his generation—Howe was traumatized in his critical cradle by vulgar Marxist uses of literature, uses that reduced a writer's imaginative rendering of society, and his detectable inward clamor, to the crude classifications of an ideological line.

When we fail to relate that inward clamor of desires and hopes to the writer's imaginative rendering of his world, we miss the essence of those writers—Faulkner among them—who tell us what we have been and mean to be.



A NOVEL ABOUT CHANGE

By Webster Schott

Webster Schott contributes regularly to *The Washington Post Book World*, from which his review is reprinted.

Wrinkles. By Charles Simmons. New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 182 pp.

Wrinkles is funny and sad, innocent and knowing, and pertinent to the point of pain. It is a novel about change. Reading it you are likely to feel that the author has been tracing your history, waiting until this instant to report back to you on your struggles for certainty, your fractured morality, and your great yearning to be loved, flawed as you are.

Wrinkles is a nearly perfect novel of psychological exploration. I have never read anything like it and can think of parallels only in René Char's prose poetry or Bach's cantatas. Charles Simmons plays with the physical and emotional life of his hero as if handling an opal, turning the man this way and that way to reflect still another mood or discovery. He gives us a complete life. We learn everything we want or need to know about him to recognize him. There are parts of him that are all of us. But these parts become a whole and unique human being in Simmons' hands.

Simmons' hero has no name. He is simply "He" and is at the center of each of the novel's 44 short chapters. They range in length from around 700 words to 1000 words. There's an idea, a place, a person, or a puzzle at the start of each chapter. For instance, the magic of

numbers, Aunt Mae, grammar school, belief in God, and his childhood home trigger the first five chapters. Each takes a similar, extraordinary form. Each chapter begins at a point in the hero's early childhood. Then it moves to adolescence, young adulthood, middle age. Every chapter closes with old age and anticipating the hero's death.

The Process of Aging

While there is no linear story line, no formal portraiture, and no dramatic crisis or dénouement to *Wrinkles*, all are here in disguise. They are disguised by the process of aging that colors and alters everything Charles Simmons and his autobiographical hero once thought or believed.

Simmons' hero suffers the whole catastrophe of 20th-century life in an advanced society. He grows up Catholic and discovers that God is not in charge of the world. He goes to war and cannot fight. He marries without experience (his childhood sweetheart) and has children. He has affairs and falls in love with a woman much younger than he. He divorces and sees his children reject his values. He too, of course, gives up these values along the way because they don't work. He's about 56 as the novel is written and is seeking new bedrock as he anticipates death. He settles for consolations like having a doctor older than himself because of "the appeal of having an expert between oneself and death."

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He writes two novels (like Simmons), tastes fame (Simmons won the William Faulkner award for his first novel, *Powdered Eggs*), and makes an incompetent superior the villain of his second novel, "which diminished the novel; and he realized that an unresolved, resolvable problem is no subject for fiction."

He retreats into his sensibilities and tries to avoid judging those whose lives impinge on his: "Less and less will he think of people as good or bad; rather it will seem to him that benefactors will look good to the beneficiaries, injurers bad to the injured, and that the rest is taste."

Much of *Wrinkles* is about sex because sex ties us to youth and is the last drive to go before the drive to stay alive. More of *Wrinkles* is about surrendering hope, accepting that youth cannot fulfill its expectations. Not knowing is a condition of believing. Disappointment is the slate upon which age writes our names.

If I've suggested that Charles Simmons' novel is more dark than light, that's because it reads that way, and

such may be its flaw. Horace Walpole said those who think are likely to find life comic; and those who feel will find life tragic. Simmons knows both. The brilliance of his exposition illuminates everything, even darkness.

Episodes and events focus Simmons' vignettes on the ordinary transactions of life. But the reflective mind of Simmons' hero gives them meaning. Psychologist B.F. Skinner has remarked that science is another way of looking at life. Charles Simmons in *Wrinkles* shows us once more—in case we've been seduced by journalism, clinical history, or enriched gossip—that the art of fiction is also a way of looking at life.

Science generalizes. Art specifies. Both have in common the possibility of finding in the individual that which is near-universal. Taking the life of one man, examining it with care and patience, Simmons shows us the life of many men and women. Looking at one life we see ourselves, deeper and more intensely than before. The crucial transaction of art takes place in *Wrinkles* in all its majesty.



AN AMERICAN RADICAL

By Daniel Aaron

The reviewer is professor of literature at Harvard University and has written widely on the relationship of literature to social thought. His books include *Men of Good Hope*, *Writers of the Left*, and *The Unwritten War: American Writers and the Civil War*. His review is abridged from *The New York Review of Books*.

The Radical Will: Randolph Bourne—Selected Writings, 1911-1918. Edited and with an introduction by Olaf Hansen. New York: Urizen Books. 548 pp.

If the name Randolph Bourne is now even faintly recognizable to the general reader, it is likely to be associated with the elegy to "the tiny twisted unscared ghost" of one of the "biographies" of John Dos Passos's novel *U.S.A.* Dos Passos had a penchant for martyrs, and his tribute to the radical pacifist who opposed American entrance into World War I memorialized both a man and a legend.

Bourne was born in New Jersey in 1886 and died at thirty-one in the influenza epidemic of 1918. A severe birth injury which curved his spine and disfigured his face doubtless determined to a large degree the formation of his character and disposition. "The deformed man," he once wrote, "has all the battles of a stronger man to fight" and none of the advantages granted to the well-favored. His self-respect is stunted for he is never sure whether his difficulties are owing "to his physical disabili-

ty" or "to his weak will and character." Yet there are compensations for bearing "a crooked back and an unsightly face." Friendships become more precious. Denied certain "physical satisfactions," he can "occupy the far richer kingdom of mental effort and artistic appreciation." And having undergone the neglect and anguish of the handicapped, he can identify with the "despised and ignored" and "begin to understand the feelings of the horde of the unrepresentable and the unemployable, the incompetent and the ugly, the queer and crotchety people who make up so large a proportion of human folk."

At Columbia College in New York, Bourne's intellectual maturity and literary ability quickly brought him the recognition he craved. He had come to Columbia to prepare himself for a career as a cultivated "man of letters," but finding the English department embalmed in a genteel past, he was converted by such teachers as philosopher John Dewey and historian Charles Beard to a zeal for radical ideas.

Apostle of Youth

It was Bourne's distinction to spell out the special prerogatives and obligations of the so-called "younger generation," to present it as "the incarnation of reason pitted against the rigidity of tradition." Youth welcomed experiment; the elderly, devoid of the "scientific attitude," feared it. Old men fell back on the shibboleth of "experience"

while youth saw it merely as "a slow accretion of inhibitions." For most people, Bourne thought, "experience" stopped at twenty-five.

In 1914 Bourne joined the intellectual pragmatists on Herbert Croly's *New Republic* magazine as the specialist on city planning and education. He also commented on such topics as sociological fiction, reformers, organized labor, industrial relations, and middle-class radicalism. But soon after the first German successes in World War I the magazine began to side with the Allied powers. Bourne, hating any sort of jingoism, appalled by the futility of the killing, found himself increasingly jarred by Croly's editorial line. The inevitable rupture was signaled by Dewey's articles attacking the "moral innocency" and "inexpertness" of his former disciples.

Rediscovery of a Radical Thinker

Since his death in 1918 Bourne has been "rediscovered" a number of times. A number of books and articles and several collections of his writings appeared in the 1960s which corrected misconceptions and offered a balanced appraisal of his thought. Now Olaf Hansen, a young German scholar and lecturer on American social and literary culture at Frankfurt University, has compiled a new anthology, the fullest and most representative collection of Bourne's work in print.

Hansen's interest in the literary consciousness of Bourne's generation and American radical thought makes his approach to Bourne somewhat different from that of most of Bourne's other commentators. Marxism, he notes, had only a "negative attraction" for the American radical intelligentsia. Some-

thing of Marx's "moral indignation" seeped into their "humanistic social philosophy," but finding his ideas inapplicable to American conditions, they advanced alternatives of their own that were comparable if not equal to his in scope and coherence. Bourne's work, Hansen believes, can be read as one kind of radical alternative to Marx. Bourne wrote in 1916:

Intellectual radicalism should not mean repeating stale dogmas of Marxism. It should not mean "the study of socialism." It had better mean a restless controversial criticism of current ideas, and a hammering out of some clear-sighted philosophy that shall be this pillar of fire. The young radical to-day is not asked to be a martyr, but he is asked to be a thinker, an intellectual leader.

Suspicious of utopian notions and impressed by Walter Lippmann's vision of a scientific government run by a managerial elite, Bourne still yearned for an organic social order, a loving community, and the free development of the self. But he constructed no systematic social theory, and instead followed his ideas to the point of their negation, insisting on "the unresolvable paradox of existence." There were no solutions in Bourne's philosophy.

He took on the responsibility of alerting the young to their own self-deceptions and sentimentalities. The qualities he admired in intellectual life were forcefully expressed in his essay "The Life of Irony." The Ironist, Bourne wrote, opened his mind to all experience and tested ideas in the light of disinterested observation. Since the Ironist always saw the other side and

shunned the polarities of good and evil, he could be neither optimist nor pessimist. In his brief life, Bourne never found an answer to the question: How was the socialized order with its promise of maximum individual freedom to be realized, and by whom?

Literary Views

Had Bourne lived, a friend surmised, he would have turned increasingly to "the problems of evoking and shaping American literature." His essays include assessments of writers as diverse as Henry James and H.L. Mencken, Theodore Dreiser and Upton Sinclair. Discussing the novels of Dreiser and Sinclair, Bourne demanded of "fictional sociology" not only that "its sociology be sound and true" but also that its "message" be implicit and unobtrusive. Criticism ought to "discriminate between what is fresh, sincere, and creative and what is merely stogy and blatantly rebellious." Bourne wanted a "literary art which will combine a classical and puritan tradition with the most modern ideas." He admired writers with a crusading temper "and a certain edge—a little surly but not embittered." He regarded the "terrorism of 'good taste'" as more deadly "to the creation of literary art than is sheer barbarism."

Dreiser, the subject of two sympathetic and probing analyses, was a case in point. "For Dreiser," Bourne wrote, "is a true hyphenate, a product of that conglomerate Americanism that springs from other roots than the English tradition." Innocent of the genteel canons, groping and wistful, he was the "very human critic of very common human life" and the recorder of what was pa-

thetic and vacuous yet energetic and appealing about lower-class America.

In many ways the most winning and attractive side of Bourne was his openness to cultural differences, his solicitude for the immigrant cut off from his own culture and in danger of being converted by the Melting Pot process into a faceless philistine. His idea of cultural cosmopolitanism was embodied in the expatriate whose "expansion involves no shameful conflict within him, no surrender of his native attitude." He envisioned a "Trans-National America" which supplied the new immigrant with a national culture while inspiring him to retain the culture (but not the political loyalties) of his ancestral country.

Bourne died before he could establish himself as a major literary force, and left hardly more than a pile of fragments. Yet in them we can find analyses of what we now call the "identity crisis" and of what it means "to grow up absurd" that are more acute than much social commentary we now read. Bourne's prophetic and hortatory tone can become tiresome. He was too ready to educate, announce, denounce. He was far too hopeful about the potential influence of the intellectual in politics.

Yet as the selections in *The Radical Will* demonstrate, this elitist democrat, this socialist who distrusted society, this pessimistic optimist, sensitively registered the cultural and ideological vibrations of his times. He remains perennially interesting and "discoverable": the maverick intellectual out of tune with his own class and the anonymous public, and in search of what he called "that imagined audience of perfect comprehenders."

A PHILOSOPHICAL NOVELIST

By Edmund Fuller

Edmund Fuller is the regular book critic of the *Wall Street Journal*, from which his review is reprinted.

Walker Percy: An American Search.
By Robert Coles. Boston: Atlantic-Little Brown. 250 pp.

One of the best and most respected novelists in America is Walker Percy; he reaches a substantial, though not a mass, audience and is held in esteem by many critics. One of our outstanding psychiatrists is Dr. Robert Coles, of Harvard Medical School, a prolific writer in his professional field who has also written widely on related social issues such as race and poverty. It is a surprise to find Dr. Coles coming onto the scene as an admiring literary critic, in *Walker Percy: An American Search*.

He sketches the essential biographical details of this shy man. Percy was born in 1916, in Alabama, and after losing both parents by the age of 14 he was raised by his father's cousin, William Alexander Percy, of Greenville, Mississippi. William Percy was prominent in the intellectual life of the South, a poet, but best known for his prose book, *Lanterns on the Levee*. His home was a wonderful nurturing influence for the budding writer.

Walker Percy went to the University of North Carolina and then to the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Columbia University in New York. After

medical school, ironically, he had a protracted bout with tuberculosis. He became a physician but soon decided that he would not practice and withdrew into a period of intensive reading and self-searching. From this he emerged as a writer of philosophical essays, later to return with remarkable success to the medium of thoughtful fiction. He married, and together with his wife became a convert to Roman Catholicism. He lives in Louisiana, just outside New Orleans.

Percy's novels include *The Moviegoer* (1961), which won the National Book Award, *The Last Gentleman* (1966), *Love in the Ruins* with its provocative subtitle, "The Adventures of a Bad Catholic at a Time Near the End of the World" (1971), and *Lancelot* (1977). In 1975 appeared a collection of his essays from as far back as 1954, under the title *The Message in the Bottle: How Queer Man Is, How Queer Language Is, and What One Has to Do with the Other*.

Quite unlike the novels, which have the grace and accessibility of good art, many of Percy's essays, and much of Dr. Coles's critical book, are heavy going for those not extensively conversant with Kierkegaard, linguistics, symbolic language and the like. With a few exceptions, Percy's essays say little to me, and that is true of some long sections of Dr. Coles's study. It is the novelist who attracts me in Percy, and in the Coles book it is the straightforward discussion

of the man and of the novels that I find rewarding.

Dr. Coles, who has become a friend of the novelist, pays a rare personal tribute, in connection with his own five-volume major work, *Children of Crisis*, about the responses of young blacks and young whites to desegregation and other social changes of recent years.

I have relied upon Dr. Percy's ideas constantly in the course of that work—to the point that I can scarcely imagine how I would have thought about either my own life or the lives of the children, parents, teachers I have met, were he to have decided ... to keep his important and instructive thoughts to himself.... There is in all his writing, and in him personally, a certain modesty and tentativeness—which in turn comes across (as he talks or writes) as a capacity for wonder, awe, surprise, and almost childlike naivete. The characters in his novels, of course, have that "innocence" as a chief characteristic.

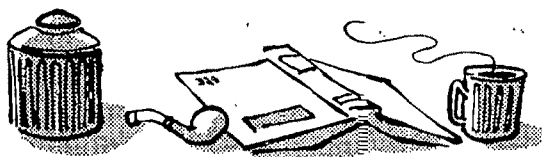
The Path to Fiction

In his medical student days Percy was absorbed in science: "It was a religion for me; I believed that any problem, anything wrong, could be solved by one or another of the sciences." In his self-quest, five years of psychoanalysis failed to bring him a sense of wholeness. It was marriage, religious conversion, and a long withdrawal to find his true vocation that transformed

what he called "the failed physician" into a distinguished writer.

Some of Percy's essays are concerned with what he sees as modern man's "spiritual homelessness" and emotional incompleteness. He wrote, "The most profound of all human needs, the prime requisite for successful living, is to be emotionally inclusive. Socrates, Jesus, Buddha, St. Francis were emotionally inclusive." Yet the essays did not give him full scope. Dr. Coles says that Percy "sensed himself in a maze: how to make his 'message' come closer to the lives of others—connect with their human sensibilities. By the late 1950s he had come upon an answer: escape the maze, leap over the wall, write novels." It is interesting that Aldous Huxley, who also wrote philosophical nonfiction, came to the conclusion that fiction was the finest medium in which to express philosophy, saying, "Dostoevsky is six times as profound as Kierkegaard." In fiction, he added, you can "keep these tremendous ideas alive in a concrete form ... you have the reconciliation of the absolute and the relative, so to speak, the expression of the general in the particular." Percy, too, had discovered that.

In *Love in the Ruins*, Percy's principal character says: "Nothing is quite like it's cracked up to be. And nobody is crazier than people." For me that strikes a resonance with Thornton Wilder's line in *Our Town*: "Wherever you come near the human race, there's layers and layers of nonsense."



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FOUR RUPEES



SUMMER 1980

THE BUREAU AMERICAN

THE UNIVERSITY AND SOCIETY

Steven Muller

TOWARD A NEW AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

Adele Simmons and James O. Wilson

HARVARD'S REVISION: TWO VIEWS

Theodore M. Hesburgh

QUALITY AND EQUALITY

Gus Tyler

EDUCATING THE PROLETARIAT

James R. Mellow

BROOK FARM: AN AMERICAN UTOPIA

Erik Eckholm

LAND REFORM AND DEVELOPMENT

Suzanne O'Malley

AMERICA'S RIVAL ACTING SCHOOLS

Albert Rosenfeld

THE MORAL DILEMMAS OF MODERN NOVEL

John Romano

THE SALINGER MYSTIQUE

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A NOTE TO THE READER

Higher education in America is entering a new era. The postwar period, which included more drastic changes in education than perhaps any other time in U.S. history, is over. But the signposts for the future are ambiguous and elusive. Since World War II many American universities continued in the closer relationship with the federal government that had developed as part of the war effort. That relationship was born of mutual need, but now, as Johns Hopkins University's Steven Muller notes in our first article, it is time to chart a different course. The postwar period also was transformed by the influx into the universities of huge numbers of returning soldiers whose higher education was subsidized by the government. This led to a great expansion of the number of two-year and community colleges, a development unique to the American system. The 1960s saw a civil rights revolution that encouraged more blacks to enter the universities. In the same period a general student militancy rocked the educational establishment.

These major changes created a need for reform, for reassessment of the university's relationship to the society which it serves and which sustains it. The nation's leading educators are now engaged in this reassessment, which is reflected in the range of articles we have included in our special section.

The rest of this issue, the first of our 13th year of publication, addresses a variety of subjects—a historical account of America's 19th century profusion of utopian experiments; a global survey of land reform efforts; the bitter rivalry of the two schools of acting that have trained most of the leading U.S. actors; an essay on where modern biology is leading us; an appreciation of J.D. Salinger, America's mystery man of letters; and other articles and reviews.

Geoffrey Gould

The University and Society

TOWARD A NEW AMERICAN UNIVERSITY

By Steven Muller

To open our discussion of the role of the university in the larger society around it we have selected the president of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore, Maryland, who brings to the task both his experience as a university administrator and a scholar's sensitivity. Dr. Muller directs most of his attention to the relationship of American universities with the U.S. government, which began during World War II in mutual agreement to marshal every resource of the nation toward prevailing in what was nearly universally accepted as a just cause, and which persisted long after the war. That relationship now has entered a period of profound change and reaction. Dr. Muller explores the complex implications of this period and the new directions universities are formulating for the future.



Steven Muller was born in Germany and became an American citizen in 1940. After undergraduate work at the University of California at Los Angeles, he was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford University in England and later earned a doctorate in literature at Cornell University, where he entered university administration. He joined Johns Hopkins as provost in 1972. This article appeared in *Daedalus* magazine, from which it is excerpted.

We are not where we were. That much is obvious on every campus. We are moving, but not as yet with clear purpose, direction, or confidence. Most palpably evident still is our sense of loss: the American research university yearns to return to the 1950s and early 1960s. After that period came the great upheaval. We survived. But even though we know ever more clearly that the crisis of the late 1960s marked the end of a time during which we flourished, we search still for a new beginning. The fact is that we were spoiled. We took a great deal for granted—affluence, growth, the respect of society, a clear sense of purpose—all now diminished. We are not where we were, and there is no going back. A new American university is taking shape. Its features are still obscure. The traits that will define those features are becoming describable.

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The yearning for the recent past by the American research university is still so great as to inhibit the needed evolution of a new partnership with the federal government. Therefore what must be understood is that the quarter century between 1941 and the mid-1960s was abnormal. In an overall sense the American university was mobilized for World War II by the federal government in 1941, and demobilization did not occur until 25 years later. When the United States went to war in 1941, so did the American research university. Some faculty and students served the war effort off-campus; others were involved with on-campus training for the armed services; research was needed, and new laboratories were founded for the purpose, with federal funds and under university auspices.

War's end brought not demobilization but the Cold War. National defense research continued, still under university auspices, as the era of nuclear weapons, unmanned missiles and space flight unfolded. Federal sponsorship of research in basic science became for a time a national security priority. For a few years Korea was the scene of a return to real war. The Cold War enveloped the Third World. Here also the universities were enlisted. Foreign-language and area studies under the National Defense Education Act; assistance to developing nations by faculties under contracts and grants from the U.S. Agency for International Development; and even the training of Peace Corps volunteers by university staff, on and off the campus—all were evidence of the continued mobilization of the American university in the national security interest. In this very general sense the still-mobilized American university was drawn into Vietnam as the United States became more and more deeply committed there. The disaster of that commitment troubled the partnership between government and university; in large part produced the student revolt of the late 1960s; and ended in the partial demobilization of the 1970s, and with a distance between government and university that was not in fact new but that had not existed during the preceding 25 years.

Mobilization by Choice

To speak of the American research university as having remained in a large sense mobilized by the federal government for so long must in no way be taken to mean that the university was enslaved. Quite the contrary: mobilization for the most part reflected a partnership entered into with enthusiasm, first at the outbreak of a war that was nearly unanimously regarded as just, and later sustained by the prevailing preference of both parties. The cooperation of the university was consistently less demanded than volunteered. The idealism of the international assistance effort in general, and the Peace Corps in particular, was sincere and honorable. Dissent on the campus was not stifled. If any proof were needed that the university remained mobilized by choice it can easily be found in the fact that when Vietnam changed the university's choice the partnership of mobilization came to an end.

Toward a New American University

No, a quarter century of mobilization did not enslave the university. It brought with it, from government and society, unprecedented and sustained support, prestige, encouragement of growth and prevailing confidence. But for all that, a price was paid. The consequences were excessive university dependence on government; exaggeration within the university of the virtues of applied research; and a pervasive university expectation of affluence. By now, the American university knows the penalties of excessive dependence on the federal government. Ambitious programs of basic research, foreign-language and area studies, and graduate education are shrinking because support once lavishly given was abruptly withdrawn. On the campus yesterday's partner now appears increasingly as today's oppressor, indispensable but stingy, and ever more intrusive. But there is also the prospect of a new relationship.

National Interest

The federal government and the American research university continue to need each other. Even though the government's mobilization of the university, and the university's readiness to remain mobilized, have ended, a high level of national interest in the university's services remains, and still includes a substantial national security component. As for the research university, its dependence on national government for support of much of its large-scale research is natural and unavoidable. The issue for the university, therefore, is not dependence on government, but the degree and conditions of an inevitable dependence.

The new American university will seek to receive federal support for research on the basis of substantial long-term funding. An effort will be made to designate selected universities as major research centers and to obtain endowment for them as such. In order to include the largest possible number of research universities, this effort may take the form of suggesting that major research centers be designated by area of research rather than on a universal basis; so as to make it possible, for instance, for one institution to be endowed as a major research center in one area, such as cellular biology, whereas another university might be endowed for a quite different area, such as environmental engineering. The federal government is likely to respond positively at least in some measure to these university suggestions. They are practical and reasonable, and government remains dependent on the major research universities for research and training in the national interest. Therefore, government has its own unavoidable stake in the viability of the new American university, as well as in the continued desire of the university to engage in needed research and training.

The new American university will also resist the tendency of the federal government to attach a growing body of regulations and conditions to its

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measures of support for higher education. At stake is the essential need of the university to maintain the unfettered freedom of the human mind to apply its powers and methods of reason. On the one hand it is precisely the unfettering of reason which occurred in the Enlightenment of the 18th century that permitted the development of modern science, and which allowed the university to become the mighty and productive engine of science represented by today's great academic research institutions. On the other hand, the free exercise of reason means not loose speculation, but disciplined, rigorous, relentlessly unprejudiced testing of ideas against observable reality and, therefore, is totally dependent on the existence of standards for the conduct of work and the selection of participants that promote rational competence and defy the inhibitions of prejudice (meaning prejudgment not founded in rational analysis) in every form. It is not accident but cause that the modern research university has flourished within societies whose governments are limited in their powers to impose the tyranny of orthodoxy on research and teaching. Academic freedom in this sense spells self-preservation—preservation of the ability of the university to select and promote faculty and students, and to maintain standards of research, in accord with criteria insulated as much as possible from the pressures of public sentiment that otherwise would restrict the free and full exercise of reason.

The Will to Resist

What the new American university must realize is that, on the issue of freedom of reason, exposition and persuasion alone will not suffice. The tendency of representative government to impose in all respects the prevailing sentiments of the public majority is as natural and fundamental as the need of the scientific university to resist that tendency directed against itself. The key word is *resist*. Excessive dominion on the part of government seldom results from malevolent will that is ruthlessly enforced. It grows from the frailty of resistance on the part of the governed, who accept successive mixtures of benefits and burdens until it is too late and they have become subjects rather than remaining citizens. Fear of the tyranny of the majority evoked the concept of limited government. Obviously this occurred without thought being given to the university specifically. But the American university is uniquely blessed both by a constitutional framework and a political tradition and climate that can sustain its resistance to excessive impositions by the federal government—if the university itself has the need and the will to resist.

Nowhere is it ordained that the university institution shall be richly well supported and untroubled—especially not the modern research university committed to free science and reason in the midst of human societies that at their best tolerate reason and freedom only within limits. The first reaction of the demobilized American university to the altered relationship

Toward a New American University

with the federal government therefore still suffers from the shock of restored normalcy and its consequences. The new American university's emergence has to be based on full recognition that affluence too is a relative good. Self-preservation may depend more on freedom retained than on funding, no matter how desirable or urgent the need for such funding may appear. The integrity of free science is of greater fundamental importance than the resources at its disposal.

Emphasis on Research

Another consequence of prolonged mobilization is an imbalance within the university caused by excessive emphasis on the application of science and research. The generation of applicable knowledge—and training—is a natural and desirable component of university work. Equally natural and also legitimate is the priority which government and society at large attach to the usable fruit of research. During the period of mobilization both government and university prized the applicable results of rational inquiry so highly and for so long that the reward system within the university became distorted. Support for research and salaries became most readily available for scholars whose work had the appearance of social applicability. Recently, when federal support of basic research dwindled and enrollments ceased rising, the university found itself with an internal reward system less oriented to pure merit of scholarship than to the social utility of scholarship. Applied research, however, can in the long run maintain high quality only when rooted in the rich soil of pure and basic research. This alone demands a readjustment of the university's internal system of reward.

But other facets compound the problem. Emphasis on socially applicable research within the university during the period of mobilization combined with an unplanned and virtually unacknowledged deemphasis on values within the university, as well as with a diminution of the university's most traditional role in the transmission of fundamental values to successive generations of students. The decline of emphasis on values was in so many ways related to the period of mobilization that it must be regarded as a negative legacy of mobilization which a changing American university must overcome.

The Rise of Technology

In the context of mobilization, the American university appears to have suffered an inner erosion of values that went far beyond a simple overemphasis on the virtues of applied research. The chain of events began with the extraordinary success of physical science, in the early part of the century, most notably in physics and mathematics. Science produced new marvels of technology. To the extent that Russia and America won World War II as nations, so did technology as a phenomenon. Inevitably, sci-

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ence—a form of human creativity—became somewhat confused with technology, the application of science to human and material conditions. In the past there had been science without immediate technological consequences. In the 20th century it was no longer commonly so. So much technology had resulted from science that technological consequences were expected from new science as a matter of course. It came to seem now that any science that produced no new technology might, solely for that reason, lack validity.

Science itself is the fruit of brilliant human reason coupled with intuition. It deals with matter, and is therefore largely susceptible to rigorous testing and evaluation of the material results it predicts. Admirable as are its reasoning and intuition, even more admirable are its inflexible standards of proved authenticity and—in our time—its ultimate technological benefits. In this admiring spirit, it is merely logical to ask why the study of man and society should not also be science, subject also to the same measured proof and rewarded equally by resultant technology. The American university did more than ask the question. It answered, “Why not?” and gave a solid try.

The Growth of the Social Sciences

In the years after 1945, a spectacular change took place on campus in the disciplines grouped together as social science. Economics exploded into new realms of mathematical abstraction, system modeling and statistical evaluation. Political science turned from its classical tradition and adopted the theories and methods of sociology. Anthropology also adopted sociological theory and methodology and became an applied field in a wholly new sense, as American anthropologists studied developing peoples in pursuit of patterns of social modernization as well as for the sake of research. With the help of academic European refugees, psychiatry emerged as a vigorous new field of its own; social psychology also turned wholly to quantitative techniques; behavioral psychology was already primarily a laboratory science. This transformation of the study of man in society into social science had a single guiding aim: scientific objectivity. The banner that flew over the social sciences read “value free.” The leading social scientists were those best able to point with pride to the objective and carefully measured quality of their analysis.

Criticism and Scientific Method

In the other fields of the humanities, particularly English and literature, the temptation to apply quantitative techniques to criticism was inevitably followed. History, astraddle the boundary between humanities and social science, found new rewards in the application of sociological methods to its material. Whereas a few disciplines, such as classics, and many older scholars failed to make the adjustment, the bulk of the humanities followed the

social sciences toward the adaptation of scientific method and quantitative techniques for testing hypotheses. They neither resisted the trend nor opposed it.

The American university that is newly emerging in the wake of demobilization is making a start toward the correction of the fundamental imbalance which has occurred. Vietnam and Watergate put an end both to mobilization and to the prevailing ideology that lent it justification. It is also once again becoming clear that there can be no such thing as a value-free university. That this is so in practice became painfully evident during the crisis of the American university of the late 1960s. During that crisis it became apparent that the common core of values, to which students and faculty might have rallied, had substantially disintegrated. The university, therefore, has since been engaged in the difficult effort to rebuild consensus on the campus and has recognized the practical need for this purpose of a restored system of values. And of course, a value-free university is also not possible in principle.

There is no value-free science. The confusion that has arisen on this point is stupid and damaging. The scientific method is emotion-free. In its perfect application it proceeds rigorously regardless of values to which there may be deep emotional reactions pro or con. But that does not make it value-free. Science is nothing more than the application of human reason in the most logical manner possible. Therefore, reason is a value upon which it rests. And because it is human reason that is involved, science also is founded inextricably upon human life as a value, and upon the rational conduct of that life. The inner core of values of the modern university is therefore founded upon reason and its rigorous application.

The health of the new American university depends on its ability to strike a new and sound internal balance. Basic research and pure scholarship must once again be accorded their due. Fundamental values within the university must receive reemphasis. The traditional function of the university in the transmission of values must be restored. The trend that will most mark the emerging features of the new American university is found in its curriculum. Because self-renewal must be animated by innovation, needed curricular revisions are likely to compose the vehicle for a university reformation.

What Should be Taught?

One of the imperatives that impels the American university toward curricular revision is correction of another imbalance: the present overemphasis on vocational and professional preparation in the training of students. Recognition of the problem is already widely shared; corrective measures are already being attempted. Students in the university have been instructed in highly specialized knowledge to an ever more intensive degree. This has been the natural result of the rapid diversification and sophistication of the state of knowledge and the unavoidably allied tendency of facul-

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ty expertise also to become diversified and sophisticated, and in the process also fragmented. At least four adverse consequences for students have recently become apparent. They increasingly tend to lack command of a common core of basic knowledge; in part because they are encouraged to specialize too soon, in part also because faculty interest and competence in the teaching of basic knowledge has been diminishing. Students in the university are also being prepared up to the most advanced state of their specialized field of instruction; but the further refinement of knowledge continues to develop so rapidly that what students learn so thoroughly in the final and most intensive phases of university preparation is superseded by new advances within a decade or less. At the same time, the number of openings for employment or further study for which intensely specialized preparation is required has been declining; and those students who as a result are not placed in such desired openings are then doubly frustrated. Finally, the joy of learning and the intellectual stimulus for students has been undercut by the growing tendency to regard university education purely as vocational or professional preparation; with the result that it has been described more and more exclusively as an economic investment, to be judged solely on the basis of ultimate economic return; it has also attained increasingly the aspect of an economic competition among students.

Continuing Education

These very same perceived negative consequences of the regular university curriculum have also already led to the rapid expansion of a new curriculum of the university that serves the purpose of continuing education. Earlier part-time university curricula for working adults had been designed primarily for those who had missed the opportunity for full-time higher education before taking employment, or for those who wished to pursue their specialized studies further while at the same time retaining employment. Recently, however, university graduates in accelerating numbers have been returning for part-time study with additional and different motives. The most highly specialized graduates have begun to return to catch up once more with the advances in the state of their art that may have revolutionized their specialty during the relatively short interval since they took their degrees. Numbers of them have found their field superseded altogether by new knowledge and technology, so that they return to transmute their old specialty into a more applicable new discipline. Still others have discovered themselves to be too narrowly trained. They return for at least part of the general education that was earlier sacrificed to premature overspecialization.

In response, the American university is newly preoccupied with attempts to rebuild general liberal education within the regular curriculum on the one hand, and to realize on the other hand the full potential of changing and expanded demand for continuing education. But promising as these attempts may appear to be so far, they must be viewed as merely

Toward a New American University

the stage of infancy of the new American university that is emerging. General liberal education is so closely linked to a value system that its restoration must go hand in hand with the reemphasis on values within the university which is only just beginning.

New Educational Tools

The future is unpredictable. Nevertheless, the best assumption appears to be that the new American university is at the threshold of a curricular revolution whose consequences will define its novelty. The chief agent of this revolution—in two very different ways—will be technology. New educational technology is already becoming a vital force in the development of curricula for continuing education. Film, radio, television, computers and recordings are all already in use as educational tools. The pocket calculator is one example of how cheap and personally accessible the new technology can be. The television recording, the video-telephone and other refinements appear imminent. Computer-based instruction is less and less experimental and expensive. For years the fear among educators has been that technological devices might replace the human element in education and should be resisted. Now it is becoming more credible that these technological devices are no more than tools of the teacher, and in fact may free him or her to interact personally with numbers of students in a manner superior to their encounter without technological assistance. One may even speculate that American society might solve the problem of democratic mass education without lowering standards, because the promise of the new educational technology is an achievable common standard at an extraordinarily high level.

The new American university may thus emerge as an institution liberated significantly from earlier constraints of space and of human age. The outreach of the university will become vast. Members of its faculty will be able to interact personally by means of new communications technology with colleagues and students across the world, ultimately without doubt across barriers of language as well as space. One implication is that the relationship between matriculant and university will become life-long, regardless of geography. Allied to that is the implication that what the youthful student first learns in residence can be truly basic, because he or she will remain literally a life-long student who can tap the resources of the university not only by returning there, but at home and on the job. Another implication is that the discipline of learning can once again be placed squarely on the student, where it must be, in that the student's progress can be tested and reinforced at every step by technology.

A New Humanism

On a far more profound level, technology may also become a major ingredient in the redefinition of general liberal education. It is an observable fact that university students may at their best be literate, numerate and

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highly competent in their specialty; but also in large numbers they are profoundly ignorant of the technology already in daily use. How many highly educated people today understand the inner workings of their televisions, their calculators, their microwave ovens, or even their automobiles and telephones? Can human reason continue to flourish in a society whose most widely used artifacts, even though derived from applied reason in the form of science, seem to their users to be mysteries that defy analysis, understanding and, to a perceivable extent, control?

A new humanism of individual comprehension of technology might become the catalyst around which the value system of the university would revive in new form. It might also be the catalyst of a new liberal curriculum. In such a curriculum such essentials as literacy, numeracy, command of history and other basic ingredients of education would have their necessary place, but the driving animus would be the effort to build individual mastery of the most essential components of everyday life.

"One World" Now

More should be added to a new liberal curriculum. The fact that society is undergoing rapid, drastic change is well understood and closely studied within the American university. But the focus of such study is still essentially national rather than international, and that is becoming an indefensible anachronism. Global interdependence is easy to demonstrate: picture the not atypical American, with a German car, a Japanese camera, a shirt made in Hong Kong, Italian shoes, a television set assembled in Taiwan, drinking Colombian coffee, driving on Middle East oil—the inventory could go on and on. The fact is that international studies remain too much a specialized field in the American university. Begun during the period of mobilization for the sake of training specialists, international studies should now at last take root in the curriculum of the newly emerging American university. Humanism never squared with nationalism; a new humanism should educate for familiarity with the reality of an international society as well as with technology. One world is neither vision nor ideal. Politicoeconomically, one world is hard, unsettling, radicalizing fact.

A conclusion must be attempted. It is that a new American university is indeed beginning to manifest itself, and that its prospects appear to be both brighter and very different from what is currently perceived. A major preoccupation of the university at the moment is its relationship to the federal government. We have suggested that this relationship was both abnormally close and imbalanced during the 25 years after 1941 that we have called the period of mobilization. Although these were years of growth and achievement, they were not necessarily golden years. A new partnership between government and university is in view—less close, more balanced—demanding of the university a ceaseless struggle to maintain support while retaining autonomy. In this respect the immediate chal-

Toward a New American University

lenge to the new American university is to shake off nostalgia for a recent past in which too much was wrongly taken for granted, and regain self-confidence.

Door to the Future

The great dread of the American research university in the wake of demobilization is stagnation. Fear abounds that lack of growth, declining enrollments and support, lack of faculty mobility and the resulting aging of faculties will in combination produce a university institution deprived of self-renewal. This fear is matched by concern that in a climate of dejection and reduction internal rivalries within the university will further traumatize a governance structure still shaken by the trauma of the late 1960s; especially because no internal consensus of values has yet been recreated in the university. Such fear and concern stem from real problems that we have not discussed. Instead our conclusion is that the new American university is already beginning to be shaped according to a new agenda that will solve such problems over time. The visible opportunity to strive for a new curriculum, inspired by the values of a new humanism, realizing the potential for the university of the new technology of education is the opening door to the future. We are not where we were. We can see where we are going. It is worth getting there. We are already moving. It is time to pick up the pace.



Harvard's Curriculum Revision: Two Views

1. A TIMID REFORM, A MODEST ADVANCE

By Adele Simmons .



Probably the most significant development of the past several years in American higher education has been Harvard University's ongoing effort to make its sprawling curriculum more responsive (and responsible) in today's complex, confusing technical society. It has taken the form of a "core curriculum," courses covering the basic components of the arts and sciences, that would be required for all its undergraduates (in addition to their major areas of study) to give them the most comprehensive, well-rounded education possible. Because of Harvard's preeminent position among the nation's leading universities, this initiative has been greeted with widespread approval. But it also has drawn criticism, of which this article, adapted from *Harper's* magazine, is an example.

Adele Simmons, a graduate of Radcliffe College (a part of Harvard), earned her doctorate in social science at Oxford University, England, and specializes in African studies. She was a dean at Tufts University and later Dean of Student Affairs at Princeton University. In 1977 she became president of Hampshire College, an experimental college at Amherst, Massachusetts. She has served on President Carter's Commission on World Hunger, the Council on Foreign Relations, is a trustee of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching, and is a member of Harvard's Board of Overseers.

In February 1978, Henry Rosovsky, dean of the Harvard University faculty, circulated to the Harvard community copies of a 36-page typescript entitled "Report on the Core Curriculum," a set of guidelines for some changes in that portion of the undergraduate program known as general education. At the university, reaction was mild, but the press has celebrated the report as a significant reform and a vindication of those who for more than a decade have decried an erosion of academic standards in undergraduate education. *The New York Times* editorialized its hope that "the Harvard way becomes the nation's way." Many who have read the report closely are, like Henry Rosovsky himself, surprised at the flurry of attention it has received.

Calls for a dramatic revision of undergraduate curricula have been made

throughout the history of higher education. The present restiveness at Harvard has been growing for some years as the rules have been relaxed regarding what courses students may take to satisfy the general education requirements. Faculty members have confessed embarrassment and dismay that graduates are welcomed "to the company of educated men and women," a traditional phrase at Harvard graduation ceremonies, each June simply for having passed a required number of courses, without necessarily having mastered any common set of skills or body of knowledge. Harvard's distress has been echoed at other institutions around the country and was summed up in the finding of the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education in 1977: "General education in America is a disaster area."

Against these frustrations any reform Harvard might have proposed was likely to be greeted with enthusiasm. Disarmed by the title of the report, the public was quick to suppose that the core curriculum would prescribe common courses and reduce the number of electives allowed undergraduates. But the differences between what the report in fact proposes and what its title implies are considerable.

Defining Core Curriculum

Let us first establish what the proposed core curriculum is not. For one thing, it is not what most of us understand by the phrase *core curriculum*. Frederick Rudolph, a historian of education, offers this definition: "Core . . . programs are common, tightly knit, yet broad and often interdisciplinary series of courses usually required of all students." In a pure core curriculum, all students take the same courses. The modern prototype of core curricula was established in 1937 when Stringfellow Barr and Scott Buchanan, two advisers to Robert Maynard Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, went off to rescue the floundering St. John's College in Annapolis, Maryland. Since then, all students at St. John's have studied the same 120 "classics of Western civilization," and only these "Great Books," during the four undergraduate years. In contrast, Harvard's so-called core curriculum asks students to select eight from about 100 courses.

The Harvard report might legitimately have claimed the rubric of "core curriculum" if it had mandated even one or two courses such as those required of all undergraduates at Columbia University and Reed College. But it did not.

Part of the public pleasure in the Harvard report seems to arise from the expectation that a core curriculum will supply undergraduates with a basic armament of common learning. Like the popular support for minimal competency standards in secondary schools, the notion that the educated share a single set of facts and ideas is satisfyingly simple. It gratifies our need to perceive society as unified and consensual in the face of ample evidence to the contrary. But the "Report on the Core Curriculum" expressly

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denies that it intends to furnish any common core: "We are not proposing an identical set of courses for all students, and we are not proposing an even-handed introduction to all fields of knowledge. . . . We do not think there is a single set of Great Books that every educated person must master." Those who look to Harvard to define a body of knowledge common to all educated people must be disappointed.

What the Harvard core curriculum does require is that every student take at least one course in seven or eight of the following areas: (1) literature and the arts, (2) history, (3) social and philosophical analysis, (4) science and mathematics, (5) foreign languages and cultures. In each of these areas, students will select from a list of eight to ten approved courses, some specially designed for the core curriculum, some adapted from present offerings. It is intended that all courses on the list in any area will impart the "mode of understanding" characteristic of that area. The "core" of Harvard's new curriculum is the mastery of these modes of understanding.

Neither does the proposed core curriculum reduce the number of electives taken by Harvard men and women. Under the present scheme, an undergraduate takes 32 one-semester courses to earn the bachelor's degree—16 in the major field, eight to fulfill the general-education requirements, and eight free electives. Under the proposed scheme, which won't be fully in effect until 1983, an undergraduate would take 16 in the major (as before), as few as seven to fulfill the core curriculum requirements, and as many as nine free electives—one more than is currently permitted.

Victory over Inertia

Not a core curriculum, the new curriculum is also not radically new. By the current rules, a student's eight general-education courses are chosen from more than 800 and distributed over three broad areas: humanities, social sciences and natural sciences. Under the new rules, a student will select seven or eight courses from an estimated 100 alternatives distributed over ten areas. Given the notorious difficulty of effecting any changes at all in college curricula, Dean Rosovsky and his colleagues deserve credit for a victory over institutional inertia, but the result is hardly dramatic reform. By slicing the pie of learning into not three portions but ten, and by reducing the choices from 800 courses to 100, the revised curriculum may be regarded, as philosopher and educator Mortimer Adler recently said, "as some check on the indigestible smorgasbord of the elective system, but it can hardly be defended as a restoration of the truly general education."

Nothing in the "Report on the Core Curriculum" offers other institutions an example of thorough reform. Nonetheless, *Saturday Review* called the report "a quiet revolution." Consumer advocate Ralph Nader, who has a reputation for looking at innovations with a critical eye, characterized the report as mandating "more required courses and fewer electives." Why, one wonders, do so many people see in the report what is not there?

A Timid Reform, A Modest Advance

I think they are simply clothing the Emperor. In higher education as in other social institutions, Americans crave order, the restoration of absolutes, and the reassertion of traditional values. For many, especially parents, the tendency of universities in the late 1960s and early 1970s to permit undergraduates more latitude in choosing their programs, and in some instances, to reduce or eliminate general-education requirements manifests the anarchy of those years. People remember the 1960s not just as chaotic but as nihilistic. Liberty became license; freedom ran amok. The widespread reaction to the "Report on the Core Curriculum" reflects a desire of many Americans to believe that the academy, led by Harvard, is assuming an authority they themselves have abdicated and is taking charge of their children.

Education and Democracy

There are real dangers, I believe, both in greeting the Harvard report as genuine reform and in basing judgments about what is best in higher education on reactions against what we believe happened in the 1960s and 1970s. Particularly as we try to strengthen general education, we must create new forms, not copies of a pale revision of programs past.

A single vignette may illustrate my view of the task in undergraduate education. One night last winter, a student who came to my house for dinner announced that she would have to leave early to attend a meeting. She was a member of a Town of Amherst citizens' committee that had been convened to make recommendations about what recombinant DNA research would be permitted in the town. [The possibility that recombinant DNA research might produce hitherto unknown and dangerous disease pathogens has caused alarm among both scientists and citizens. In some communities citizen committees have been set up to establish rules and safeguards.]

This young woman was not a specialist in genetics; she was simply a concerned citizen. Clearly society expects colleges to prepare nonspecialists to sit on such committees and exercise informed judgment about such questions. That is one function of general education in a democratic society, and to fulfill it well may be the most important job of educators today.

It may be that the future, to members of any generation, always looks more fragile and demanding than the present could possibly have appeared to their fathers and mothers. Even acknowledging a degree of generational parallax, I believe that today's undergraduates will need an unprecedented breadth of knowledge and richness of imagination. The technical and moral subtleties of the decisions they will face can leave one defenseless before the temptation simply to renounce personal responsibility. Undergraduate education must prepare the student not to walk away from choices, not to leave them to the experts.

The temptation not to act—or to respond to complexity by acting reflex-

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ively, according to the demagogic examples that are always plentiful—is made more attractive as knowledge multiplies and traditional paradigms of moral behavior lose force in society. Relatively little uncertainty surrounded the decision of American men and women after Pearl Harbor to take up arms against the Nazis, and the right moral choices quickly became clear during the era of civil-rights agitation. But today right choices appear elusive, and the strain created by living with moral ambiguity is already distorting the responses of many Americans.

This is a time of single-issue politics. Traditional assumptions about life's very nature and value seem to be threatened by cryogenics, extrauterine conception and recombinant DNA research. In reaction, citizens try to ward off anxiety and uncertainty by taking simple positions—usually against change in the status quo. The growing tendency of voters to judge a candidate on the basis of on only one issue—be it abortion, tax reform, or capital punishment—threatens representative government and typifies the danger an ill-educated electorate poses in times of stress.

The Need for Diversity

Nobody has yet empirically demonstrated that one curriculum achieves a more thorough general education and broader literacy than another. Research has singled out no one program as superior. Education is not so much a science as a civil religion, arguably *the* American religion. In an increasingly secular society, education has come to be seen as a means of practical salvation from poverty and powerlessness. One school of social critics argues that our educational institutions do not promote upward mobility; yet faith in education persists.

Debates about curriculum are essentially “religious,” then. In these terms, the kind of curriculum reform represented in the Harvard report corresponds to the work of the Talmudic scholars who reinterpret texts that are themselves reinterpretations of reinterpretations. Harvard's reworking of the existing general-education program is similarly just a revision. Every institution of undergraduate education should reexamine the purpose of general education and formulate its own program. And because no one approach will be demonstrably best, we should encourage a diversity of programs. We must guard against the tendency to see the programs adopted at Harvard, the *sanctum sanctorum*, as the infallible doctrine by which all other programs may be judged orthodox or heretical. Other, more innovative approaches can be equally rigorous and valuable instruments of instruction. For example, learning of a most useful kind often occurs when students are permitted to participate in the design of their own education. Active, responsible citizenship requires independence of thought, an ability to find issues for one's self and experience in discovering modes of inquiry that fit the problem at hand. I do not suggest that students be set adrift, but that they work in responsible partnership with faculty.

A Timid Reform, A Modest Advance

My own general education in the natural sciences provides a case in point. As a woman student at Radcliffe College typically phobic about courses in the "hard" sciences, I fulfilled the distribution requirement in natural science by taking an easy geology course. I learned little of geology and, more distressing, almost nothing of the scientific method.

Freedom to Choose

In contrast, a young dancer at Hampshire College who had a similar antipathy for science declared that she would never graduate because she could not fulfill the college requirement in natural science. Members of the science faculty met with her and determined what in the sciences bore a relation of significance to her work as a dancer. She fulfilled the science requirement by completing a study of muscles and movement, mastering in the course of her work both physiology and aspects of biochemistry. I am confident that she knows more about the modes of inquiry characteristic of science than I knew when I finished my perfunctory geology course.

The students' experience when allowed to educate themselves with the advice of wiser elders suggests that the freedom to choose is an advantage in learning. Yet precisely because students sought such freedom in the late 1960s and early 1970s it is rejected now. Can thoughtful people really be satisfied with the pendulum metaphor as a justification for educational policies?

Another curricular innovation that might strengthen undergraduate education is directed toward a goal long sought with mixed success by educators. The complexity of social and environmental issues (to give two examples only) dictates interdisciplinary attempts to solve them and underscores the value of interdisciplinary training.

The report seems to offer hope for interdisciplinary collaboration, given its titles for three of the five categories of required courses (literature *and* the arts, social *and* philosophical analysis, foreign languages *and* cultures), but these yokings are in fact matters of administrative convenience—the result of reducing the number of categories to five from eight, a total the Harvard faculty rejected.

Moving a Graveyard

Sadly, educational reform of the sort suggested here is opposed by the powerful self-interest of most faculty members and the current preoccupations of many undergraduates and parents.

The conservative nature and plain obstinacy of some faculty have always hindered reform. Woodrow Wilson, while president of Princeton University, complained that "reforming a college curriculum is as difficult as moving a graveyard." This parochialism has been the bane of reformers—and the principal focus of reform—since the turn of the century, when departments became the basic political unit of college faculties. (The last reform of general education at Harvard, for example, was a reaction against just

this narrow specialization, which then-President James B. Conant believed threatened to deprive the United States of leaders with a broad, balanced outlook. In 1945, Conant proposed a program to "counteract the tides of specialization which were beginning to engulf not only students and scholars but the foundations of a free society.")

Most faculty members limit themselves to research and teaching within their specialties because they were trained to do so and because they are rewarded most richly for doing so. Among academics, little prestige is earned by teaching students who major in other fields, much less by teaming up with colleagues in other peculiar activities suggested from time to time by advocates of interdisciplinary learning. When undergraduates begin to work on their majors, they learn these same values and adopt them as part of their preparation for graduate school. In these circumstances, undergraduates rarely have the chance to observe and learn the ways of collaborative problem solving, either among specialists in the same discipline or, less likely still, among colleagues from different fields. Nor are students encouraged to cooperate in their own work. The system of undergraduate assignments and evaluations, and the behavior rewarded in class discussion, encourage a proprietary, exclusive attitude toward knowledge and the fruits of research. Teamwork is viewed with suspicion in the very institutions that purport to prepare citizens for a future in which survival itself may depend on effective collaboration.

Much of the debate over "declining standards" during the past decade has alluded to the faculty's having abdicated responsibility for general education, surrendering—as if unwillingly—to the pressure from students for more control over their own education. The truth is that the demand from students for the right to pursue whatever general education they choose coincided with the preference of many faculties to disentangle themselves from the enterprise. Since the turn of the century and the departments' rise to power in university politics, faculty members have increasingly claimed sovereignty over less and less outside their fields of specialization. It is unrealistic to expect faculty members devoted to their departments to sacrifice time for general education unless there first occurs a profound change in the way graduate students are indoctrinated and professors are rewarded.

The Conditions for Change

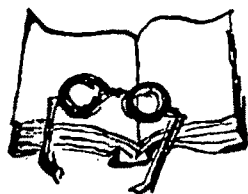
If the Harvard core curriculum is a timid reform and not a sufficient model for the rest of higher education, it is at least a modest change from what went before, and for that it deserves recognition. In the past decade, curriculum committees at Yale and Princeton Universities have spent long hours in earnest debate, but, for reasons of internal politics, in neither institution did more than cosmetic changes result. The new guidelines Harvard has adopted do accomplish some changes of potential significance: the orientation of the present general-education program to Western civiliza-

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tion is abandoned; provincialism is checked through the requirements in foreign language and culture; instead of the former emphasis on survey courses, the new curriculum suggests teaching students the modes of inquiry of the major fields of intellectual discourse, so as to provide access to knowledge. Until the 1980s, when courses are offered in fulfillment of these guidelines, however, one cannot know whether even these revisions will be recognized.

Yet even to have brought the present guidelines through the Harvard legislative process whole is a remarkable political feat. Examples of truly significant reform in higher education are scarce and tend to occur under much more favorable circumstances. The strong general-education program introduced in the 1930s at the University of Chicago, for example, was favored by the unusual capacity for leadership of Robert Maynard Hutchins and the pressure just after the Great Depression to invigorate the undergraduate program so as to attract students and financial support. The introduction of the Great Books curriculum at St. John's was made possible in part by the fact that the college had lost its accreditation and was headed for bankruptcy. Financial exigency made radical innovation possible and saved the institution. In addition to great leadership and extreme fiscal instability, a sense of common values and shared national will seems also to favor curricular change. James B. Conant's 1945 reform took hold in part because the country had just been victorious in World War II and still bristled with noble common purpose.

Educators today labor under none of these propitious conditions. For the most part, instead of charismatic university presidents we have skilled managers and businessmen. University budgets are neither so flush as to afford experimentation nor so crippled as to require radical changes in the product offered for sale. And the United States is today united not by common purpose but by common diffidence. Many entering freshmen and their parents seek an education that leads to job security, not critical and independent thinking. In such circumstances, vigorous efforts to design effective programs in general education become more necessary but less easy. Since the time more than five years ago when Dean Rosovsky decided to press for reform of Harvard's undergraduate curriculum he has involved more than 60 faculty members in hundreds of hours of committee work and debate. Now that he has wrung from Harvard probably as much change as it will suffer, the rest of us should recognize the revision for what it is—and for what it is not—and carry on with the hard work elsewhere.



Harvard's Curriculum Revision: Two Views

2. THE OPPORTUNITY FOR CHANGE

By James Q. Wilson

What kind of values should a university emphasize in its task of producing well-educated men and women? As the world advances into a more and more complicated technological civilization, is it the university's role to produce narrowly specialized scientists, researchers and technicians to deal with it? Or should the university try to preserve in these future leaders a broader comprehension of the cultural, artistic and social threads that have enriched the course of human history? James Q. Wilson, who has played a leading part in the Harvard curriculum reform effort, makes clear that Harvard chose the second course, and that a gratifying consensus has gathered behind that choice. But while honorable men and women may agree in principle, they also can disagree vehemently on methods. In this article, excerpted from *Change*, he tries to answer Harvard's critics.



James Q. Wilson is a professor of government at Harvard and was chairman of the university's Task Force on the Core Curriculum. He is the former director of the Joint Center for Urban Studies (of Harvard and Massachusetts Institute of Technology). He has written a number of books, including *Political Organizations* and *Thinking About Crime*.

Over the last few years, scores of faculty members, students and administrators have been involved in the difficult and still unfinished business of trying to reshape a part of the Harvard University curriculum. There is nothing most of us would like better than to be left alone in this enterprise—not because we have no use for criticism, but because we do not see Harvard as a model for what all colleges and universities ought to be. Believing in the virtues of educational diversity, convinced that colleges have begun to acquire a dulling sameness in their curricula, and knowing that what is possible in one place may be (for reasons of tradition, organization, or finances) impossible or undesirable in another, we have avoided issuing manifestos or claiming any special virtue.

But it is not to be: The emerging debate over curricular change has cast Harvard in the role of exemplar, assumed that whatever it did ought to represent the ideal, and criticized it for falling short of that ideal. The nature of that ideal differs, of course, depending on the critic: Kenneth Lynn,

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writing in *Commentary*, wishes we had created a more coherent, humanistic curriculum based on the great books; Alston Chase, writing in *The Atlantic*, worries that the liberal arts have been so subverted by relativistic social scientists and pandering to student wants as to make any curricular change suspect; and Barry O'Connell, writing in *Change*, protests that elite institutions perpetuate social inequality, a tendency likely to be made worse by a core curriculum.

I wish these and other critics had been in the meetings I attended where these matters were discussed. In fact all of these critical views were ardently and forcefully expressed by one or more professors or students who were part of the Harvard self-examination. Indeed, I expressed some of these opinions myself. Above all, I wish the critics would suggest what method they would have employed to decide which of their opposing views of the purposes of higher education ought to prevail. Even that would be too easy, for what was at issue was not simply two conflicting opinions but dozens of conflicts, large and small, in the preferences of the several hundred members of the Harvard Faculty of Arts and Sciences who eventually played some role in shaping the final decision.

Broad Agreement

What struck me most forcefully, in fact, throughout this process is the extent to which there is agreement among a majority of the faculty on at least the broad outlines of a core curriculum. Some professors, notably many in the physical sciences, were resolutely opposed to any nondepartmental requirements for the baccalaureate degree, but most believed that general education was a worthwhile objective, that students should be required to obtain an informed acquaintance with certain bodies of knowledge and intellectual skills outside their own special interests, that general education at Harvard had failed in recent years to provide that acquaintance in any coherent manner, and that the time was ripe for rethinking the content of the nondepartmental course offerings.

Even more striking was the amount of agreement on what subjects should be part of a general education requirement. From the report of the Task Force on the Core Curriculum through the final legislation passed by the faculty—a period of nearly two years involving the most intensive and extensive discussions within the faculty—the list of subjects that ought to be part of a core remained pretty much the same: mathematics, natural science, literature, moral philosophy, foreign cultures, social analysis, expository writing. The most significant change was the addition of history as a separate requirement. A foreign language is still required, though the level of prescribed competence has been increased somewhat.

Professor O'Connell rightly notes that there is yet no curriculum in existence; what we have is enabling legislation accompanied by a set of guidelines. The meaning of these will depend on the committees now working to establish criteria for the designation of courses as meeting the core re-

quirement. He is wrong, however, in suggesting that what is emerging is "mechanical and bureaucratic," the mere proliferation of endless committees, and a "reverence for departmental prerogatives." While an outsider might understandably draw that conclusion from the rather sparse legislation and the announcement of yet more committees, a judgment based on this impression neglects the enormous significance of the process itself and the changed ways of thinking among persons who have been part of that process.

Fresh Efforts, New Ideas

Ten years ago, even five years ago, the Harvard faculty, like the faculties of most colleges, was not inclined to think seriously about undergraduate education. During the tumultuous days of 1969 and 1970, when some students hoped that a by-product of the radical political attack on universities might be a renewed faculty interest in educational issues, the only two curricular decisions made by the Faculty of Arts and Sciences were to recommend the abolition of an optional military training program and the adoption of an Afro-American studies program. During my 17 years at Harvard, the purposes of an undergraduate education were rarely, if ever, discussed at faculty meetings. The one or two faculty debates on general education, such as that precipitated in 1964 by the report of a committee headed by Paul Doty, tended to focus on subsidiary issues and to have inconclusive outcomes. During the last two or three years, the faculty, in large groups and small ones, has discussed this question in considerable detail. There is on all sides a renewed sense that the curriculum is important, that it has been neglected and that the time is ripe for fresh efforts and new ideas.

Two Revolutions, Not One

The central problem is this: There have been two academic revolutions, not simply one. The one with which we are familiar is that described by David Riesman and Christopher Jencks—the transfer of the locus of scholarly loyalty and efforts from the university to the professions. The other is the transfer of power within the universities from trustees and administrators to the faculty. As a result, we have a paradox: The faculty is supposed to govern collegially but it is not a collegium. Once a strong university president may have been able to impose a new curriculum; today, that would be virtually impossible. Once a professor may have thought of his or her primary ties as with colleagues on campus; today, those ties are in large part with colleagues in other states and other countries.

The problem of producing change in a self-governing but externally oriented community is one that every advocate of bolder, tougher, more comprehensive curricular change must face. O'Connell criticizes the university from the left, as a bastion of privilege and a source of inequality. Because of its professionalization, its specialization and its departmentalization, he

argues; it resists providing a "common culture," though he does not suggest what this common culture might be or why universities, which have spawned most of the leading critics of our society, should be described as so supportive of that society.

A society without significant inequalities and organized along communal rather than hierarchical lines would no doubt have certain virtues, but it would also have the defects of those virtues. We have already in our midst a reasonably close approximation of a society where democracy flourishes, inequality is at a minimum, freedom is virtually unfettered and hierarchy exists only in rudimentary form: the university faculty.

The admirable features of a faculty are readily apparent. Individuals are left alone, no one presumes to have the authority to commit someone else to action without that someone's consent, inequalities (at least among the tenured members of the faculty) are slight, and deans govern more by indulgence than by command. The costs of this form of social organization are no less apparent. Change is slow and requires endless discussion; bold visions of an ideal curriculum are subjected to skeptical scrutiny; coordinated action is difficult to achieve; and the kinds of decisions most easily made by bureaucracies either do not get made at all or are made contingent on their winning a broader acceptance.

Deeply Held Beliefs

One might answer that I have overstated the communal nature of faculty organization. By my own testimony, is not the faculty fragmented into jealously independent departments, representing professional, research, and thus external, interests? Indeed it is so organized, but not with the consequences for curricular change that one might imagine. Departmental power is not the chief impediment to change. The chief impediment to change is beliefs, some of which happen to correspond to departmental or professional loyalties, but others of which are highly individualistic, and all of which are deeply held.

These beliefs concern how one perceives both the broad purposes and the practical details of higher education. One cannot understand the protracted debate within Harvard over the role of natural sciences or foreign languages in a core curriculum by supposing that departmental representatives were simply "protecting their turf." Scientists differed as to whether real science can be taught to nonscientists, and whether any science that was taught to nonspecialists should emphasize historical, experimental, or quantitative elements. The departments offering instruction in foreign languages had mixed feelings: They believed such instruction was valuable but worried about whether they ought to shoulder the massive burden of basic instruction in a required language.

The insistence on such instruction came from persons who valued it on intellectual grounds, and they were found (as were their opponents) scattered through many departments. The debate over a requirement in moral

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philosophy touched—not departmental prerogatives—but the serious question of whether instruction in such a subject should best proceed along historical, linguistic, or thematic lines. The historians, to be sure, believed that history ought to be included in the core, but neither their arguments nor their votes carried the day. What proved decisive was the endorsement of this view by a biologist, a classicist and a political scientist.

The End of the Beginning

At Harvard every department was concerned lest the creation of a new core curriculum lead to the appointment of faculty members without departmental review and recommendations. No department is likely to feel comfortable about the management of the core program if it is entirely unrepresented on the various committees charged with that management. But I believe it fair to say that at no point in the deliberations were these strictly organizational and departmental concerns of decisive significance, or even of very great importance. As is so often the case when matters of fundamental consequence are at stake, ideas rather than interests tend to prevail.

I do not know whether the effort to revitalize general (that is, liberal arts) education will succeed. Harvard is, at best, at the end of the beginning, not the beginning of the end. The contrary pressures are enormous. The rate of increase in the money resources of the university has slowed to the point that new funds will have to be found just to stay even, to say nothing of moving ahead. If, as many social scientists believe, organizational change usually requires a condition of slack resources, then even the richest college is in trouble. The altered conditions of the labor market mean that Harvard is reemphasizing liberal arts education at the very moment when student demand for preprofessional and occupational training is rising. Finally, the United States is committed to mass higher education on a scale unrivaled in the world. The increase in enrollment has so expanded the size and diversity of the student body and faculty of a typical college as to make the task of defining and defending curricular requirements far harder than before, when a small number of persons of similar background took courses from professors numbered in the dozens rather than the hundreds.

But the shifting balance of resources and constraints only sets the outer limits on what may be done. Ultimately, everything depends on the existence of good teachers—decent, cultivated, stimulating men and women. Their supply is limited and cannot be readily expanded; indeed, I suspect there are, proportionately, as many today, in an era of research, as there ever were in a supposedly halcyon past. No curricular designs are likely to change that.

QUALITY AND EQUALITY

By Theodore M. Hesburgh



University reformers, faced with the large question of the future of U.S. higher education, mostly agree on the basic terms of discussion, but there are many variations in focus. Here another university president, Reverend Hesburgh of Notre Dame, one of America's leading Catholic universities, gives his synthesis. The central dilemma, he finds, is how to reconcile two ideals: the imperative of quality and the goal of equality of access.

Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh has headed the University of Notre Dame at South Bend, Indiana, for 28 years. He has won many honors and has been a member of boards and committees for foundations, educational institutions, businesses and Presidential study commissions. His latest book is *The Hesburgh Papers: Higher Values in Higher Education*, from which this article is excerpted.

American higher education began in order to educate gentlemen and professionals—first ministers of religion, but soon enough, lawyers and doctors and teachers as well. In this it was not unlike the early medieval universities, where theology, law, medicine and professing were central.

The first great departure came during the Civil War, in 1863, when President Abraham Lincoln signed the Morrill Act inaugurating the land-grant universities in each of the states. The resulting agricultural and mechanical arts colleges were a far cry from the classical ideal, but were, in fact, just what the growing nation needed as it moved into the great agricultural lands of the Midwest and West and into the industrial revolution as well. This development also represented a shift from private to public education, a first chapter in a transition from a totally private to a majority public system which ultimately came to pass after World War II, at which time we were about half public and half private. The land-grant act also represented the beginning of a populist trend in higher education in America, embryonic, but a beginning that would come to full fruition in the next century. The land-grant movement is perhaps the most significant innovation since universities began in medieval times. It was at the heart of American university development.

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A New Symbiosis

There was another almost parallel development that greatly influenced the course of American higher education. For the first two-and-a-half centuries of its history, teaching was a central, practically unique, concern, as was true in the Oxford-Cambridge prototypes which were our models. Then came the new German university emphasis on research and graduate studies, which entered the American scene a century ago with the founding of specifically research and graduate universities such as Johns Hopkins. A symbiosis soon enough took place. The other great existing universities began to emphasize research and graduate studies while the newly founded research universities also began accepting undergraduates.

In time, particularly since World War II, all of these influences merged as might be expected. Many of the older universities, once classical colleges, and many of the land-grant universities, once called cow colleges, became indistinguishable in their aims as great teaching and research institutions. Among the more than 3,000 institutions of higher education here, there are, at least in my judgment, about 100 great universities in America today, of which half would be private and half public—although three-quarters of all the students in higher education would be in public institutions, which are less numerous but generally larger than private institutions of higher learning. The greatest growth in higher education since World War II has been in community colleges, public institutions catering to masses of urban students who can live at home while attending these nearby colleges.

Following World War II, there was a third emphasis or purpose introduced into universities in America, namely service to the local community, the state, the nation and the world. If it were possible at that time, they would have included service to the solar system and the universe. After all, we are universities and this was a period of unmatched optimism and growth. It was all very well intentioned, and it did seem to reemphasize the importance of the university to the society at large that supports it—but in my present judgment, service loomed too large and promised much that it could not deliver. Service functions distracted many faculty and some students from research and teaching and learning, which are certainly more central to the role of the university.

The Student Revolution

When the student revolution came in the 1960s, we who were about to reform and recreate the world found that we often could not control our own central campuses and those who were violently disrupting them. From being enormously outward looking, we suddenly reversed our attentions and became inward looking, assessing what we were doing and becoming a good deal less service-oriented and less outwardly directed in the process. We are still involved in service to society, but each new project is much more closely scrutinized and more realistically appraised in view of

its contribution or noncontribution to the central purposes of the university—to teach, to learn, to research, to educate.

Where are we going in higher education today? My three themes, questions, concerns, or problems, are these:

1. *Whom* should we be teaching in higher education? Many students or few, elitist or populist choices, majorities or minorities? In a word, this is a problem of access. Related directly to this problem is the effect our decision will have on the work of higher education, basically the problem of trying to achieve quality and equality at the same time.

2. *What* should we teach? This is a problem of curriculum, of substance, of degrees granted, and basic cores of education.

3. *How* should we manage the whole endeavor? This is a problem of governance which is not unrelated to financing, autonomy and academic freedom. These are perennial university problems.

Opening the Floodgates

The first problem is one of quality and equality. America was born with the wonderful statement of the Declaration of Independence, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal..." That was indeed, in 1776, a philosophical mouthful. It took us the better part of two centuries to make it come true for most Americans, women as well as men, black as well as white, young as well as old, poor as well as rich. We are still making history, but I do believe that the fundamental struggle for equality has been largely won. There is still a distance to go.

Because America was grateful to those who risked their lives for world freedom in World War II, higher education was opened and subsidized, as never before, for millions of returning veterans. The result was perhaps the best investment that the government ever made. By 1950, there were three million in colleges and universities. Once the floodgates were opened and aspirations raised, the movement was only in one direction—upward. The new students brought a new spirit, a new enthusiasm for upward mobility to higher education. Their achievement spelled equality—or access—as never before.

Then in 1957, something else happened. It was called Sputnik, the Russian satellite that was the first to be placed in orbit around the Earth. All of a sudden, this vaunted higher education in America seemed second-rate. This was, in fact, a bad conclusion, but there it was. Immediately, the emphasis was laid on for quality. We had to be the best. At the time, I was a member of a key governmental body, the National Science Board. When I joined the board in 1954, we had a budget of six million dollars for basic research, mainly in universities. When I finished my 12-year term in 1966, the National Science Foundation budget had grown to \$600 million. That says something about the thrust for quality in higher education—the main target of our NSF funds. This period might be called the decade of quality because this was our main concern.

Then in the middle 1960s, we had a concurrent revolution for equality. I was part of that, too, as a member and later chairman of the United States Commission on Civil Rights. We broke all the barriers, educational and otherwise, for blacks and other minorities in the mid-1960s. We often conveniently forget that prior to the 1960s, we had an all-pervasive system of apartheid in all our 13 Southern states, almost as bad as South Africa's today. All this apartheid was eliminated, as a system, almost overnight, by the federal civil rights laws of 1964, 1965 and 1967.

Reverse Discrimination

The new equality for minorities, particularly blacks, was dramatically evident in education. The *de jure* segregated elementary and secondary school system in the South was largely eliminated within a five-year period. All the great universities in the land, North and South, so enlarged their black enrollments through affirmative action and new scholarship programs that within a decade the proportion of black secondary school graduates enrolling in colleges and universities was equal to that of whites. Blacks, who numbered only about 200 in what were predominantly white medical schools, North and South, 10 years ago, now have over 3,000 enrolled. There is a new concern today, the very opposite of that a decade ago, namely, reverse discrimination in favor of minorities. My personal opinion on this point is that we arrived at the past condition of unjust disequilibrium between the numbers of black and white university graduates and professional persons because of an age-old practice of unjust discrimination against blacks and other minorities. It will take a temporary reverse discrimination, or affirmative action, to balance the scales of justice, meeting the promise of our Constitution regarding the equality of all Americans. Constitutional law should not be used to thwart the most basic concern of the Constitution: equal justice for all.

What then is the problem? Basically, the problem is that we need in American higher education both quality and equality. I believe that given the enormous influence of federally financed programs on higher education, we have gone from a massive financing of quality following Sputnik to a much more massive financing of equality or access to higher education following the civil rights revolution of the middle 1960s. Unless the quality of American higher education is kept on a high level and constantly improved—a very costly project—millions more will have access to that which is not all that much worth having if its value has become debased, its promise emptied.

Eric Ashby, former vice-chancellor of Cambridge University, England, has put the case best:

In America the thin stream of intellectual excellence is kept clear by two intellectual devices: the highly selective university and the prestige of graduate school. No one, however dedicated to egalitarianism, is

likely to advocate open admissions to the undergraduate college of Harvard or to graduate study in physics at Berkeley, California. But are these filters for excellence satisfactory? I venture to say no.

There must be, within any system of education beyond high school, opportunities for the critical faculty to be sharpened to the point where it can challenge assumptions. This cannot be done except by close contact with men who really are intellectual masters. Not many students are fit for this discipline, but those who are must be able to find it, or the thin stream of intellectual excellence on which society depends for innovation, for wise judgment in unforeseen crises, for management of highly complex systems, will dry up....

All civilized countries depend upon a thin clear stream of excellence to provide new ideas, new techniques, and the statesmanlike treatment of complex social and political problems. Without the renewal of this excellence, a nation can drop to mediocrity in a generation. The renewal of excellence is expensive: the highly gifted student needs informal instruction, intimate contact with other first-class minds, opportunities to learn the discipline of dissent from men who have themselves changed patterns of thought; in a word (it is one which has become a five-letter word of reproach) this sort of student needs to be treated as elite. De Tocqueville long ago predicted that this would be anathema in an egalitarian society. He was right: by a curious twist of reasoning, persons who enthusiastically agree to supernormal educational expenditure on the intellectually underprivileged, oppose supernormal expenditure on the intellectually overprivileged, who need it just as much. It is commonly assumed that America has to choose between one or other of two patterns of higher education: mass or elite. I would deny this assumption. It is America's prime educational challenge to devise a coexistence of both patterns. There is already sufficient evidence to demonstrate that this could be done without dissolving and re-designing the whole system.

On this subject of quality and equality, we educators must remove the stigma from the word "elite." When I am sick, I want an elite doctor, when on an airplane, an elite pilot, when in difficulty with the law, an elite lawyer. Who does not want elite doctors, elite lawyers, elite teachers, elite artists, elite scientists, elite engineers, elite architects? And where will they come from if not from elite education, open to the highest talent of every nation and race? There is a difference between equality and egalitarianism and there is a bottomless gulf between quality and mediocrity. I would hope that in the future, American higher education can always reflect both quality and equality rather than settle for being egalitarian and mediocre.

The second central problem facing us in American higher education today regards not who is taught and how they are taught, but rather what is taught. This problem basically concerns what it is to be educated, what common core of knowledge is essential to anyone claiming to be human and civilized. Put differently, is there any set of concepts, ideas, ideals, aspira-

tions, hopes, and even dreams that can form a matrix within which human beings anywhere and everywhere can hold a meaningful discussion and discourse upon essential human concerns?

A Common Theme

There was a day several centuries ago in a prescientific, preindustrial, colonial time when we thought we knew the common theme which gave a unity to education and a curriculum common to all universities. It is difficult to imagine what has happened to American higher education from the day 344 years ago when the first Harvard students, all nine of them, took about 10 courses in classical languages, literature, and the Bible, all taught by the university president. Today about 11 million students in America take over two million classes in about 3,000 institutions, taught by a half-million faculty members. In contrast to that first Harvard degree, today there are over 1,500 separate degrees granted. Is any unity of language, knowledge, or discourse possible amid such modern diversity?

A recent publication, *Missions of the College Curriculum*, explains the problem of formulating a meaningful curriculum for higher education: "There are eternal points of tension: scholarship versus training; attention more to the past or to the present or to the future; integration versus fragmentation; socialization into the culture versus alienation from the culture; student choices versus institutional requirements; breadth versus depth; skills versus understanding versus personal interests; theory versus practice; ethical commitment versus ethical neutrality."

The first great departure from the unified curriculum of the first two centuries of American higher education came after our Civil War, with the advent of the land-grant colleges and the vast expansion of knowledge that led to specialization, different functional colleges and professional schools, especially departments catering to special careers and the specialized knowledge and research they required.

Market-Oriented Curriculum

The second broad departure from an earlier unified curriculum came during the 1960s and 1970s. As students become scarcer, and higher education approaches a steady-state condition, there is more of a consumer market-oriented curriculum which seeks to attract unusual students, part-time and adult.

If one could oversimplify these three stages, the earlier curricular approach was cultural, the heritage of Western civilization, while the second was oriented towards knowledge for use or employment or industrial and rural development (the original land-grant ideal). The developing curriculum of today, while influenced by these earlier stages, is more geared to what seems irrelevant, allowing students to pick and choose among a wide

range of so-called practical or artistic courses, many of which would formerly have been shunned like the plague in most institutions of higher education. Today such courses are the bread-and-butter attractions of many community colleges. In this recent endeavor, America is largely on its own, no longer emulating British or German university models.

In the face of these curricular developments, it is interesting to see how the undergraduates now choose their fields of study.

- 58 percent are in professional studies, including the widest range of occupational choices;
- 15 percent are majoring in the physical and natural sciences, especially biology;
- 8 percent in the social sciences;
- 6 percent in the arts;
- 5 percent in the humanities and 8 percent undistributed.

The various curricula generally include an almost equal remnant of the historical stages; one-third general or liberal courses; one-third specialized or major courses; and finally, a third part of elective courses, chosen at will and often at random. One might say that students today are studying what the educators think they need to be minimally cultured, what the professionals think they need to be minimally competent to perform professionally, and lastly, what the students think they need and want to study, for a wide variety of motives. One can say at least that all of this development leaves American higher education today enormously diverse and, depending on the excellence of the faculty and students and institutional requirements, widely varying in quality.

I suggest that we give major attention to the humanistic or liberal aspects of the total course of studies, for it is only here that a student learns to situate himself or herself personally in a rapidly changing world, as a man or woman, as a religious or nonreligious person, as a member of a given race, nationality, culture, or tradition. It is mainly through liberal education that one learns how to think clearly, logically, beautifully; how to express oneself; how to learn continually in a wide variety of ways; how to evaluate ideas and ideals; how to appreciate where humankind has been and is going. Whatever else we do to educate our students, all these liberating qualities, skills and concepts are essential to what kind of persons they are becoming, no matter what they are preparing to do in life. It is also, I believe, in this humanistic area that any curriculum will achieve a measure of unity and coherence. American higher education is ripe for an intellectual attempt at synthesis following a fairly long period of disintegrating and fragmenting specialization in all of the various disciplines. We should not expect our students to effect an integration of the knowledge we give them if we ourselves cannot plan or explain or understand that integration, or unity, or synthesis. If the curriculum explains best where we are and what we are doing as educators, then it deserves much more attention from presidents, deans and faculties than it is receiving today.

Governance and the University

The third and final concern or problem I would like to discuss is university governance, how we manage the whole endeavor of American higher education.

Governance is in many ways a reflection of the educational history and ideals of this country. Since all of higher education was private and independent during the first few centuries, it is understandable that public education today is largely governed in the same tradition as the private sector, which borrowed from the British. We all have trustees as the highest governing body, a group generally chosen from the public at large. Then there is an academic senate or council, an internal body largely made up of faculty and administrators who control the internal academic decisions of the university, subject to trustee approval. Below the academic senate, there is a wide variety of collegiate, departmental, and student councils and committees, plus a large administrative body of president and chancellor at times, provost, vice-presidents and deans.

American universities are more highly and more professionally organized than most European universities. I remember visiting Sir Maurice Bowra when he was vice-chancellor, chief executive officer, at Oxford University. At 10 in the morning, he was sitting at an absolutely clean desk, not a paper, not a telephone, not a secretary in sight, reading a Greek book. "How does this place get ran?" I asked, with some envy. "By tradition," he replied.

With all this organization which characterizes the governance of American higher education, how can there be a problem and a concern? May I say that governance of universities, everywhere in the world, will always have a problem in maintaining those two university characteristics which are ever difficult to uphold: autonomy and academic freedom.

Freedom to Criticize

The university is the only institution in modern society that is largely supported by society and yet claims a unique autonomy to criticize the very society that once gave it birth and now gives it financial support. There will always be governments and other university sponsors, such as churches and corporations, who will gag on this demand of autonomy. Yet I would have to say quite proudly that in America, those who govern universities have managed to maintain the university's autonomy against all external and internal threats to the essential independence of the university community.

As the universities, even the private ones, depend more and more upon the federal and state governments for support, there will be increasing occasions for us to resist the bureaucratic urge to interfere with the university's essential independence, the move to insist that we do this or that or forfeit the beneficence of the state. We must be morally responsible in our

exercice of autonomy, but within this moral parameter, we must be ever ready to say: take your support, we would rather have our freedom. This is always easier for private universities, who have other means of support, and this is one of the best reasons to maintain a balance of distinguished private as well as public universities in the United States. In a very real way, our inherent independence and autonomy as private universities guarantees the same for the public universities.

Those who govern must also preserve the academic freedom of the university. The most obvious modern threat to this academic freedom is the modern move to politicize the university. This threat grew out of the student rebellion of the late 1960s and early 1970s. Fortunately, most American universities did not allow themselves to be politicized by the more radical elements of the faculty and students.

A Politicized University

I recently learned of a very distinguished European university that will not be distinguished much longer because it is largely governed by radical students and nonacademic staff who form the majority of most university councils. Faculty are now appointed and granted tenure not for their excellence, but for their ideological orthodoxy, according to the students' radical views. Thus is the university politicized, and in a politicized university academic freedom becomes a travesty. In this once great university, standards have been lowered, values regarding academic excellence have been bastardized, and all of the best faculty are leaving for freer surroundings. This is the tragedy that strikes when academic freedom dies.

To become involved in and to take an institutional position on every modern moral concern would ultimately destroy the university's freedom to do objectively and freely that which it does best. Again Lord Ashby has a word of wisdom: "The universities will have to reach a consensus about the limits of their responsibilities. A hospital is not expected to make corporate statements about political or social issues unless they impinge on the health service. Similarly a university's authority is preserved only if it remains corporately silent except on issues which impinge on education. Some of the dissent in universities today is due to a misinterpretation of this restraint. Because a hospital, a college, a museum, a library, do not corporately condemn war, it is not to be assumed that they corporately condone war. It is not commonly understood that institutional silence is necessary in order to safeguard freedom of speech among members of the institution. Instead, this silence in the academic community is taken, especially by the young, as evidence that intellectual detachment and the life of reason are inconsistent with social concern and emotional commitment. If universities and colleges are to survive as we know them, this illusion must be dispelled."

EDUCATING THE PROLETARIAT

By Gus Tyler

After a lifetime in the U.S. trade union movement, Mr. Tyler views the relationship of higher education to American society from a very particular and original standpoint. In this article, excerpted from *Change*, he gives a wry account of his own odyssey from son of immigrant parents to one of the most articulate spokesmen of the U.S. labor movement, and the lessons he learned about education along the way.

Gus Tyler is Assistant President of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, and director of the union's Department of Politics, Education and Staff Training. He is a prolific writer of articles, books and newspaper columns on a wide variety of subjects, and has lectured at a number of colleges and universities.



Now that I have completed my 50th year in labor education, I feel compelled to share a few thoughts about what I consider to be the proper relations between workers' education and higher education, between nontraditional and traditional learning, between the class struggle and the classroom. For many years I felt that no relationship between this odd couple—union and university—could be proper, for reasons I shall shortly disclose. But at long last, and with many caveats, I have concluded that the parties can—and should—live together for their mutual profit.

It is with some discomfort that I mention the profit, for in the very first class over which I presided, I taught my tyros to hate the repulsive word. That was in 1928, when I expounded on Marx's *Value, Price and Profit* at a socialist Sunday school in Brooklyn. We studied the essay with the reverence due any true bible, and I led the congregation in a homemade exegesis of the gospel according to Saint Karl.

All this came naturally to me because I am the descendant of several generations of *magidim*, the unordained itinerant preachers who crisscrossed the East European countryside on foot, horseback, or cart to hold a dispersed Jewry together with a line of talk—gossip, talmudic tales, jokes, homilies and ad hoc adjudications. It was in my blood to teach Yip-sels (Young People's Socialist Leaguers) the liberating truths in a rundown building with the rattle of trolleys outside the window and the constant clicking of billiard balls from the floor below. Only years later did I discover that what I and my great-grandfather had been doing was considered nontraditional education. To us, it was traditional.

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A Tribal Settlement

When I came to the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union (ILGWU) in 1934, I continued to do what I had been doing all along, for in this labor organization nontraditional education was also a tradition, a kind of folk experience. The ILGWU, from its infancy, was something more than a collective bargaining agency; it was a tribal settlement of East European Jews (later Italians) driven to the United States from their inhospitable homes by poverty, persecution and political oppression. As they came off the boat from Ellis Island in New York harbor, they were greeted at the docks by contractors who herded them into the sweatshops—without regard for their prior status or schooling. Among these newcomers were teachers, writers, preachers, actors and professional revolutionaries. In the shops, these intellectuals found an audience for their ideas and ideals; they turned the work place into a classroom where they taught what they knew and where they learned much about the smell and feel of the masses. As the intellectuals became proletarianized, the proletarians became intellectualized, debating Marx and Bakunin and the merits of socialism and anarchism, religion and atheism, romanticism and realism.

Out of this milieu came musicians and poets, playwrights and actors, pamphleteers and editors, agitators and orators, lawyers and a U.S. Congressman—all of whom had sharpened their sensitivities and their cerebral skills in the sweatshops. Whatever they later became—and many later left the factory for other careers—they remained *magidim*, people of their people, talking to and with their fellow workers, with the abiding faith that hands had heads that could, should, and someday would learn. Of course, this nontraditional education often assumed forms that would seem strange to us today, and learning often came from some very unexpected quarters. I recall one employer, a former union activist of some intellectual pretensions, who was irked by the lackadaisical manner of some strikers picketing his own plant. "That's the way you picket?" he demanded, grabbing a placard and proceeding to march up and down with proper revolutionary zeal.

"Pins and Needles"

That the world of work should be a world of wisdom was part of the tradition I inherited in the ILGWU. In 1934, when I joined the union staff, our object was clear—to me, at least. We studied economics so we would know how rotten capitalism is; we studied politics to amass the power to overthrow the system; and we gathered culture so we would be intellectually and spiritually prepared to discharge the responsibilities that an industrial democracy would thrust upon us. And we did it all nontraditionally: through songs we chanted on our hikes, skits we performed for one another, speeches from soapboxes, discourses at high noon on New York's Seventh Avenue, debates in the dark of Union Square and classes occasionally taught by an outsider we trusted, like historians Charles Beard or

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Harry Carmen, but without examinations, grades or credits. (After all, who needs a degree to make a revolution?) In 1937, we produced a musical play, *Pins and Needles*, to educate our own members. The next thing we knew, the whole world wanted to hear our message; so we put it on Broadway with a cast from the shops, and the play became the longest running musical hit of its time.

While we were never really opposed to formal education, since many of our parents learned to read and write in night schools and many of us learned the same by day, we never really trusted those classrooms that were part of "the system." We were well acquainted with radical novelist Upton Sinclair's *Goose-Step*, in which he showed how professors had to march in lockstep to the martial music of the bourgeoisie. To us, the school system taught conformity—a thoroughly unsuitable subject for any rebel. My resentment of the school system started early. When we were called upon to recite the pledge of allegiance to the United States in unison, I would mumble my own version *sotto voce*: "I pledge allegiance to the flag of a united world and to the people for which it stands; one commonwealth indivisible with liberty and justice for all."

When I enrolled at New York University (NYU), I decided to major in English and mathematics, although my chief interests were economics and politics. I eschewed the latter, lest the clever mandarins of mammon corrupt my socialist soul, and sought safety in Matthew Arnold and Sara Teasdale, Euclid and Leibniz. My four years at NYU proved, however, to be an enriching experience, thanks to a surprisingly progressive proviso that allowed unlimited class absences to the first 10 men in their class. I used ("abused," said my faculty advisor) the privilege. Instead of going to class, I conducted my independent studies, poring over Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* in ghoulish curiosity to see what would happen to the American empire, over Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* to unearth the primitive rapacity of the system and over Beard's *Rise of American Civilization* to find some hope for the future. As I bade adieu to the university, I did so with restrained respect for the faculty but with high regard for the library that, as if in tacit conspiracy with me, had accumulated all these precious bombs within the ivied walls of an edifice named for that archcapitalist Jay Gould.

Discovering America

I came to accept the school system only after a curiously circumlocutory intellectual pilgrimage that began with the desire, really the compulsion, to discover America. As a first-generation American raised in polyglot immigrant neighborhoods, I had a great need to find out about the native culture of this land, and in view of my ideologic commitments—those traditions that would confirm my faith in the revolutionary role of the working class—I also fancied myself a pragmatist who felt it necessary, when trying to convert the natives, to speak in their idiom and their imag-

ery. How could we arouse the masses in Kansas with Latin derivatives like "proletariat" and Gallicisms like "bourgeoisie," and with references to Spartacus, the Paris Commune, Liebknecht and Luxembourg? I embarked on a search for my spiritual ancestors, the rebel workers in this land.

Knowing about the American Revolution was not enough, of course. By our lights, that was a bourgeois, not a proletarian, revolution and the U.S. Constitution that followed was clearly a counterrevolution—as Charles Beard demonstrated in his classic economic interpretation of the founding fathers' conduct. I had to find something distinctly working class. I found it in the multivolume *History of Labour in the United States* by John R. Commons and Associates, in a chapter on the workingmen's parties of the late 1820s and early 1830s. Here were American workers founding working-class parties in 1828, two decades before Karl Marx wrote the *Communist Manifesto*. Lacking national ties, the several dozen local "Workie" parties that mushroomed into being at that time evolved their own particular programs. But they all agreed on one prime point: universal free public school education. The Philadelphia Party put the resolve in proud prose: "The original element of despotism is a monopoly of talent, which consigns the multitude to comparative ignorance and secures the balance of knowledge on the side of the rich and the rulers. Until the means of equal instruction shall be equally secured to all, liberty is but an unmeaning word, and equality an empty shadow."

A New Attitude

As I read this ringing rhetorical resolve, I found myself developing a new attitude toward the public schools. They were not the invention of the ruling class; indeed, the powers-that-were opposed the dangerous idea of teaching filthy children how to scribble dirty words in public places. The schools were created upon the demands of the working class. These institutions belonged to me, to my people, who wanted to democratize knowledge along with everything else. In my innocence, of course, I did not realize that I was being assimilated (the current word is "co-opted"). I was being sucked into the system. I was beginning to think like a shareholder in the society, with a sense of pride in some of its institutions and a desire to promote their true purpose.

Even more insidious was my active personal investment in the University of Wisconsin, where John R. Commons and Associates, a school of institutional economists, had carried on their epic work. The university ran a Summer School for Workers with several unions bringing members to the campus for a week or two to study those subjects that the union—or its educational director—thought workers should study. Whatever our fears about the seductive power of bourgeois universities, when I brought garment workers to Wisconsin in July and August, we felt at ease. After all, this state was the home ground of Senator Robert LaFollette, the Progressive Party candidate for President of the United States in 1924. The

School for Workers was a sign of the progressive spirit. The largest city in the state, Milwaukee, had a socialist mayor, Dan Hoan, and had elected a socialist Congressman, Victor Berger. The school had broken old academic molds under the iconoclastic Alexander Meiklejohn. Somehow I felt that the whole university—and certainly the School for Workers—was my thing, a true bit of un-American Americana.

Our faculty, as if made to order for the mission, included teachers such as Jack Barbash, an economist and researcher for the Congress of Industrial Organizations (CIO) who now is a full-time professor at Wisconsin; Bill Gomberg, an expellee from the City College of New York, an organizer of shipping clerks who now teaches industrial engineering at the Wharton School of Business in Philadelphia; Murray Weisz, one-time educational director for the Children's Dress, Infants' Wear, Bathrobe and Kimono local of the ILGWU who later became a plenipotentiary of the U.S. Department of Labor; Mark Starr, a Welsh miner, raised in the British Labour Party, educational director of the ILGWU and president of the International Esperanto League; myself; and other *magidim* who believed they were put on this earth to propagate the faith and to do so without let or license. We all loved what we were doing: educating our worker-students and edifying one another. Our students loved it too—not because they were learning anything they could not have learned with a like faculty back home at the local union office, but because they were now “going to college.” Being on the campus gave them a new image; they were heads as well as hands.

Disarmed and Assimilated

I was so busy enjoying it all that I did not quite realize that I was being further assimilated. I was disarmed by the conviction that Wisconsin was different because of its special background. I did not suspect that what was happening there could and would happen elsewhere. In part, my naiveté was due to my minority mindedness—a condition that urges one to call upon the masses to assert their majority will, without any true expectation that this will ever come to pass. In part, too, my naiveté was derived from pure ignorance: I didn't know very much about land-grant colleges. To me they were places where students were expected to enlist in the Reserve Officers' Training Corps (ROTC), a military training program. This made these publicly financed institutions even worse than the private universities in my view. It was not until 1962, the year we celebrated the centennial of the Morrill Act, which gave public lands to establish them, that I discovered the land-grant colleges also belonged to me. As in the case of the public schools, these institutions were a response to the demands of working people—mainly, but not exclusively, farmers—for academies that were relevant to their needs.

In the decades following World War II, many Wisconsinins bloomed across the land. The state colleges and universities were in the vanguard;

but private institutions hastened to follow. Education of adult workers on the campus became a big business. The change was qualitative as well as quantitative. Now workers were winning credits and degrees in courses labeled "labor studies." In 1972, there were seven such programs; by 1973, the number had jumped to 20; by 1975, the number had risen to 49 certificate and degree programs in 43 institutions; by 1977, the count stood at 47 institutions.

These courses, whose essence is leadership training, are in their own way as revolutionary as the universal free public school system and the land-grant colleges were in their time. They were engendered by two concurrent trends: the professionalization of unions and the proletarianization of education. Prior to World War II, unions were like families, operating under a set of ad hoc policies. But as they began to count their adherents in thousands, improvisation was no longer enough. Unions had to develop the equivalent of the "corporate man" at many levels. Today a union cannot function in the old casual way. Governmental agencies are insisting on reports and accountability and imposing hundreds of do's and don'ts. To stay out of trouble, union leaders have to learn the rules of the game and how to play by them. Unions also need specialists to play labor's newly enlarged role in the total society. In the media age they need their own image makers; in a politicized economy, they need their own politicians and economists; in this time of the minority movements, they need their own savants about women, youth, the elderly, blacks and Hispanics.

Today's Proletarians

In my multiple exposures to the new relationship between higher education and the professionalized union, I have tried to distill some understanding of the motives and mentality of the present breed of proletarians. Workers of the 1970s are dramatically different from their counterparts of the 1930s. Not that previous generations did not wish to learn; they did, both to get ahead and to satisfy their intellectual curiosity. But the present breed sees more variables because its world is more varied, and it explores more options because its opportunities are more open. In a recent booklet on the future of work in America, published by the Center for Strategic and International Studies, I tried to summarize my conclusions. The percentage of the population (age 16 and over) in the labor force—at work or actively looking for work—has risen steadily since World War II, although the prophecy was that this "participation rate" would fall precipitously because of automation, early retirement and prolonged schooling. This unanticipated and unprecedented rise in the participation rate is primarily due to the entrance of women, who now make up more than 40 percent of the labor force.

As the universe of labor expands, it spins off a variety of new planets for human habitation. At one time, when the nation was rural, choice was totally limited to work on or around the land. When industry developed,

workers had a measure of choice—especially as factory jobs moved from a few select cities to smaller towns. Since World War II, a third major sector has developed—the service sector—to offer still further options, especially as both industry and service occupations have moved into once exclusively rural areas of the South, Southwest, Plains, and Rocky Mountain states.

In this wider world, workers feel free to move about in a somewhat wilder fashion than their fathers did. They don't feel as tightly tied down to one job or even one kind of job. They are ready to risk movement primarily because they do not fear unemployment as their fathers did: The younger generations did not go through the trauma of the Great Depression of the 1930s; they belong to families that typically have more than one wage earner, so that the loss of one job does not mean total loss of income for the household; they can fall back on unemployment insurance, food stamps, welfare; they can pick up part-time jobs in a service economy that offers many such openings. They treat themselves to vacations from the labor market—to go back to school, or back to the household, or just to look around.

A Multidimensional Generation

For better or worse, this generation is much more multidimensional in its interests than were its forebears. Much of its growing involvement with education, including higher education and the gathering of degrees, is part of a painful effort to discover which self among the variegated selves is most at ease in a volatile and variable world. For colleges and universities, it is most fortunate that this rising educational interest of working adults should come at this time. The postwar baby boom that produced a plentiful generation of students has now run its course; for some years, the teenage population will be insufficient to maintain higher education in the style to which it has become accustomed. At such a moment, the adult learner can become the true love of academe. If, in addition, workers come to this marriage with a substantial dowry in the form of tuition payments underwritten by their unions or employers (public or private), then the wedlock is doubly blessed. But it might be well for academe to have a better understanding of what adult workers need and for labor organizations to have a better understanding of what academe can and cannot give.

Because greater understanding—a wholesome mix of trust and distrust—is necessary, I suggest that the modern worker be viewed in five dimensions: as worker, as consumer, as economic citizen, as political citizen, and as human being. For each facet of the worker's person, there is a need for education—including formal schooling. The worker needs education to learn a job, to get ahead on the job, to prepare for a new job. Increasingly, universities and colleges, especially junior and community colleges, are getting into this act. They offer something more than vocational education; they offer liberal arts and degrees—both of which stand a

worker in good stead for professional reasons.

The worker as consumer needs education to make certain that what he or she earns on the job is not wasted in the marketplace. The modern consumer needs to know about borrowing, medical care, use of social agencies, environmental dangers, alternate sources of energy, nutrition, how to make a complaint and make it stick, how to argue with a computer, how to buy insurance, read a contract, or fill out income tax forms.

The Base of the Pyramid

The worker, as an economic citizen, has a franchise that can only be exercised effectively if it is backed with knowledge. This is especially true where a worker is in a union. As Luigi Antonini, a revered vice president of the ILGWU, explained to me when he heard that I was about to head the ILGWU Training Institute: "A good union leader must be a general who knows how to make war, an advocate who can speak for his clients, a politician who knows what strings to pull, and a psychiatrist who understands how crazy people are and why craziness is not so bad."

The worker is also a political citizen—the base of the pyramid of democracy. To use his or her vote intelligently, the worker should have a firm grasp of both the domestic and international issues. A leader should have thoughts not only about planks and platforms but also about the political process: decisive forces, the necessary coalitions, the broad-based appeal, the flow of power, the mechanics of legislation.

The worker is, finally, a human being with a life outside the work place—especially since, once chained to the workbench for 70 hours a week, he or she now has increasingly numerous free hours. As leisure is democratized, workers can turn to the one-time aristocratic pastimes of sports, art, music, dance, travel, rhetoric, philosophy, reading and writing. Learning lasts for a lifetime.



BROOK FARM: AN AMERICAN UTOPIA

By James R. Mellow

Utopian communal experiments flourished in 19th-century America, inspired by the idealism and freedom of a young country. Some were founded by religious sects; others promoted radical sexual and marital arrangements; few endured for more than a year or two. Brook Farm in Massachusetts was one of the more notable efforts to establish a self-sufficient communal society. It avoided rigid doctrine and attracted the attention of eminent thinkers, writers and theologians of the time. But Brook Farm too lasted only five years, and Mr. Mellow examines in this article some of the reasons why.

James R. Mellow is an art critic and journalist and is the author of *Charmed Circle: Gertrude Stein & Company*. He has completed work on a biography of 19th-century novelist Nathaniel Hawthorne, soon to be published.



It was a perpetual picnic, a French Revolution in small, an Age of Reason in a patty-pan." So the American philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, described Brook Farm, one of the most prestigious of the many communitarian experiments that appeared on the American landscape in the mid-19th century. Begun in 1841, in the countryside beyond Boston, by George Ripley and a small band of eminent followers—teachers and preachers, musicologists and writers (including the celebrated novelist, Nathaniel Hawthorne), high-minded ladies and two experienced farmers—Brook Farm was one of the nobler failures in American social history.

Ripley, who had resigned his ministry in the Unitarian Church to pursue his dream, envisioned a perfect community in which the enlightened and laboring classes would work side by side to offset the evils of the industrial revolution and the urbanization of American society. In a letter to Emerson, he stated that the aim of the community was "to ensure a more natural union between intellectual and manual labor than now exists; to combine the thinker and the worker, as far as possible, in the same individual, . . . and thus to prepare a society of liberal, intelligent and cultivated persons, whose relationships with each other would permit a more wholesome and simple life than can be led amidst the pressure of our competitive institutions."



Brook Farm in the 1840s: A Proper Utopia

Philosophical Differences

It was characteristic of Emerson, an apostle of individualism in an age that was tending toward commercialism and conformity, that he should have declined to join the venture. Privately, he wondered if it were not folly—"this scheming to bring the good and like-minded together into families, into a colony. Better that they should disperse and so leaven the whole lump of society." Among the shrewder social critics of his time, Emerson recognized that such attempts, however benevolent, created only insular, hothouse revolutions that existed with the forbearance of the larger society they planned to reform. Without the outside world to provide the capital for purchase of property and equipment, to maintain the systems of transportation and distribution that enabled the communitarians to market their goods and products, few of them would survive.

So when a committee composed of Ripley and his wife, together with Margaret Fuller (a well-known champion of women's rights) and Amos Bronson Alcott (a tyrannical dreamer and reformer and father of Louisa May Alcott, the future popular writer) visited Emerson at his Concord, Massachusetts, home in October 1840, Emerson remained unmoved. "I do not wish to remove from my present prison to a prison a little larger," he

confided to his journal. "I wish to break all prisons. I have not yet conquered my own house." Although Margaret Fuller was to be an honored guest and lecturer at Brook Farm, she never joined the community. Her reason echoed Emerson's: "Why bind oneself to a central or any doctrine? How much nobler stands a man entirely unpledged, unbound!"

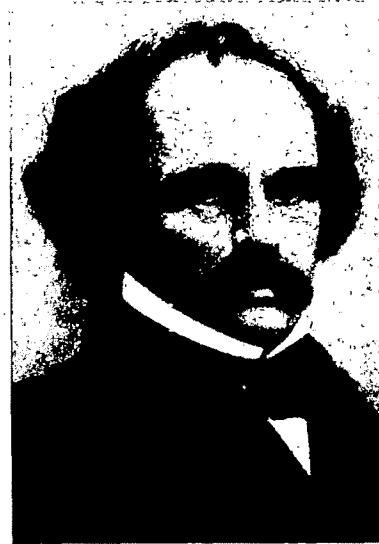
Setting the Rules

Emerson's critical objection to Brook Farm hit the mark: "arithmetic and comfort" were at the heart of Ripley's organizational program. Officially an "Association" of individuals rather than a communistic society in which members held all property in common, Brook Farm was organized as a joint-stock company with shares of \$500 apiece offered at five percent interest. The initial subscription, it was hoped, would pay for the down payment on the property, provide housing for the families and cover the operating expenses for the first year. The site chosen was idyllic; a lush green dairy farm with rolling pastures and substantial woodlots, approximately 192 acres, situated on the banks of the meandering Charles River, nine miles from Boston. Members were expected to work 60 hours a week; a year's labor of 300 days was considered the exchange for a year's board. But the farm also took in non-working boarders at a charge of \$4.00 per week. Since women were paid equal wages with the men and could be shareholders entitled to vote in the government of the association, Brook Farm could be said to have sponsored sexual equality. It was also Ripley's intention "to do away with the necessity of menial services by opening the benefits of education and the profits of labor to all," a promise that proved to be more rhetorical than realizable. Ripley clearly hoped to abolish domestic servitude; presumably, since members would be able to choose the occupation which best suited or appealed to them and since all members

George Ripley



Nathaniel Hawthorne



Ralph Waldo Emerson



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would be contributing to the solvency and success of the farm, no labor would really be considered menial.

But what sounded so fair in imagination and prospect was never quite the reality. Although Ripley's wife and sister were elected to the committee on education, no woman was ever appointed to the Board of Trustees. With too few members in the beginning—there were never to be more than 120—the choices of occupation were limited. Women took on the “menial” household and laundry duties; men were assigned the harder labors in the fields. Both men and women taught in the association school. (Taking in boarding pupils as well as the children of members, the school proved to be the most financially successful operation at the farm.)

From the outset, there were seldom enough craftsmen and artisans to establish the community industries and promote its economic growth. And there were too many educated members and not enough experienced farmers. The site itself was unfavorable; beneath the thin layer of topsoil there was sand and gravel. The land was ideal for dairy farming but not for the subsistence crops needed to maintain the community. The problem could only be alleviated by purchasing tons of fertilizer and supplementing this with muck, laboriously dug from the river bank. Nor were the few farm buildings on the property sufficient for the colony. Dormitory facilities had to be built for bachelors and unmarried women; no large family could live together in the small quarters of the original farmhouse. All of this required further capitalization and heavier mortgaging, putting the community deeper into debt. Ripley's Eden-on-the-Charles had substantial drawbacks.

It also had its unusual and attractive aspects. The Brook Farmers were as dedicated to the amenities of social life as they were to agriculture. There were often musicales and amateur theatricals in the communal dining room after the supper dishes were done. There were summer festivals celebrated with picnics and masquerades and dances in the fields. (Neighboring farmers thought the community lacked seriousness of purpose.) Study groups on philosophy and art were always popular and Ripley's extensive library, arranged in the first-floor hallway of the farmhouse, was readily available. There were frequently guests and lecturers: Emerson, Fuller, Alcott (the fulminating orator and labor-reformer), preacher-journalist Orestes Brownson and, later, Albert Brisbane, a spellbinding lecturer, journalist and promoter of the ideas of the French social philosopher, Charles Fourier. Distinguished visitors stopped at the farm to study its methods and report on its progress. The hospitality of Brook Farm became another of its financial burdens.

Communal Colonies Flourish

Virtually from the beginning of the 19th century, America had become a haven for communitarian experiments. Some were religious societies, others were secular; a few were homegrown, more were established by for-

eign reformers—English libertarians and French radicals among them—who had given up on the possibilities of reform in the older nations of Europe with their rigid customs and ensconced privileged classes. The Rappites and Zoarites, industrious German artisans and peasants, having fled from persecution by the Lutheran Church, arrived in the United States in 1804 and 1817, respectively. Practicing communism (in emulation of the Apostles), they were believers in the millenium, awaiting the Second Coming of Christ and the end of the world. By mid-century, they had established thriving colonies in Pennsylvania and in the wilderness of Ohio. Earlier arrivals had been the Shakers, another religious sect, who practiced Christian communism, rigorous celibacy, agriculture and isolation from the world's people. By the 1850s the Shakers had reached the peak of their influence with some 18 colonies scattered through New England and the Midwest.

The availability of immense tracts of unspoiled land had an appeal for European reformers. In 1825, Robert Owen, the Welsh industrialist and social reformer, initiated his colony of New Harmony on 30,000 acres of land in the fertile Wabash Valley of Indiana. In 1848, an advance party of Icarians, followers of the French radical, Etienne Cabet, sailed from Le Havre to establish a utopian community on a million acres of land bought sight-unseen in the newly admitted state of Texas. Few of the party survived frontier hardships and the disappointment of finding they had been swindled by a dishonest Texas land agent.

Still, it was true that many hardworking colonies, whether promoting religious or secular reforms, could survive and prosper in America. Only those leaders who promoted marital or sexual innovations ran into bitter opposition. In 1847, after repeated persecutions in Ohio and Illinois, Brigham Young and his Mormon followers made the long trek west to Utah where, presumably, they would be able to continue the practice of polygamy without interference. And John Humphrey Noyes, founder of the prosperous Oneida Community in upstate New York, citing Biblical precedent, abolished marriage and instituted a form of planned promiscuity called "Complex Marriage," as well as selective breeding for humans. He went into self-imposed exile in Canada in 1876 as a result of public hostility and dissension within his own community.

A Virtue and a Failure

What distinguished Brook Farm from other communitarian experiments of the time was the fact that it subscribed to no rigid social or theological doctrine. That perhaps was both its virtue and its failing. Brook Farm was one of the more democratic attempts to build a utopian society. It was both less religious and more intellectual than most of the others. The original membership at Brook Farm consisted largely of Transcendentalists—that is, followers of a somewhat loosely defined philosophy, derived from Immanuel Kant and the later German idealists, for whom Emerson had be-

Brook Farm: An American Utopia

come an unofficial spokesman. The Transcendentalists held to no particular religious creed; many of them, like Emerson and Ripley, were clergymen who had resigned their pulpits out of dissatisfaction with even the more liberal Protestant faiths.

But if the Brook Farmers seem to have avoided the bitter controversies over ideology and methods that brought a premature end to such colonies as New Harmony, which was dissolved by 1828, it also lacked the cohesiveness that a unifying principle often brought to such ventures. Brook Farm remained hospitable to members professing a wide range of political and social beliefs. But it also attracted a good many eccentrics and transients who were dissatisfied with the scheme of things and contributed little to the community. Meals at the farm had to be arranged to suit a number of dietary reforms. There was a table set aside for the followers of Dr. Sylvester Graham, who advocated a vegetarian diet, wholewheat bread, cold showers, open windows and sexual continence. Some members pushed their prohibitions to extremes; one refused to drink milk on the grounds that it was an abuse of his relationship with the cow. When it was suggested that he should not, then, wear cowhide boots, he spent his time trying to devise some new material for making shoes. Others would wear only linen clothing (not very suitable for New England winters) contending that the shearing of sheep for wool was a hardship on the animal and that the use of cotton promoted slavery in the Southern states.

Hawthorne Joins the Experiment

On the face of it, Nathaniel Hawthorne was a most unlikely candidate for joining such a utopian venture. Throughout his literary career, Hawthorne was critical of those meddlesome types—self-appointed reformers and misguided scientists bent upon “improving” mankind or society. After a residence in Concord, he was vividly caustic about the odd types who gravitated to his neighbor, philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson, rather like metal filings toward a large magnet. “Never,” Hawthorne maintained, “was a poor little country village infested with such a variety of queer, strangely dressed, oddly behaved mortals, most of whom took upon themselves to be important agents of the world’s destiny, yet were simply bores of a very intense water.”

His ostensible reason for joining the Brook Farm community was a practical one: He hoped to make a home for himself and his bride-to-be, Sophia Peabody, the youngest daughter in a family of educated and opinionated women. (Sophia’s eldest sister, Elizabeth Palmer Peabody was a teacher and relentless opponent of slavery; her other sister, Mary, married Horace Mann, the great American educational reformer.) Having quit his post as a minor official in the Boston Custom House, Hawthorne bought two shares of common stock in the association and planned to invest money in the building of a cottage for himself and Sophia. He looked forward to the health and security of laboring on the farm and the leisure time to continue

his literary career. Hawthorne also was caught up in the optimism of the enterprise. In time, he came to regard his sojourn in the Brook Farm community as "the most romantic episode" in his life.

Although he signed his early letters from Brook Farm as "Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ploughman," he was soon disabused about the glamor of farm work. Milking the cows might seem a comic occupation for a literary man—one that he could joke about in his letters to his family and his fiancée. But mowing hay in the sweltering heat or shoveling in the manure pile proved to be exhausting work. At the end of the day, he felt little inclination for writing stories. And the always precarious financial situation of the community discouraged him. Hawthorne left after seven months, choosing not to remain through a long winter.

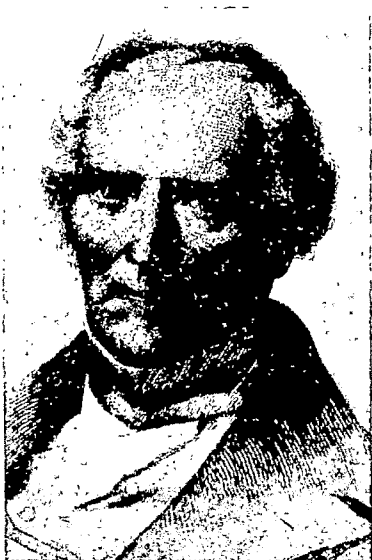
Grist for a Novelist

That brief experience, however, did provide him with something essential; the setting for one of his most important novels, *The Blithedale Romance*. As he remarked in the preface, Brook Farm, which served as the model for his fictional Blithedale, had been "essentially a daydream, and yet a fact," a setting that offered him "an available foothold between fiction and reality." Hawthorne was to make use of its local color—the communal suppers, the picnics and masquerades—for particular episodes in his plot. And at Brook Farm, one suspects, he caught the underlying condescension that the educated members felt towards their working-class "brothers." In one of the more telling incidents in the novel, his poet-hero, Miles Coverdale, recognizes the subtle condescension in his dealings with the unlettered farmer, Silas Forster. "If ever I did deserve to be soundly cuffed by a fellow mortal," Coverdale observes, "for secretly putting weight upon some imaginary social advantage, it must have been while I was striving to prove myself ostentatiously his equal, and no more."

But it was the clash of ideals and doctrines, the bitterness of intellectual disputes, the asperity of intellectual relationships, that Hawthorne settled upon for one of the principal confrontations in the novel. It is a conflict between Hollingsworth, a ruthless crusader for prison reforms, and Zenobia, an exotic and beautiful champion of women's rights. Hollingsworth is a charismatic leader, but he merely uses the community and its good will in an attempt to subvert it to his own brand of reform. Zenobia, who was modeled after Margaret Fuller, mistakes Hollingsworth's intentions and falls in love with him, anticipating his sympathy toward her own cause. Spurned, Zenobia refuses the subservient relationship Hollingsworth seems to offer her as a mere worker toward his great cause. Later, she commits suicide.

Hawthorne, who was a knowledgeable observer of the social scene despite his reputation as a writer of dreamy allegories, knew that communities of high-minded, temperamental intellectuals could easily erupt into fierce ideological warfare. With his sensitivity to hidden motives, his in-

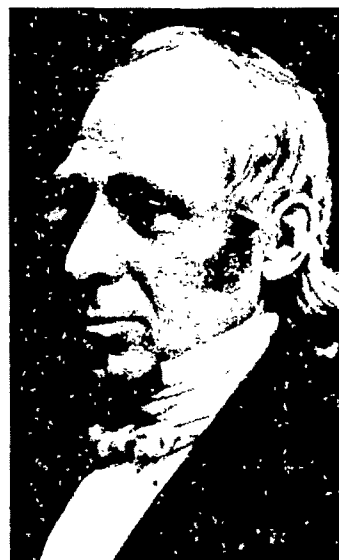
Brook Farm: An American Utopia



Charles Fourier



Albert Brisbane



Amos Bronson Alcott

sight into the psychological springs of human conduct, he was also aware of something deeper—the raw egotism involved in reform movements, the drive to exert personal power over others in the guise of bringing them the enlightenment. Social historians might concentrate upon the ideological confrontations that brought about the downfall of utopian ventures; Hawthorne, with perhaps a sharper eye, saw beneath them the wars of private ambition.

An “Evil Genius” Appears

Brook Farm had no actual Hollingsworth; but Lindsay Swift, an early historian of the community, claimed that the farm nevertheless had its “evil genius” in the person of Albert Brisbane, whose *Social Destiny of Man*, published in 1840, was a careful exposition of the most reasonable provisions of Charles Fourier’s system. Brisbane, through his book and lectures, painted such a glowing picture of Fourier’s victory colonies that he won the respect of Horace Greeley, the influential editor of the New York *Tribune*, who offered him a regular column in his newspaper for the discussion of Fourier’s ideas. (More than 40 Fourieristic societies sprang into being, though only three lasted longer than two years and most of the remainder disappeared within 15 months.) In 1844, with Brisbane’s encouragement, George Ripley and his followers revised the Brook Farm constitution along the lines of a Fourierist association; and in the spring of 1845, the community was legally incorporated as the Brook Farm “Phalanx”—the name the French philosopher had chosen for his utopian communities.

If, in its first phase, Brook Farm had suffered from lack of proper organization, in its second phase, ironically, it failed largely because of over-organization. Fourier (who died a bitter and lonely bachelor in 1837) had

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envisioned a network of colonies in which all aspects of life, work and pleasure were to be completely regulated—a kind of grandiose bureaucracy.

Phalanxes and Phalansteries

Crucial to Fourier's scheme was the building of a "Phalanstery" in each community—a central three-story building that would house all the members of the community, with provisions for schoolrooms, ballrooms, workshops, kitchens, etc. As with everything else in his cosmological scheme, the architecture and its functions were rigorously planned. Fourier also insisted that no community should be started without a full complement of 1,600 members, so that workers could flit like "butterflies" from one task to another and still accomplish the community's work. He specified, too, that each Phalanx be capitalized at a million francs. Brisbane pared down these figures to 400 members and \$400,000 in capital—conditions which no American Phalanx was able to meet. One after another, the ventures failed.

Brook Farm, with its small membership and shaky finances could not meet the conditions either. With renewed optimism, however, the community began to work on its Phalanstery. Holloway, who is particularly acerbic on the subject of the shift in ideology, remarks that "the injection of so much Fourieristic claptrap at first acted as a stimulant, raising the membership and causing a whirlwind of unnatural activity." But a reaction followed; with rigid doctrine there came the inevitable dissension. Even the successful school was neglected for "interminable discussions concerning Groups and Series."

A Spectacular Finale

The end came in a spectacular and dramatic fashion. On March 3, 1846, after two years of labor and many delays, the Phalanstery was considered virtually finished. To celebrate the occasion a dance was held that night in one of the older buildings of the community. Hardly had the festivities begun when the alarm was sounded: the Phalanstery was on fire. The flames shooting up into the sky were visible for several miles. Neighboring farmers and villagers arrived to give what aid and comfort they could, but the building burned to the ground. Following the disaster, it proved impossible to raise further capital or sell more stock to begin over again. Within a year the trustees were obliged to put the property up for sale to pay off the association's debts. What had begun as a brave attempt to reform and renew American society by the modest example of the working man and the intellectual laboring side by side had ended in the ashes of a ruined building on a bleak and wintry New England morning.

THE PORTRAIT

By Stanley Kunitz

My mother never forgave my father
for killing himself,
especially at such an awkward time
and in a public park,
that spring
when I was waiting to be born.
She locked his name
in her deepest cabinet
and would not let him out,
though I could hear him thumping.
When I came down from the attic
with the pastel portrait in my hand
of a long-lipped stranger
with a brave moustache
and deep brown level eyes,
she ripped it into shreds
without a single word
and slapped me hard.
In my sixty-fourth year
I can feel my cheek
still burning.

LAND REFORM AND DEVELOPMENT

By Erik Eckholm

In scores of countries around the world, particularly the emerging nations that are mainly agrarian, the need for land reform is an underlying source of social tension that can explode into disruptive violence, says the author in this global survey of the problem. Providing landless rural people—now approaching 1,000 million in number—with access to adequate productive land is not a sure cure for poverty in itself, Mr. Eckholm concedes, but without it there can be little hope for the world's dispossessed.

Erik Eckholm wrote the report from which this article is excerpted for Worldwatch Institute, a private research organization concerned with global issues of ecology, population, food supply and energy. He recently joined the policy planning division of the U.S. State Department. He is the author of *Losing Ground: Environmental Stress and World Food Prospects* (published by W.W. Norton).



Sometimes argued with ballots, sometimes argued with bullets, and mostly argued with words, the debate about land reform has resurfaced time and again in the 20th century. Yet today, perhaps because of their very familiarity, arguments about the social and economic benefits of equitable farmland distribution often seem stale and tired. Among many of those actively involved in development planning, concern about land reform has quietly slipped into a state of functional dormancy. Many of the world's urban residents seem to think about land reform as a rather outdated concern—when they think about it at all.

But the world's farmers and farm workers know better. In mainly agrarian societies, the struggle for control of the land and its fruit is a constant one, always simmering beneath the surface and sometimes exploding into violence. Over the next two decades, as the number of rural people lacking secure access to farmland approaches 1,000 million, conflict rooted in inequality of landownership is apt to become more acute in country after country.

Many of the international community's widely shared goals—the elimination of malnutrition, the provision of jobs for all, the slowing of runaway rural-urban migration, the protection of productive soils and ecologically

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vital forests—are not likely to be achieved without radical changes in the ownership and control of land. It is a delusion to think that the basic needs of the world's poorest people will be met without renewed attention to politically sensitive land-tenure questions. It is an even greater delusion to think that the dispossessed of the earth will watch their numbers grow and their plights worsen without protesting. The issue of land reform will not go away.

The Primacy of Land

Throughout history, patterns of landownership have shaped patterns of human relations in nearly all societies. They have also helped determine the possibility and pace of economic change. In agrarian societies, land is the primary productive asset, the tangible expression of economic and hence political power.

As societies industrialize, the primacy of agricultural landownership as a determinant of political and economic power wanes. New elites have often accrued power through control of capital, technology or military force. Access to a broad array of non-agricultural jobs has freed many people from long-standing stifling ties to poor land or to rich landlords. Yet even in the most economically advanced countries, landownership remains a significant source of wealth and influence. In the United States, where only one in every 28 people lives on a farm, changes in the size and ownership of farms are today generating questions about the implications for employment, resource use and community welfare. Landholding patterns in industrial countries do not have the pervasive social impact they once had, but they still influence the quality of life and the distribution of income.

In Africa, Asia and Latin America, where three-fourths of the world's people live, the control of farmland remains a principal key to wealth, status and power. A large majority of the people in most Third World countries live in rural areas, and most of these must make a living through agriculture if they are to make a living at all. While rural land-tenure and social patterns vary greatly from place to place, it is generally true that where a few individuals own a large share of the land, these same individuals dominate local politics and—through their roles as lenders, landlords and employers—the economic lives of their neighbors. In other regions, a larger number of farmers owning small or medium-sized plots may predominate. Under such conditions these landowners, too, may be the controllers of wealth and power; at the least, they usually enjoy a certain economic security and the possibility of personal economic progress.

Whatever land-tenure pattern prevails in a given area, it is the landless and the near-landless who are on the bottom. Hundreds of millions of families are struggling to improve their lives through agriculture, but they lack secure access to the basis of agricultural life—farmland. Many sell their labor to more fortunate farmers for whatever pittance they can get; others rent land at exorbitant rates under conditions insecure enough to

smother incentives for investment and technical progress; still others scratch what produce they can from inadequately sized, often fragmented family plots and then seek other employment in order to make ends meet.

Poorest of the Poor

The landless, the insecure tenants and those owning marginal plots too small to support a family constitute nearly all the poorest of the poor—those whose basic needs for food, fuel, shelter, education, health care and family planning are frequently unmet. It is they who in many cases are born into debt and die in debt, who see up to half their infants die before age five, who live chronically on a tightwire of survival from which they can quickly fall if the weather or the international economy turns against them. In Bangladesh during the food-short year of 1975, the death rate among the landless was triple that among people owning one or two hectares of land.

Discussions of the rural poor, like the programs designed to help them, too often lump all of them together as “small farmers.” The truly poor often seem invisible to the urban elites and international experts concerned about rural poverty.

Landless laborers, sharecroppers and marginal farmers constitute the majority of rural residents in most countries of Asia and Latin America and are increasing in number in Africa. They have generally been bypassed by the global development process; in fact, development programs not carefully designed to improve their status can worsen it, which is why the frequent failure to distinguish between the landless and the more secure small farmers is of more than academic concern. Recent studies in a host of countries—including Bangladesh, Indonesia, Malaysia, Pakistan, the Philippines, Thailand and parts of India—indicate that the absolute incomes of some groups have declined over the last two decades, often in the face of considerable growth in gross national product (GNP) and agricultural output.

In the Asian countries, as Milton J. Esman of Cornell University writes in *Landlessness and Near-Landlessness in Developing Countries*, the proportion of rural families in these lowest income categories range from a low of 53 percent in India to a high of 85 percent on the Indonesian island of Java. In the Latin American countries covered, the landless and near-landless account for anywhere from 55 percent of rural residents in Costa Rica to 85 percent in Bolivia and Guatemala. Similar data are not available for Africa, but indications are that the comparable proportions for most of that continent would be considerably smaller than they are in Asia and Latin America.

Conservative extrapolations of the available data suggest that, altogether, more than 600 million people live in rural households that are either completely landless or that lack secure access to adequate farmland. Not coincidentally, this rough figure approaches the World Bank's estimate

that nearly 800 million people live in "absolute poverty ... at the very margin of existence." Along with the most destitute urban slum dwellers—themselves usually refugees from rural landlessness—landless laborers and those farming insecure or marginal plots *are* the absolute poor.

Throughout most of Asia, the average farm is quite small by international standards; in most Asian countries, more than 90 percent of all farms are smaller than ten hectares. Among those fortunate enough to own farmland, ownership in Asia tends to be more broadly based than it is in Latin America. Inequality among landowners is nonetheless substantial. Eleven percent of Bangladesh's households own more than half the country's land. In India in 1971, 70 percent of the farms were smaller than two hectares and included just 21 percent of the total farmland, while 4 percent of the farms were larger than ten hectares and occupied 31 percent of the farmland. In the Philippines in 1971, just 5 percent of the farms were larger than 10 hectares but they accounted for 34 percent of all cropland. By contrast, in South Korea, where significant land reforms have been carried out, 92 percent of the farms were three hectares or smaller in 1974, and they accounted for 93 percent of all the farmland.

In Latin America, where huge latifundia-style estates were carved out during the colonial era and where large corporate estates are also common, both average farm size and concentration of ownership tend to be higher than in Asia. In 1975, according to the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organization, 7 percent of the region's landowners possessed 93 percent of the arable land.

A survey of agrarian structures in seven Latin American countries, carried out in the mid-1960s by the InterAmerican Committee for Agricultural Development (a consortium of U.N. and regional agencies), revealed that the "latifundia stereotype" of Latin America, while oversimplified, "does not grossly exaggerate reality." Large farms employing more than 12 people account for more than 40 percent of all cropland in Colombia, Ecuador and Guatemala; for 60 percent of Brazil's farmland; and for more than four-fifths of the cropland in Chile and Peru. At the same time, nearly 90 percent of the farms in Ecuador, Guatemala and Peru were too small to support a family.

African Patterns

Landlessness and land concentration have long plagued portions of North Africa. Through much of sub-Saharan Africa, however, traditional tenure systems, in which land is owned by the tribe and allocated to individuals for use but not for sale, have predominated. Outside experts have often seen the need for individual land titles that could provide greater personal-investment incentives as the "land reform" challenge of Africa. The apparent availability of large unused areas has further fed the notion that landlessness is not a threat in sub-Saharan Africa.

This relatively benign image of African tenure problems is, however, in-

creasingly misleading. To begin with, the large empty spaces create a mistaken impression. In vast areas of Africa, the climate, soils or other ecological factors make farming or even grazing impossible. In addition, writes John Cohen of Harvard University, "Africa's poor soils and limited rainfall often allow for only extensive land use and typically require fallow periods or costly investment in fertilizer and irrigation. In such conditions, access to 10 to 20 hectares of land means little and such an African household might be less secure than a Bangladesh peasant household holding less than two hectares."

The truth is that land scarcity is emerging as a problem in more and more parts of Africa. Where populations are pressing against the arable land base, a common result has been the development of individual land rights—accompanied by the usual patterns of land accumulation by the wealthy, absentee landlordism, tenancy and landlessness. These trends have progressed further in areas growing commercial export crops, such as Ghana's cocoa regions and East Africa's coffee lands. But they are fast appearing in peasant food-crop areas as well. Increasing land scarcity and competition is inevitable throughout much of the continent and, in the absence of national policies to control private land accumulation and tenancy practices as well as to slow population growth, Africa will develop the same land-based social conflicts and production inefficiencies that have long been apparent elsewhere.

Population Pressures

Worldwide, the number of landless and near-landless people appears to be growing fast. Demographic pressures alone would be enough to guarantee this: despite considerable migration to cities or foreign countries, rural populations are still in many cases growing at close to 2 percent a year, which would yield a doubling in 35 years. Even where they are feasible, land-settlement schemes cannot absorb more than a small fraction of the tide of potential farmers.

Meeting the "basic needs" of the world's poor has recently become the overriding concern of the international development establishment. Analysis of the postwar development record has revealed that growth in GNP does not necessarily improve conditions for the extremely poor. Most experts have called for a shift in investment priorities toward the rural sector, and toward smallholder agriculture in particular. Analysis of the growing extent of landlessness, however, indicates that even a small-farm-based development strategy can bypass or harm the poorest groups, who lack the means to take advantage of agricultural progress. People need assets—above all, land—or assured employment at decent wages in order to benefit from economic growth. In many developing countries today, then, a "basic needs" strategy must include reforms in land distribution and tenancy conditions if the lot of the intended beneficiaries is to be improved. Far from being a costly concession to the idea of equality, land reform can

in many cases provide a key to agricultural modernization. In many countries, the economic case for land reform rivals the social case for redistributive policies.

To be sure, the diversity of past and potential agricultural patterns makes generalization hazardous. Still, certain propositions seem to hold for many countries. Huge estates are generally far less efficient in their use of land and capital than are small family farms. Even where, as in parts of Asia, virtually all cropland is intensively used regardless of tenure status, small farms often produce more per hectare than large farms do. Farming by tenants rather than by owners does not necessarily mean suppressed production; but where tenancy is insecure, where rental charges are exorbitant, and where landlords do not share the costs of investments and modern inputs, incentives for agricultural progress can be destroyed.

Land Reform and Production

Land tenure is not, of course, the sole determinant of land productivity. It is one of many factors—including policies of taxation and pricing, and facilities for scientific research, credit, extension, transportation and marketing—that together create an agrarian structure that promotes or prevents broadly shared progress. Seldom can the tenure system be isolated as the sole cause of poor productivity. Nor will the redistribution of land or the reform of tenancy practices, alone, guarantee dramatic rises in output. Appropriate changes in the array of support systems and policies that affect farmers' decisions are also crucial to production breakthroughs.

The impact of land-reform efforts has varied widely but, taken as a whole, the record supports the notion that land reforms can unleash higher agricultural output. Where rapid, fairly thorough reforms have been accompanied by effective measures for involving peasants in technological modernization, the benefits have been dramatic. Japan's land reform of 1868, which broke the bonds of feudalism, "laid the groundwork for Japan's social and economic transformation," in the words of World Bank analysts. After World War II a second major reform, which redistributed farmland and transferred ownership to tenants, "resulted in greater equity and may also have removed a constraint on the growth of Japanese agriculture." In Taiwan, reforms in the 1949-53 period increased the proportion of farm families owning their plots from under 33 percent to 59 percent, reduced the share of farmland under tenancy leases from 41 percent to 16 percent and reduced rents and insecurity on remaining tenancies. As a consequence, "the productivity of agriculture has increased, income distribution has become more even, and rural and social stability has been enhanced," the World Bank reports. In South Korea, where more than half the farmers were previously landless, more than one-quarter of the cropland was redistributed in the early 1950s, after which more than 90 percent of all farmers owned at least part of the land they tilled. Within a decade, yields had far surpassed pre-reform levels.

The American Review

None of the land reforms that have been attempted in Latin America have shown such clear-cut success in terms of production. Nevertheless, the production record of past reform programs, most of which have been far less complete than those in East Asia, is better than generally realized. A recent authoritative examination, undertaken for the World Bank, of the land-reform efforts in Bolivia, Chile, Mexico, Peru and Venezuela concludes that, "almost all our post-reform findings in Latin America do point to increased output on affected lands." Examining the effects of reform on the agricultural sector as a whole in these countries, the authors infer that "land reform may have served on balance as a stimulus to national production; and certainly it has not prevented the observed growth accelerations in four of the five countries even if it did not necessarily bring them about."

The economic case for land reform goes far beyond its potential direct influence on crop output, important as that is. Broadly shared landownership and agricultural progress provide the best foundation for the self-propelled economic development, full employment and political and ecological stability that have so far eluded many Third World countries. An equitable land-tenure system by no means ensures attainment of these basic development goals, but it can certainly encourage it. Conversely, oppressive landownership and tenancy tends to channel national development in directions that are economically, socially, and in some cases ecologically unsustainable.

"Dualistic" Development

The harsh human price and dead-end economic results of so-called dualistic development—whereby small portions of a population enjoy the fruits of modern society while the masses remain locked in abject poverty—have received much attention in recent years. The gaping social divide between an urban elite, tied into the international industrial economy and receiving a disproportionate share of governmental resources, and a rural peasantry that receives little from the central government has often been described. Urban-rural disparities are indeed normally huge, but closer examination often reveals the existence of rural agricultural elites, too, who are linked politically and economically with the urban privileged. In effect, dualistic development extends into the countryside.

The consequences of this broader dualism vary from country to country but certain common tendencies are well known. Exceptional profits accrue to a small number of large landowners. Aspiring to affluent lifestyles, they, along with urban elites, spend much of their income on advanced industrial goods—many of which must be imported. Meanwhile, rising numbers of landless laborers face massive unemployment and low wages, while marginal farmers and tenants barely manage to feed themselves. As the majority of people in the countryside have so little purchasing power, not enough of a market exists to stimulate emergence of the small-scale,

basic consumer-good industries the poorer groups would patronize if they had more money. Thus the development of nonagricultural rural jobs is stunted. At a national level, export crops and industries are promoted in order to meet the rising import bills accumulated by the affluent minority. The broad domestic market essential to diversified, stable economic growth never emerges.

A final point about the developmental effects of different land-tenure systems is less tangible than those discussed above, but is significant nonetheless: it concerns the overall quality and texture of rural life. In a classic study of California communities, carried out in the 1940s, anthropologist Walter Goldschmidt compared a town surrounded by large, corporate farms run by hired managers and laborers with one surrounded by family-run farms. The two communities had populations of similar size and produced crops of identical value. However, the family-farm community had, among other advantages, stronger local governmental institutions, more local businesses and retail trade, more paved streets and sidewalks, better garbage and sewage-disposal facilities, and more schools, public parks, civic clubs, churches, youth organizations and newspapers. Residents of the family-farm town saw their community as a desirable place to live, while residents of the corporate-farm community "tended to regard their town as a place to escape as quickly as possible." Moreover, Goldschmidt continues, "in towns surrounded by family farms, the income earned in agriculture circulates among local business establishments," while in the corporate-farm towns "the income is immediately drained off into larger cities to support distant, often foreign enterprises." California's economic and social conditions are hardly similar to India's or Guatemala's. Still, as with many aspects of the land-tenure problem, the lessons from case studies in one place are to some degree relevant everywhere.

Reform and Political Stability

It has been argued that changes in land tenure can be politically destabilizing. And it is true that many land-reform struggles have been accompanied by violence and political unrest. Where the political opposition to reform is strong, the human costs of the reform process are apt to be great.

But in the long run, land reform can be more stabilizing than efforts to maintain an unjust and unpopular status quo. Rather than producing stability, grossly unequal land tenure ensures its absence. International statistical comparisons show that levels of violence and political instability tend to be highest in the countries with the most inequitable landownership patterns. Hence, over time, severe inequality can take a direct human toll far greater than the more temporary costs of a successful land-reform effort. If the indirect human costs of a failure to reform, arising from suppressed production, employment and economic growth, are added in, the

case for pursuing reforms despite the potential hazards becomes all the more compelling.

Two major aid agencies have recently issued policy statements strongly supporting land reform. In its 1975 *Land Reform: Sector Policy Paper*, the World Bank noted the frequent negative effects of skewed landownership and unregulated tenancy on agricultural productivity, employment and equity. The bank concluded that "in many situations, the prevailing tenure conditions are the major impediment to development." Consistent with its earlier statements that its main mission is to aid the rural poor, the bank pledged in this paper to

give priority in agricultural lending to those member countries that pursue broad-based agriculture strategies directed toward the promotion of adequate new employment opportunities, with special attention to the needs of the poorest groups. The bank will support policies of land reform designed to further these objectives. . . . The bank will not support projects where land rights are such that a major share of the benefits will accrue to high-income groups unless increases in output and improvements in the balance of payments are overriding considerations; in such cases, it will carefully consider whether the fiscal arrangements are appropriate to ensure that a reasonable share of the benefits accrue to the government.

In a 1979 policy statement, the U.S. Agency for International Development (AID) said it will provide technical and financial assistance in support of reforms in land distribution or tenancy where governments show a real commitment to these ends. Equally important, the agency stated that "should studies show that particular types of assistance, such as provision of current inputs, are exacerbating the plight of the poor in situations where land tenure practices are inequitable and there is an absence of commitment to reform, then the agency, on mission advice, is prepared to consider withholding those types of assistance." Furthermore, in deciding whether to support settlement programs on new lands, the agency pledged to "ascertain whether the settlement represents real reform or a 'cover-up' for not undertaking reforms."

Whether such statements will ever be put into practice in the field remains to be seen. Certainly AID and other donor agencies have been, and will continue to be, involved in many land-reform programs of varying degrees of thoroughness. In the postwar years in East Asia, the United States, anxious to block the feared spread of Communism, was in fact the backer of far-reaching land reforms. Where it has appeared that land reform might help undercut support for rural insurrections—as in Latin America during the "Alliance for Progress" years of the early 1960s, in South Vietnam, and recently in the Philippines—the United States has actively encouraged land-reform programs. But the earlier successes of Japan, South Korea and Taiwan have not been duplicated. Unlike the case in those countries, elsewhere it has often become apparent that radical re-

forms would destroy rather than strengthen the government in power. Outside pressures and internal enthusiasm for reforms have waned commensurately.

The World Bank, AID and other agencies are likely to assist land-reform programs when it is politically easy to do. If they are to implement their stated policies, however, they will also have to take the much more difficult step of withholding development assistance where, because of tenure conditions, its social effect is likely to be regressive. The point is not that aid agencies should foment revolution. However, if they really intend to give priority in their lending to the eradication of severe poverty rather than to the simple promotion of economic growth, and if they take seriously the analyses in their own policy statements, they must pay far more careful attention to the land-tenure factor in the future. Much of the aid dispensed at present does not serve the stated goals of donor agencies. In some cases, it may be possible to design projects that enhance the status of the landless despite the persistence of broader structural inequities. But aid agencies must be as willing to deny aid where it will do harm as to give aid where it will do good.

Radical Change Needed

Economic aid programs are, of course, just one means by which foreign powers relate to developing countries. Analysis of the land problem in the Third World raises more fundamental foreign policy considerations for the United States and other superpowers. In many developing countries, it is clear that radical changes in the land-tenure system must come about if socially sustainable development is to occur. The huge and growing numbers of landless people lacking any prospects for a decent life ensure that the issue will become increasingly acute. The achievement of needed reforms will always be an intensely political, conflict-ridden process; it will often follow the mobilization of long-quiescent social groups and the overturning of traditional power structures. Political movements able to carry out reforms will often pursue other goals as well that are anathema to one or another foreign power.

Given the clear need for structural transformations in the Third World, and the inevitability of associated political conflict, outside powers need to resist the tendency to see each national struggle as a test case in the East-West geopolitical battle. New degrees of maturity and patience among the great powers, reflecting the inevitability of instability and the need for change in the Third World, are called for. Over time, such understanding and restraint will best contribute to the peace and stability that is in the interest of all countries. As World Bank President Robert McNamara put it, "We cannot build a secure world upon a foundation of human misery."

The demand for land redistribution is not an abstraction conjured up by idealistic intellectuals. Over the coming years, close to 1,000 million people will be clamoring for a better deal in the countryside. Struggling with

chronic exploitation, destitution and insecurity, they rightly see that access to farmland can give them a chance to accumulate assets and create a better life.

Giving the Dispossessed a Chance

Analyses of the world hunger problem consistently identify two imperatives: more food must be produced in developing countries, and it must be more widely distributed. Land reform can often contribute to the achievement of the first goal and can always contribute to the achievement of the second. More food production alone will not eliminate hunger; nor will more charity. Only wider access to decent land or to decent jobs will give the dispossessed a chance to work their way out of extreme poverty and undernutrition. Those serious about eliminating hunger have no choice but to involve themselves in the acrimonious politics of social change.

Considering the ecological limits on the expansion of arable lands, and the steep rises in human numbers that are occurring in most poor countries, land reform is not a one-time cure-all for poverty. But clearly a more equitable distribution of farmland would provide a solid base for a broader development strategy that maximized employment and economic opportunities of all sorts, and that over time allowed for self-sustaining national economic progress. Just as clearly land reform needs to be accompanied by the encouragement of family planning.

The debate about whether rapid population growth or unequal landownership deserves more blame for increased poverty is often pointless. Undeniably, fast-growing populations are swelling the ranks of the landless and swamping meager social services. Yet at any given time, the redistribution of assets and wealth could eliminate most poverty and hunger in any country. Moreover, unequal economic-growth patterns create the sort of desperate social circumstances that encourage the poor to have large families. Conversely, more equitable development and the widespread dispersal of family planning assistance can reinforce each other positively. Both are essential to the building of a future that is politically, economically and ecologically sustainable.

The rising tide of landless and near-landless people is sure to generate mounting political pressures for land reform. At the same time, massive unemployment, rising food prices and increased dependence by more and more countries on imported food will highlight the economic need for land reform. Few countries have much high-quality land left for new settlement, yet the demand for food and fiber grows inexorably. The better farmland will have to produce as much as possible, and do so in a way that provides benefits to the greatest possible number of people. For both political and economic reasons, societies cannot afford to maintain land-tenure systems that are at once inequitable and inefficient.

AMERICA'S RIVAL ACTING SCHOOLS

By Suzanne O'Malley

America's leading acting teachers—Lee Strasberg and Stella Adler—both claim the mantle of the great Russian dramaturge, Constantin Stanislavsky, and his celebrated Method. They have had enormous influence on American stage and cinema acting for nearly 50 years, but they are bitter rivals. Whether the Method, or their interpretations of it, will live on after them is in serious doubt. This article, adapted from *The New York Times Magazine*, tells how the rivalry began and how the two great teachers differ in their approach.

Suzanne O'Malley, a Texan who now lives in New York, has been a senior editor of *Esquire* magazine and has published articles in a number of national magazines. She currently is co-writing a play with Dan Greenberg.



There are nearly 50 years of hard feelings between America's warring king and queen of theatrical instruction. Lee Strasberg and Stella Adler both teach what is broadly known as Method acting. Yet, since the 1930s, they have disagreed dramatically over the very fundamentals of that approach. A combined total of more than 50,000 stage and screen actors and actresses has had the benefit of their coaching over the years, but the debate over whose method is the real Method continues.

Lee Strasberg is 78. He has been director of the Actors Studio, a weekly workshop for professional actors, since 1948. His Lee Strasberg Theater Institute, founded in 1969, has branches in New York and Los Angeles and enrolls 1,500 students a year. James Dean, Jane Fonda, Dustin Hoffman, Al Pacino, Ellen Burstyn, Marilyn Monroe and countless others have studied with Strasberg.

Stella Adler has had a 75th birthday party every year for the past four or five. Since 1949, she has been director of the Stella Adler Theater Studio in Manhattan, which also sponsors summer classes in Los Angeles. Enrollment at the school averages 400 students a semester. Adler was head of the acting department at the Yale University Drama School in 1967-68 and she is a drama teacher for New York University. Marlon Brando, who studied with her early in his career, says he never would have gotten as far as he has without her genius. Robert De Niro says he owes everything to her script-interpretation class.

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Lee Strasberg

The Method's Arrival

The Method revolutionized American theater, beginning in the late 1920s, when disciples of the great Russian actor and teacher Constantin Stanislavsky brought his technique of acting to the United States. Classical acting instruction had focused on developing an actor's external talents: script reading, diction, singing, dance, fencing and the like. Method acting was the first systematized training that developed the actor's internal—sensory, psychological, emotional—abilities, as well.

Today, after a checkered career, the Method persists as the most pervasive influence in acting. But Strasberg and Adler disagree violently on how much emphasis Stanislavsky intended to put on the internal actor over the external actor. Strasberg claims that Adler has abandoned the internal emphasis of Stanislavsky's teaching. Adler claims that Strasberg has so exceeded Stanislavsky's original intent that his teaching is psychologically and emotionally dangerous.

The question nagging everyone with an interest in American theater is, when Strasberg and Adler go, leaving behind this legacy of confusion, will the Method go with them? Will the schools that taught Brando and Dean vanish?

"My work?" Strasberg says. "I'm putting my work on paper and on vid-



Stella Adler

eotape to provide a basic textbook. It is my hope that my wife, Anna, will carry on."

"My script-interpretation class?" Adler says. "*Nobody* else can give it. It is going to die out."

Strasberg at Work

A pleasant-looking young woman is standing alone on the stage before 200 people at the Lee Strasberg Theater Institute in Los Angeles. She is sobbing.

She has volunteered to demonstrate the "song and dance" exercise at a Strasberg lecture open to all institute students. The exercise begins with a student singing a well-known song—say, "Happy Birthday"—one syllable at a time, from the bottom of the lungs, with no melody. As the student struggles to avoid falling into the familiar tune of the song, Strasberg asks that the dance portion of the exercise be added. This entails moving the body in bizarre, irrhythmic accompaniment to the monosyllabic song. The result is a sorry spectacle. Strasberg never allows the student to settle into a rhythm. He repeatedly calls for new movements—"jazz," "waltz," "faster," "slower," "jump,"—or criticizes the singing. The point is, Stras-

berg explains, unless an actor can break out of his own physical conventions, he can never successfully play a role. Yet under the barrage of commands the student's defenses inevitably wear down.

And so the young woman on the stage is weeping.

"Why are you crying?" Strasberg asks gently.

Struggling for control, the woman blurts out, "Because I'm ugly."

"Who told you you were ugly?" Strasberg asks.

The audience is deadly still.

"My friend Emily." The woman's manner has changed to that of a young child.

"Emily? How old is Emily?" Strasberg asks.

"Six," comes the reply.

Strasberg, suddenly alarmed at the extent of her transformation, looks around the audience to find the woman's teacher. He asks whether the teacher is aware of any emotional problems. The teacher answers that the woman had appeared to be fine until this moment. Strasberg continues.

"You think you're ugly because a *six-year-old girl—years ago*—told you that you were?"

The woman is whimpering.

"Who made you feel you're ugly?"

"My mother," the woman declares. She stops whimpering and collects herself. The demonstration is over. Strasberg has either broken down an aspiring actress's defenses in order to tap some inner well of emotion and thus help her improve her craft, or he has demonstrated an exercise in power and control—his over other people.

In Search of "Sense Memory"

In another class 15 students are executing a variety of exercises. There are "relaxation" exercises, where actors make exaggerated efforts to relax their bodies. There are "sense memory" exercises during which an actor may sit in the middle of a gritty classroom floor and take a bath for an hour, simply *remembering* what his favorite soap smells like, how the water feels, whether or not the bath is too hot. Stretching beyond "sense memory" to "emotional memory," the exercises can get into weightier material—reliving the death of a parent, if that happens to be the emotional material with which the actor chooses to deal. The room resembles the madhouse in *Marat/Sade*.

"You know what makes it look crazy?" Strasberg says. "They're each doing their own thing—not in relation to one another. An actor has to be able to do his part on the stage without depending on someone else."

Strasberg has been called a poor man's analyst. He has never had a day of psychoanalysis himself. "Strasberg uses a great gimmick of intimidating through the psychoanalytic," Stella Adler says. "He produces this neurotic actor. He's not a therapist. His teaching is painful and dangerous."

America's Rival Acting Schools

Dustin Hoffman disagrees. "In the years that I studied with Strasberg, I never saw him try to psychoanalyze a student. What he would say is, 'When you got to this part of the scene it seemed to be emotionally loaded.' The student would say, 'I was thinking about something very personal.' Strasberg would constantly answer, 'I don't want to know what it is.' However," Hoffman adds, "I did sense with certain students an idolatry that I thought was very dangerous."

Strasberg is a tiny man with wild, white hair. He wears round, rimless glasses and has a penchant for hot-fudge ice cream sundaes and soda pop. There is still a trace of his native Hungary in his voice, and he speaks in labyrinthine sentences that defy punctuation. He inspires devotion. At times, though, he is impenetrable, the man within locked beneath a steely surface.

A Dedicated Life

Strasberg and his third wife, Anna, divide their time between an apartment on Central Park West in New York City and a rambling estate in the Brentwood section of Los Angeles. He teaches half a year in each city.

The workroom in his Brentwood home is filled with books. The huge collection contains mainly works on theater but also reflects his interest in psychology and world religion. There are no more spaces on the shelves so books are stacked 20 high on the floor and tables. From the entrance to the room, Strasberg, at his desk, cannot be seen.

Al Pacino, who worked under Strasberg's direction at the Actors Studio, extols his ability to analyze an actor's performance. "After Strasberg watches you do a scene," Pacino says, "what he tells you you're hearing for the first time, and it's being told to you like nobody else could say it."

A Contrast in Styles

Passing the admissions interview for Strasberg's or Adler's school is not difficult. But it is not unusual for beginning students to study for a year or more with staff teachers before being accepted in a class that actually is taught by Strasberg. And Adler's script-interpretation class has a waiting list several hundred names long. Both schools charge stiff tuition fees.

About one-third of the curriculum at Strasberg's institute is exercise classes. There are also classical acting classes and scene classes, where students perform scenes from plays and are criticized by their teachers.

The essential difference between Adler's and Strasberg's schools is that Adler encourages her students to read about Stanislavsky's exercise work but does not teach it. She believes that dredging up memories of personal experience for on-stage inspiration is often harmful; she prefers that the actor rely on his imagination. Instead of exercise classes, she teaches a more conventional acting "principles" class. There, a student learns to build character through evidence provided by the playwright and to embel-

lish that evidence with his intuition rather than his personal history.

Adler's "principles" and Strasberg's "exercises" are vastly different classes to watch. What an actor gets out of them may not be so different. "Stella stresses imagination and Lee stresses reality," says Ellen Burstyn, who studied with both of them. "You use Stella's imagination to get to Lee's reality. They are finally talking about the same thing."

The Adler Technique

The first time I met Stella Adler, she was about to teach a scene class at her studio in New York.

She displays an uncanny ability to pinpoint, from her seat in the audience, the critical flaw in a performance.

One of her students is grossly overplaying the part of the British actress in a scene from Neil Simon's "California Suite." Miss Adler can take it no longer. She stands up, stops the scene. "You're playing an *Englishwoman*, sweetheart. . . . Glenda Jackson. . . . *Cremated* she wouldn't feel that depth of feeling."

On another occasion, Adler analyzes a scene from Lillian Hellman's *The Children's Hour*, which two of her students have just performed. "It was simply bad acting, darling," Adler tells one of the women quietly. "You pretended." Adler explains the character, a schoolteacher who has been accused of having a lesbian relationship. Still explaining, she slides deliberately into the role. The tension within Adler, expressed through the character she has assumed, builds. She is a study of frustration and intensity. Her performance climaxes in a bone-chilling scream.

This is the teaching for which she is famous. She resumes. "I don't say to do the scene that way *exactly*. Do it any way you want." She stops. Grins mischievously. "A modest actress would probably do it less violently." Stella Adler is imperious. She is tall and still nicely proportioned. She looks far younger than she is. She is vain.

Miss Adler, as she prefers to be called, doesn't enter a room: she makes an entrance. Conversation stops. Heads turn. She expects this. "Stella Adler on stage was a genius," playwright Arthur Miller says, sitting in the offices of the new Harold Clurman Theater, where a revival of one of his plays is in rehearsal. "She had a magnetism that I doubt had very much to do with anybody's philosophy. It's just the way she is. She's that way when she walks into the room." Miller laughs. "Call it the Adler method."

Adler last appeared on Broadway in 1946 in Leonid Andreyev's classic *He Who Gets Slapped*. If you ask her about the infrequency of her stage appearances, she explains that she has spent more time on stage than anyone alive today. "I spent most of my life up there. I know there's nothing. I know there are no doors. I know there is just rotten light."

One of Adler's former husbands (she has been married three times) is the noted director and critic Harold Clurman, for whom the theater is named.

America's Rival Acting Schools

Both Strasberg and Adler were introduced to Stanislavsky's technique late in the 1920s by Richard Boleslavsky and Maria Ouspenskaya at the American Laboratory Theater. Adler was already a successful stage actress. The youngest daughter of Jacob Adler, she had been on the vaudeville and Broadway stage for years, and had appeared as a member of her father's Yiddish theater company for the first time at the age of three.

Strasberg had emigrated from Hungary with his family in 1909 and began elementary school without knowing English. When he attended the Lab Theater, he was a young actor only just beginning to realize his talent for directing.

Stanislavsky's Influence

As young people in the theater, both Adler and Strasberg grew up in awe of Stanislavsky's Moscow Art Theater, acknowledged in the early 1900s to be the best in the world. At a time when most good acting was exaggerated and overly emotional, the Moscow Art Theater distinguished itself with its realistic performances. Stanislavsky had studied the performances of the greatest actors in the world—Eleanora Duse, Tommaso Salvini, the opera star Feodor Chaliapin. He discovered that what distinguished them from other actors was their ability to create real life anew each time they played a part. He devised a “method” for enabling others to do the same thing. While purists may disagree, the term “Method” has generally come to describe the various forms Stanislavsky's work has taken in America.

Strasberg and Harold Clurman became friends in 1925 after Clurman had been impressed with Strasberg's ability to work with actors. In 1930, Strasberg, Clurman and producer Cheryl Crawford started preparations for the Group Theater, which would become renowned for its devotion to theatrical excellence, the Method and abolition of a star system.

Clurman persuaded Stella Adler, whom he had met and fallen in love with several years earlier, to join the Group. It took him considerably longer, until 1943, to persuade her to marry him. They divorced in 1960.

For 10 years, Clurman held together the company that, in addition to Strasberg, Adler and Crawford, included director Elia Kazan; actor-director Robert (Bobby) Lewis; writers Clifford Odets, Irwin Shaw and William Saroyan; actors Luther Adler (Stella's younger brother), Sanford Meisner, Margaret Barker, Phoebe Brand, Morris Carnovsky, John Garfield, Art Smith, Lee J. Cobb and Franchot Tone. The Group popularized Method acting in America and redefined American theater with productions like Odets's *Waiting for Lefty* and *Awake and Sing*.

Clurman provided the vision, the determination, the glue that kept the Group together. With Clurman's support, Strasberg became the unrivaled director and teacher of acting in the Group. He was, according to one Group member “the Pope. The rest of us were believers.”

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Miss Adler Disagrees

Under Strasberg's direction and his relentless emphasis on emotional exercises, acting became a painful experience for Stella Adler. Clurman made things worse. He admits to having been exceedingly impartial—at times blindly defending Strasberg and his techniques despite his sweetheart's complaints. Fed up, Adler went to Paris, where she met the ailing Stanislavsky. "I was taken to his apartment," Adler says, "and I wouldn't approach him. Madame Chekhova, Chekhov's widow, said, 'You *have* to go over. It's Stanislavsky.' I said I *didn't have* to do anything. Finally Stanislavsky said, 'Everybody talks to me, why don't you?' And I answered, 'Well, Mr. Stanislavsky, I loved acting until you came along and now I *hate* it.' And then he said, 'Interesting. Come and see me tomorrow.'" And she met with him every day for six weeks.

Adler returned to the Group that summer and declared that Strasberg's use of the Method was incorrect. He placed too much emphasis on the exercises—Stanislavsky's early work—and not enough on classical training and use of the actor's imagination, she insisted. According to Bobby Lewis, "Strasberg hit the roof. After that he never looked at Stella kindly again."

"She was always over-emotional," says Strasberg. "Then she went off to Stanislavsky. *Of course*, he said that was a misuse of the Method, and that was all she wanted to hear. She came back and told the Group we were misinterpreting. But the results were right. You can't be doing it wrong if the results are right."

The Group Theater reached its peak between 1935 and 1938. Strasberg and Cheryl Crawford resigned in 1937, a year after Adler challenged Strasberg's supremacy and began teaching classes to Group members herself. Adler continued to work with the Group until it collapsed in 1941.

The Actors Studio

In 1947, Crawford, Kazan and Lewis—each of whom had keenly felt Strasberg's influence through the Group—founded the Actors Studio as a place where actors might come together, at no charge, to experiment and grow without having to be judged by commercial audiences. Trading on the reputation of the Group Theater, the Actors Studio gained instant prestige. Among the budding actors who auditioned for and were accepted to that first studio class were the late Montgomery Clift, Marlon Brando, Maureen Stapleton, Jerome Robbins, David Wayne, John Forsythe, Patricia Neal, Sidney Lumet, Eli Wallach, Anne Jackson, Herbert Berghof and Mildred Dunnock.

In 1948, Strasberg became director of the Studio; his name has been synonymous with it ever since. "Year after year, no salary, rain, shine or snow, Lee Strasberg went down to the Actors Studio every week," Kazan

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says. "All this acclaim he's getting is long overdue."

Under Strasberg, the Studio produced a generation of now-prominent actors. After attending Strasberg's private classes for a year and a half during the early 1960s, Jane Fonda auditioned for the Studio. "Nothing again was ever so important as having Lee Strasberg and Elia Kazan and the others judge whether you were going to be allowed into the hallowed halls of the Actors Studio," she says. Fonda made it. Pacino made it. Dustin Hoffman didn't. "I tried out so many times," the actor says, "I finally couldn't afford the carfare."

Membership in the Studio is still coveted. Anna Strasberg recalls that shortly after she and her husband were married, a man came to their apartment with \$25,000 in cash. Anna continues, "The man told Lee, 'I want my daughter in your Actors Studio.' And Lee said, 'It's free. If she has talent she'll get in, if not, save your money.'"

An Enduring Rivalry

Time has done nothing to diffuse the Strasberg-Adler rivalry. He says her teaching is ineffectual; she says his is sick. Adler is smug in her irreplaceability; Strasberg has acknowledged his battle with time and is racing to finish the only book of his work, to catalogue his lectures on videotape and to insure the continuity of his institute.

"I never like to speak ill or negatively about anybody. But in the book, I do express myself about her," says Strasberg, "Seems to me that she leaves out the basic elements of Stanislavsky's work. If the exercises aren't done, you're not using Stanislavsky."

"Strasberg's emphasis on relaxation is really a gymnasium," Adler says, referring to the controversial exercises. "Clearly there is a big split and I disagree with the emphasis of Mr. Strasberg. I had collaboration on the work that I feel was important from Mr. Stanislavsky. Therefore the continuity of me will, I hope, carry on the Stanislavsky contribution."

But after Adler, after Strasberg, then what? Jane Fonda mentions Andreas Voutsinas in Paris and Sydney Pollack, an executive director of the Actors Studio in Los Angeles, as outstanding teachers. Kazan says directors Mike Nichols and Joseph Papp are incredibly talented. Ellen Burstyn feels the current crop of popular Method actors will one day, "coagulate into some new teacher."

Outlasting the Avant-Garde

Strasberg recalls that the Method has come back from shaky times in the past. For example, it survived the avant-garde theater movement of the 1960s. "Suddenly there were new ideas," Strasberg says. "Artaud, Grotowski, Brecht. People began to talk about the Method as extinct and frankly it seemed for a while as if the avant-garde theater might replace it. But somehow the avant-garde theater faded. With the new people beginning to arise, still from the Method—Al Pacino, Ellen Burstyn, the young

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people—the Method is exactly where it has always been.” He believes the creation of his institute has given the Method a broader audience and hopes that it will preserve his teachings from the dissolution that he feels Stanislavsky’s work eventually suffered in Russia.

“It has always been my hope,” Strasberg says, “since I met my wife, Anna, that she might somehow be able to continue the work that I was doing without going off on her own. It’s just beginning to seem as if that may be so. She has learned the work, is learning it, is doing it very well.”

For her part, Anna Mizrahi Strasberg, a former actress now in her early forties, is humble about the idea. She teaches a full schedule of classes and has imbued the institute with an atmosphere that makes it a warm and comfortable place to study. However, she is uncertain about her ability to fill Strasberg’s shoes. She is devoted to her husband and clearly is dedicated to preserving the memory of his work.

Adler feels that there are only three people, all from her school, equipped to continue her teaching: Mario Siletti, Pearl Pearson and Ron Burrus. “I would not say that a person could take my place,” she says. “Since, in general, there is no heritage in the American theater, you have no real taking over from the master teacher that will provide continuation of the Stanislavsky system.” Adler’s message is clear: “The future of teaching in this country is very, very limited, and I’m skeptical about it.”

And her skepticism is justified. There simply is no one teacher who pretends to be able to carry on with the authority and charisma of either Strasberg or Adler. The prospects are dismal enough that Sandy Meisner, the only other acting teacher mentioned in the same breath with Adler and Strasberg, says, “The Stanislavsky Method as a collective movement guided by teachers of vision is clearly on the way out. At least no one to my knowledge has shown up to date.”

Strasberg is anxious about the future, but insists, “The time always brings the man. The theater rises; somehow Chekhov appears. The theater rises; somehow Odets appears. Don’t ask me how or why. But it does.”

Robert Brustein, the noted theater critic and historian who recently left the Yale Drama School to become director of the Loeb Drama Center at Harvard University, maintains that the future of the Method will not depend on individual instructors. “Both Stella Adler and Lee Strasberg are master teachers,” says Brustein. “The future of the theater will not be determined by master teachers. The theater itself will be the master teacher. But the basis of all fine teaching will still be Stanislavsky’s technique. He decoded the way great actors act. His technique is *the* basic building block of good acting. It is relevant today and it will always be relevant.”

THE MORAL DILEMMAS OF MODERN BIOLOGY

By Albert Rosenfeld



The controversy over recombining genes, the basic controls of life, to produce new life forms is only one of the knotty ethical, philosophical and even religious questions raised by the current "biological revolution." How much freedom, the author asks, should the scientist have in areas where even research itself poses risks for the general public? What values should guide the biologist's explorations into the nature of human life or the physician's treatment of the terminally ill? Mr. Rosenfeld believes the answers must be based not only on scientific knowledge but also on a wide discussion of the moral issues involved.

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The current "biological revolution" happens to have come along at the same moment we are all caught up in what has been called a "crisis in values." The two are curiously related. The biological revolution, on the one hand, contributes to the crisis but, on the other, might also help relieve it—though ethical and moral values usually fall within other provinces, notably that of religion.

Religion deals with human values—or, one might say, with divine or universal values as they apply to human behavior. For those who accept revealed truth, religion provides satisfactory answers to questions about our nature and origins; about the reasons for human existence; about life, death, and immortality; about our relationship with our fellow beings; about codes of ethics by which we might guide our everyday conduct; about a sense of the sacred in nature and in life. But for those who cannot accept revelation with any sense of intellectual or emotional comfort, the search continues.

Those who look to the sciences for answers will be disappointed—that is, if they believe that the sciences alone can provide the values we all seek to guide us through this time of troubles. But it would be a mistake to under-

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rate the contribution the sciences—particularly the biological sciences—can make in this direction. “A coherent credo,” wrote geneticist Theodosius Dobzhansky, “can neither be derived from science nor arrived at without science.”

Biology has much to tell us about our nature and our origins—though, admittedly, not too much about the reasons for our existence. Biology certainly deals with life and death and their changing definitions and, yes, even with immortality; and though it cannot supply ethical and moral codes, its implications can surely influence those who draw them up. Without doubt, too, biology can inculcate in us a sense of the sacred in regard to nature and to life—though many fear, not without grounds, that the new powers being delivered unto us by biology could bring about the opposite result.

Apart from the insight that our rapidly accelerating acquisition of biological knowledge may impart in terms of human values, biology will rate increasing attention from religion—and from politics—if only because the breakneck pace of its advance will be (and already is) generating a host of moral dilemmas. One thing biology is clearly telling us is that the human future will be quite different from the human present, in large part because of the very powers we have half-inadvertently conferred upon ourselves by virtue of our spirited explorations along biology’s frontiers. The ironic result is that we may have to take upon ourselves some godlike prerogatives as we become self-appointed trustees of our own evolution.

The Ambiguity of Motivation

In one of the essays in *The Lives of a Cell*, Dr. Lewis Thomas speculates on how it must seem, subjectively, for a male moth to come under the influence of the female sex attractant called bombykol. He imagines the female moth releasing at, say, four o’clock on a sunny afternoon,

a brief explosion of bombykol, a single molecule of which will tremble the hairs of any male within miles and send him driving upwind in a confusion of ardor. But it is doubtful if he has an awareness of being caught in an aerosol of chemical attractant. On the contrary, he probably finds suddenly that it has become an excellent day, the weather remarkably bracing, the time appropriate for a bit of exercise of the old wings, a brisk turn upwind. En route, traveling the gradient of bombykol, he notes the presence of other males heading in the same direction, all in a good mood, inclined to race for the sheer sport of it. Then, when he reaches his destination, it may seem to him the most extraordinary of circumstances, the greatest piece of luck: “Bless my soul, what have we here!”

Are we humans subject to the same kind of ambiguity in our motivations? Do we, too, more often than we recognize, believe we are acting on our own volition or through sheer happenstance, when in fact we are, all

Moral Dilemmas of Modern Biology

unawares, being acted upon by powerful outside forces? Or by powerful forces that, though inside ourselves, are triggered by some outside event, either capricious or intended?

An Experiment in Mood

Consider a striking example: A patient with electrodes planted in different areas of his brain is undergoing an experiment in ESB (electrical stimulation of the brain, done remotely by a push-button device). The electrodes have been implanted for therapeutic purposes only; to implant them merely to satisfy scientific curiosity would of course be ethically unjustifiable. But as long as the patient has the electrodes in anyway, he doesn't mind cooperating in the experiment. The investigator may have observed monkeys under a variety of ESB circumstances. He knows, for instance, that the press of a single button can, by stimulating a given area in a monkey's brain, set in motion a whole series of apparently preprogrammed activities. Moreover, the same complex set of actions is performed in precisely the same order every time that same button is pressed. And the monkey appears to be undisturbed. He goes through all the motions each time as if he had thought of them all himself. But there is no way to converse with the monkey, to ask him if his subjective experience coincides with the investigator's suppositions.

The human subject can of course be asked. And the scientist learns that he can evoke varying moods and emotions, thoughts and memories, by pressing the right buttons, thus stimulating known areas of the brain. The subject reports that he does not *feel* anything when his brain is stimulated; that the evoked mood or emotion, the thought or memory, arises in his mind as if spontaneously; that, in fact, if he did not know what was going on, he would have believed that all this mental activity had indeed arisen spontaneously.

We have, to some degree, always recognized that our behavior may be influenced by factors other than logic or reason. Does not Thomas's description of the bombykol-bombed moth remind us of the way a young man's fancy is said to turn in spring, when his hormones are running high? But we think of such behavior as being at least the result of our own moods and emotions. Only over the past few decades have we come to understand how surprisingly much of what we do may be influenced by the kind of creatures we are and especially by the information stored in our genes.

Genes and Behavior

Scientists have become increasingly impressed with the fact that genes not only govern physical characteristics, such as body size and eye color, all the way from fertilized egghood to maturity, but they also play a large role in behavior. The pioneers in child development have observed, for ex-

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ample, how strong is the innate thrust of the human organism to crawl, to stand, to walk—skills that do not have to be taught (though parents usually do help hurry them along).

The proponents of structural linguistics are convinced we are born, too, with a built-in capacity to understand all human languages—which, they further believe, share a universal grammar. Though some of their contentions are in dispute, most have been widely accepted. Consider the observations carried out by child psychologists in which movies were made of infants responding to their mothers' talk. Meticulous, frame-by-frame analyses of the films have shown that the babies' movements while listening are far from random. They make specific movements tuned with the specific sounds made when the mother is talking—though they cannot understand any of the words. Japanese infants listening to Japanese mothers behave as American infants do—they go through a lovely little dance of arms and legs and facial expressions, except that the specific movements they make, listening to the Japanese language, are different specific movements. It looks as if these babies' responses are *programmed*, in fact, for *all* human sounds, as if they begin to learn to speak with their bodies before they do with their tongues.

Some biologists believe that even the potential for human ethical behavior is genetically programmed. Carrying the theme yet farther, Edward O. Wilson in 1975 brought out his book *Sociobiology*, a monumental study exploring the genetic bases of social behavior that set off a storm of controversy that has not yet begun to subside.

The turmoil over sociobiology is not a mere rerun of the old heredity versus environment debate, though it is sometimes put in those simplistic terms. Most biologists now recognize that it is virtually impossible to separate the purely genetic from the purely environmental influences.

In fact, our genetic instructions, taken in their entirety, constitute no more than a framework of opportunity. They set the rough limits to what we can become. (There is no way an earthworm can grow a pair of blue eyes or a thighbone.) On the other hand, the mere presence of even the most perfect set of genes is no guarantee that their potential will be expressed. A normally begun embryo, for instance, can undergo early spontaneous abortion if the uterine environment turns out to be uncongenial for any of myriad reasons. Birth defects occur all too commonly, even in the absence of any specific "bad gene." Throughout the life of any organism, or of any species, appropriate gene expression occurs only under appropriate circumstances. Hence all biological development is seen to depend upon the interplay of genetics and environment.

But putting the old opponents together in contrapuntal harmony still does not solve the essential dilemma: Is our behavior, and our destiny as well, predetermined, and thus controlled, by our genes (though they can only function in a proper setting)? How like are we to the moth responding to bombykol—though the stimuli to which we respond are infinitely more

complex? Do we or do we not exercise free will? As for our genetic inheritance, did it come about through blind chance or as the result of some purposive thrust that pervades the universe?

Genetic Engineering

Considerations such as these have helped put genetics at stage center in today's biology. This could not have come to pass, of course, without the startling quantity of new and detailed knowledge we have come to possess about genes—about many of life's processes, for that matter—at the molecular level. We have learned that the genes are made of DNA (deoxyribonucleic acid). We know not only DNA's molecular configurations but the chemical code in which its genetic instructions are written, and we have learned to some small degree to take it apart and put it back together again. We have also devised an array of techniques that permits us, again to a most limited extent, to snip genes off one place and put them back elsewhere—even in another creature. More than that, we are rapidly compiling clues as to how the proteins intimately bound with the DNA in the cell's chromosomes act to regulate genes, to switch them on and off at the appropriate time. All this may herald the beginning of genetic engineering, the partial basis for my earlier claim that we may become the trustees of our own further evolution.

Inherent in this molecular biology is a large spinoff of potential for all areas of biomedical research—for immunology, for birth defects, for cancer, for aging and all the degenerative diseases, even for some categories of mental illness—not to mention agriculture and the potential for new food and energy sources. Inherent in it also are risks and worries; hence the current furor over manipulating genes into "recombinant DNA" and the suggestions from some quarters that it might be wicked to do research in genetics at all. Beyond these concerns, the sociobiologists' emphasis on the genetic roots of human behavior raises fundamental questions about the human conditions—past, present and future—questions that are philosophical, ethical, moral, and ultimately religious.

Vitalists vs. Materialists

Genetics is of course closely intertwined with evolutionary theory. Biology teaches us that our origins were in the earth itself, that we evolved from lower organisms that, somewhere way back, themselves evolved from inanimate matter in the peculiar climatic circumstances of our planet's primordial history. This chain of presumptive events has always been looked upon with outrage and distaste by many opponents of evolution, who also reject the materialist view that all life and spirit are made of nothing but matter and that their existence is dependent upon the inanimate matter from which they derive and the way it is organized. Evolution, along with other theories and discoveries in biology, seems to support

the materialist position. But the late anthropologist Loren Eiseley (in *The Immense Journey*) cautions against too facile an acceptance of this view.

I would say that if "dead" matter has reared up this curious landscape of fiddling crickets, song sparrows and wandering men, it must be plain even to the most devoted materialist that the matter of which he speaks contains amazing, if not dreadful, powers and may not possibly be, as Thomas Hardy has suggested, "but one mask of many worn by the Great Face behind."

True enough, the building blocks of living molecules have been produced in the laboratory by subjecting inanimate materials to the simulated conditions presumed to exist in the earth's early atmosphere. And it is freely predicted that one day scientists will go all the way to create life in the laboratory. Would that feat permit the materialists to claim victory? Not at all, for the same reasons implied by Eiseley: If life can be made from non-life, then terms such as "nonlife" and "inanimate" were inappropriate all along. It would not prove that life and spirit inhere in the atoms of rocks and the fires of stars.

An Evolutionary Ethic

Moreover, the acceptance of an evolutionary process does not necessarily imply, as it once did, a tooth-and-claw version of history. In fact, the sociobiologists seek to prove that altruism has survival value and is therefore also built into our genetic program. Nor does acceptance automatically imply a belief in purely random chance combinations over the entire route—though it is my impression that this is still what most scientists do believe. In the recent past, the scientific-humanist movement, as exemplified by the late Sir Julian Huxley, had discerned an evolutionary thrust in history. So had Father Teilhard de Chardin, who worked out an evolutionary ethic, with the history of the universe moving toward an ever higher and more complex organization, directly contradicting the second law of thermodynamics.

More contemporarily, scientists such as Jonas Salk, the discoverer of the polio vaccine, have similarly opted for an evolution-based ethic. In *The Survival of the Wisest*, Salk describes what he considers to be our current, inexorable (though modifiable) movement into "Epoch B." He calls the era we are now entering by that name in order to underline its sharp discontinuity with "Epoch A," which encompasses all of history until now. To survive in Epoch B, says Salk, will require not only fitness but also wisdom. He believes we will evolve toward the necessary wisdom if we are so motivated. (And will the motivation, too, come from our genes?) Though Salk refers to the evolutionary process as "nature's game," others—who can accept evolution quite comfortably not as a contradiction of the creation, but rather as a broad interpretation of it as the divine method for bringing creation about—might wish to call it God's design.

Does this grand, visionary sweep of evolution constitute one more purely deterministic view, with the human species carried along helpless in evolution's genetic grip? (Edward O. Wilson has suggested that "the organism does not live for itself. Its primary function is not even to reproduce other organisms; it reproduces genes, and it serves as their temporary carrier.") Or can human beings hope to make a contribution, to influence the course of events?

I believe that Teilhard, Huxley and Salk—and Wilson, for that matter—would all say no to the first question, yes to the second. "The evolution of the universe," wrote Dobzhansky, in *The Biology of Ultimate Concern*, "must be conceived of as having been in some sense a struggle for the gradual emergence of freedom." I have recently suggested myself (in *Modern Medicine*), with unabashed hubris, that nature's game so far may have been to arrive at us, to evolve biologically a creature capable of evolving culturally, a being who might qualify himself to take over his own evolutionary process. If such a surmise were valid, it would mean that the game is open-ended and that we are free to carry it anywhere we like, bound only by nature's own limitations.

New Dilemmas

In this sketchiest of overviews of a subject as broad and complex as biology, my intention has been to offer a purely impressionistic idea of the ways in which biology can be useful in the search for values. I have not even touched on the profound insights that our studies in immunology have provided as to how the self distinguishes itself from the non-self. Nor on the proliferating data of neurobiology, with its new understanding of how we perceive ourselves and, through our own perceptual apparatus, the world. Nor on aging research and the quest for prolongevity, with its prospect of conquering old age and extending the human life-span. All these explorations and more have been giving us a clearer idea of the kind of creatures we are and might become. And the clearer such idea biology can provide, the more help it can offer in formulating values to live by for the creature in question—values that, in the nature of things, will themselves continue to evolve.

I would certainly not try to build a set of values solely out of biology. There is too much in that science that we have not learned and may never learn. But what we have learned has already given rise to a variety of new and knotty dilemmas. With the rapid movement of discoveries and biotechnologies from the laboratory and research clinic into the hospital and doctor's office, many questions that were startlingly novel only a few years ago have already become commonplace.

Under what conditions may experiments with human subjects be carried out? When a genetic defect turns up, does the rest of the family have a right to know, even if the patient objects? What are the rights, if any, of the fetus? When may a terminal patient be allowed to "die with dignity"?

Who is authorized to turn off the life-supporting machinery when only "artificial" life remains? With the capacity to restart stopped hearts as well as stopped breaths (both conditions that once served as sufficient criteria to pronounce death) and with transplant surgeons waiting to remove organs from cadavers as soon as it can be safely ascertained that they *are* cadavers, what are the new standards for defining death? Under what conditions can organs be donated, and by whom? When, if ever, is it ethical to perform psychosurgery—that is, brain surgery for the express purpose of modifying behavior?

One could go on and on with the catalogue. Such questions, usually medically associated, are far from solved; they are, however, being pondered and dealt with by the full-time practitioners of the sturdy new discipline called bioethics and its handmaid, thanatology, the theory or doctrine of death.

Other capabilities seem more futuristic. Though human eggs have already been fertilized in vitro, for instance, they have never been taken very far along the road of embryonic development outside the human body, and the actual production of babies in vitro, as in Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World*, is not a question that overly preoccupies the bioethicists, who are busy coping with real, urgent problems. The same is true of cloning, the still hypothetical capacity (though it has been accomplished to a degree in lower organisms) to grow from a mature human cell another whole person who would be the genetic twin of the cell donor.

Who Decides?

In the controversy over recombinant DNA research, there is general agreement on at least two key matters: that there may indeed be some hazard in inserting alien genes into bacteria (for fear of introducing a new and deadly pathogen into the world), and that the research must be undertaken only under proper safety conditions. The U.S. National Institutes of Health has already established a set of guidelines that most scientists seem to find reasonably acceptable in our present state of knowledge. But questions abound: Are the guidelines too strict? Not strict enough? Should they be voluntary, or should they be given the force of law? How does one, in any case, weigh benefits against risks when both benefits and risks are in most cases still conjectural? Should the public have a say in such decisions? How much say, and how soon? Who decides? And, as social scientist Donald Michael likes to ask: Who decides who decides?

Some feel that the research should not be done at all. In fact, the recombinant DNA issue has been seized upon as an opportunity to inveigh against all such tampering with life, especially with genetic information, as being in some deep sense immoral. Until now, free inquiry has been a taken-for-granted scientific principle. The general rule of thumb has been that a scientist doing basic research may proceed pretty much as he pleases without consulting anyone except those who provide the funds. In

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this context, only when scientific findings begin to be applied do questions arise as to consequences.

All this may now change, thanks to research such as the recombinant DNA experiments, in which the inquiry itself may be hazardous. In this revised state of affairs, I certainly advocate that the public have a strong voice in policymaking; though to make an intelligent participatory decision, we must be given all the available and pertinent information. I do not believe that scientists should decide for the public what risks we should be subjected to or that ethicists (or any other group) should decide for us what risks we should be protected from. We know that no such thing as a zero-risk situation exists in this life. Properly informed, I believe that lay people are quite capable of weighing benefits against risks—and that they will usually decide to take some risks in order to gain desired benefits.

Some people believe that we should not only refrain from doing genetic research but that we should refrain from forming hypotheses about genetics. If we form a hypothesis, the argument goes, someone will want to test it, and therein lies mischief. Mischief may lie even in the theorizing itself—as in the case of the notorious XYY gene, which is said possibly to endow its recipient with criminal tendencies, or in the notion that differences in IQ scores may be due to genetic inheritance. Moreover, the possibility of a “genetic fix” may encourage people to continue their scandalous neglect of the social and environmental factors that are more often at fault.

These concerns are not imaginary, and they deserve a full airing. But to draw back in fear from knowledge when we are at the threshold of knowing so much more would, in my view, be tragic. Millions of sick people need the knowledge, now and in future generations. Shall we condemn them (and “them” includes us and our children) to a continuation of their aches and ills, old and new (new diseases do keep appearing), when there are remedies and preventives to be found?

A New Synthesis

Biology deals not only with molecules but with whole organisms. And the biomedical sciences have lately turned their attention once again to the whole human being. There is new emphasis in some areas of the neurosciences and of holistic medicine not only on objective measurements but on subjective experiences. There are attempts, some of them successful, to control the involuntary systems of the body through biofeedback and other techniques. There are serious experiments—which once would have been laughed out of any laboratory—to put the meditative self into more direct contact with its surroundings, with what might be described in mystical terms as the cosmic force, though I have not heard such terminology used except in some of the farther corners of the “consciousness” movement. But there is a genuine and widespread interest in the idea of directly experiencing life with the whole “mind-body system”—of putting our formerly

fragmented selves back together again—and of respecting and appreciating our place in nature, our relationship with our earth and universe.

René Dubos, the bacteriologist, strikes the contemporary chord when he urges us to develop an almost religious sense of symbiosis with the earth. "The goal of this relationship," he writes, "is not the maintenance of the status quo, but the emergence of new phenomena and new values. Millennia of experience show that by entering into a symbiotic relationship with nature, humankind can invent and generate futures not predictable from the deterministic order of things, and thus can engage in a continuous process of creation."



THE SALINGER MYSTIQUE

By John Romano

J.D. Salinger is the enigma of American literature. Starting in the 1940s and ending in 1963, he wrote a novel, three novel-length sketches of the amazing Glass family, a book of nine short stories. It was the first novel, *The Catcher in the Rye*, with its young protagonist Holden Caulfield, that captured the heart of a generation of students and speaks to new readers still. Since 1963 there has been nothing. Salinger became a recluse in a house in the New Hampshire woods and has lived there ever since, carefully guarding his privacy. No one knows whether he has been writing all this time. He's in his 60s now.



John Romano, who reassesses Salinger's writings in this article, is a prolific and rising young critic whose work has appeared in many literary periodicals. He is an assistant professor of English and comparative literature at Columbia University, New York, and has written a book, *Dickens and Reality*, published by Columbia University Press.

It's the start of a just reappreciation of J.D. Salinger to note how well, after all these years, we remember so much of what he wrote. Some of his visions, it seems, have turned out to be indelible. Holden Caulfield, for instance, in his red hunting cap, unwilling to throw a snowball because everything looks so nice and white; Seymour Glass telling the little girl at the seashore that it's "a *perfect* day for bananafish," then putting the gun to his temple an hour later; Zooey Glass's blue eyes, which were "a day's work to look into," or Franny Glass muttering the pilgrim's prayer under her breath.

Those who were young and literate in the Eisenhower or Kennedy years can be said to have received such pictures with utter credulity and in a state of mind resembling awe. Some of us founded not only our literary taste but also a portion of our identity on Holden Caulfield or on Franny Glass: we were smart kids in a dumb world or sensitive kids in a "phony" one, and Salinger was playing our song.

But nostalgia is not much good to a critic intent on open-eyed reappraisal. It's nostalgia, as a matter of fact, that can keep us from seeing and saying that Salinger is one of the very best living writers; because to say so convincingly, we must free ourselves from the benign, patronizing formulas by which we usually count him merely a good one. Salinger is a victim

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not of neglect but of our careless, unexamined affection.

What nostalgia does is to "select out." For instance, however much we may feel for Holden as an old friend, *The Catcher in the Rye*, recollected but not reread, tends to smell a little of the adolescent sickroom; and the Glass kids, if we haven't visited them lately, tend to grow rather Zen-clever and Zen-cloying in the mind. Both of these memories are accurate as far as they go: Holden is in fact down with a distinctly adolescent strain of *weltschmerz*, and Seymour and Buddy and the gang do indeed live in a much too appealing half-way house between Nirvana and Show Biz. All of Salinger's children can be offensively playful or profound when indulged. But there's a good deal more to them: so much more that they seem to me among the few unmistakably genius-made literary creatures of our time. The problem is, the old labels tend to stick. Our mature memory tends in its very fondness to deaden our response to Salinger, particularly to his best-known work. So that if we want to discover how he transcends his limitations on the page—and he does, he does—we have to return to some less well-remembered part of the wood.

Remembering Esmé

It takes place in a tearoom in Devon, England, on a rainy day in 1944. The American soldier who is telling the story sits alone at a table; nearby are two upper-class English children with their governess. Suddenly the older child, a girl of 13 named Esmé, comes over and joins the American. "I purely came over because I thought you looked extremely lonely," she explains. The truth is that Esmé is lonely, too, though she won't say so. Her father has just been "s-l-a-i-n in North Africa"; she spells it so that her little brother can't understand. Her mother is also dead, but was never a fit companion for her father anyway, according to Esmé; not intellectual enough. And how were you employed before the war? she asks the soldier. He says he was a professional, though unpublished, short story writer.

"My father wrote beautifully," Esmé interrupted. "I'm saving a number of his letters for posterity. . . . I'd be extremely flattered if you'd write a story exclusively for me sometime. I'm an avid reader."

I told her I certainly would, if I could. I said that I wasn't terribly prolific.

"It doesn't have to be terribly prolific! Just so that it isn't childish and silly." She reflected. "I prefer stories about squalor."

About what? I said, leaning forward.

"Squalor. I'm extremely interested in squalor."

And when Esmé takes her leave, it is with an eerie politeness that is or ought to be immortal: "Goodbye," she says. "I hope you return from the war with all your faculties intact."

J.D. Salinger published "For Esmé—with Love and Squalor" in the *New Yorker* magazine in 1951; it was collected in *Nine Stories* in 1954. The sec-

ond half of the story is set in a suitably squalid military hospital just after the allied victory in Europe. The American soldier is recovering, or failing to, from something that verges on a nervous breakdown, when he discovers an unnoticed letter from Esmé among his things. Reading it brings on in him the first pulsing of relief, and afterwards he feels sleepy for the first time in a long while. "You take a really sleepy man, Esmé, and he *always* stands a chance of again becoming a man with all his fac—with all his f-a-c-u-l-t-i-e-s—intact."

Esmé and Holden

I've quoted this story at such length mainly because it's the sort of diminutive masterpiece we should be reminded of, occasionally; also because it's strong and dissonant and, finally, *adult*. We can say about "Esmé" what we can't about *The Catcher in the Rye*: that in it adolescent vision and adult experience hold each other in a useful tension, a mutual illumination. Holden was an inveterate, perhaps a manic spotter of "phonies"—night-clubbing phonies, academic phonies, society phonies, sexual phonies. But Esmé, all touchingly, is a phony herself, phony as a lonely 13-year-old girl overly proud of her vocabulary can be.

Now Holden's skill in detecting a transparent affectation can still give pleasure. Here's his account of a boy from a select preparatory school, whom Holden's date, Sally, gushes over when they meet in a Broadway theater lobby during intermission. The play stars the Lunts, the famous husband-wife acting team.

You should've seen him when old Sally asked him how he liked the play. He was the kind of phony that have to give themselves *room* when they answer somebody's question. He stepped back, and stepped right on the lady's foot behind him. He probably broke every toe in her body. He said the play itself was no masterpiece but that the Lunts, of course, were absolute angels. Angels. For Chrissake.

Even those critics who complain, as Alfred Kazin once did, that such writing is adulterated by "cuteness" will concede that Holden's eye is awfully good here, and that his disgust is admirable. Nevertheless, what Salinger achieves with Esmé is implicitly greater. Esmé is compelling to us not because, like Holden, she is wise with the undeceivable wisdom of the sensitive child, but just because she is so *unwise*: that is, so vulnerably self-deceiving that she doesn't even know when she is grieving or frightened or in need. She doesn't know her own "squalor," even when it is upon her and within her.

A Schoolboy View

And yet it's easy to make too much of the contrast. Rediscovering in "Esmé" a Salinger who is powerful instead of cute should prompt us to ask whether *The Catcher in the Rye* wasn't significantly misread in its time.

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Students tell me that Holden Caulfield is still (or again) a hero in secondary schools, God's instrument in unmasking fashionable hypocrisies; which is as it should be, because hypocrisy can't have changed much in 25 years. But this is still the cult view, the schoolboy view of Holden, and it diverts us from asking whether it is not Holden Caulfield himself, rather than his phony world, that comes under the mingled lights of sympathy and scrutiny in that remarkable book.

In fact, it's mainly as a study of what Holden calls his "madman stuff"—his neuroses, the limitations of his understanding, his deep disorders of feeling—that Salinger's first novel endures in interest. The point we miss when thinking of him only as giving the phonies hell on our behalf is that Holden doesn't truly judge the world: the good and the bad alike depress him. This is just what he's told in one of the novel's best scenes by his little sister, Phoebe. Because Phoebe is another Salinger Wise-Child, a forerunner of the Glasses, she might be expected to share her brother's world-wounded sensibility. Instead, she accuses him: "You don't like anything that's happening," she says.

"Sure, I do" he answers. "Don't say that."

But when Phoebe challenges him to "name one thing" he likes, Holden fails: "The trouble was, I couldn't concentrate too hot. Sometimes it's hard to concentrate."

The Myth of the Holy Innocent

This seems to me one of those arresting moments when a writer bravely elects to put in question the very point of view on which, by and large, he's staked his art. Such questioning of its own visionary standpoint is not the least of the reasons why *The Catcher in the Rye* is so noble and honest a piece of work. And it's odd that its self-criticism eluded such antagonistic critics as Kazin and Mary McCarthy; especially odd because so much of their own work has gone into questioning, as Salinger does in *Catcher*, the naive American myth of the holy innocent, the self-centered seer.

Moreover, by enabling us to see around the distorting lens of Holden's consciousness Salinger enables us to see something of the world as it really is. That is how the Manhattan of the late 1940s manages to be solidly, so objectively *there* in the book. It's a neat job of bifurcation, and the difference for good can be measured by comparing *The Catcher in the Rye* to any of its superficial imitations, such as Sylvia Plath's *The Bell Jar*. The difference between Salinger's Holden and Plath's Esther is that Salinger is less pious, more objective toward what Holden suffers; he stops short of endorsing and affirming Holden's own account. This is not because he is less sympathetic than Plath; it isn't really sympathy that lets us affirm one another's distortions. On the contrary, by his greater objectivity, Salinger holds out the possibility of liberating the shut-in, self-torturing young mind he depicts; for Salinger, there's a real world to be liberated into.

Of the *Nine Stories*, there is one, "The Laughing Man," that has a dazzling, Borges-like intricacy of form. The others operate quite happily in the tight, shapely idiom of the *New Yorker* story, which, after all, they helped to define. To that extent they are conventional; but it's by no means conventional to perform so powerfully in that slender medium as Salinger can be found to do, if we return to them now. No one who reads "Pretty Mouth and Green My Eyes," for example, will fail to know what Henry James meant by a "deep-breathing economy" in fiction. Its outline is very simple. Late one night, after a party, a gray-haired man is in bed with a young woman. The phone rings: the caller is a junior member of the gray-haired man's law firm, looking for his wife. She disappeared after the party, was drunk; maybe she's with another man. The gray-haired man listens for a while, offers sympathy, pleads ignorance, hangs up. Of course, the woman he's in bed with is the caller's wife. But then the phone rings again:



J.D. Salinger

The gray-haired man said "Christ!" but picked it up before the second ring. "Hello?" he said into it.

"Joe? Were you asleep?"

"No, no."

"Listen, I just thought you'd want to know. Joanie just barged in."

"What?" said the gray-haired man, and bridged his left hand over his eyes, though the light was behind him.

"Yeah. She just barged in. About ten seconds after I spoke to you . . ."

It may be the most moving lie in fiction. You can turn the lucid sentences of this unadorned dialogue story over and over, looking in vain for the secret springs from which so thick, so realized, so whole an emotional situation has sprung. Its trick of construction is transparent, but beneath the smartness there is something brutally anxious. It's the sort of Salinger story that John Updike, for one, must have read carefully in his time.

The characters in *Nine Stories* are for the most part upper middle class New Yorkers or nearby suburbanites, and as a group they're unusually intelligent, imaginative, verbal. In the story "Uncle Wiggily in Connecticut," Salinger conjures up the world of F. Scott Fitzgerald only to strip it of glamour. The comparison is telling. We remember that for the most part Fitzgerald denies his characters superior minds, as if he feared that by

making them too smart he might reduce their vulnerability. By contrast, Salinger ruthlessly gives his characters all the brains and words and visions we can believe of them—and then some—as if to show that what is wrong with our lives is beyond all the help such gifts can provide.

Only one character in Salinger's fiction is saved from mortal toil by his extraordinary intelligence, and that is Seymour Glass, who is supposed to have reached enlightenment before his suicide. And perhaps that is why he is not entirely satisfactory, why we can't appreciate him as much as Buddy, the family narrator, or as Salinger himself apparently does. He's unique among Salinger's characters in not suffering enough—or maybe it's that something too magical is made of his suffering.

Appreciating the Banal

The great sign of Seymour's enlightenment is his indiscriminating appreciation for the quotidian, the banal: for all that is actually beneath the level to which his lifelong study (at 28) of the religious classics in every language has brought him. His typical note is sounded in this private assessment of his mother-in-law, who is the very cliché of an East Side New York matron. Because she is cycled so deeply in *haut-bourgeois* conventionality, Seymour worries that Euddy, lacking Seymour's grand and blissful tolerance, will "disapprove" of her:

I don't think he could see her for what she is [he writes in his diary]. A person deprived, for life, of any understanding or taste for the main current of poetry that flows through all things, all things. She might as well be dead, and yet she goes on living, stopping off at delicatessens, seeing her analyst, consuming a novel every night, putting on her girdle, plotting for Muriel's health and prosperity. I love her. I find her unimaginably brave.

"She might as well be dead." Seymour may have consciously eschewed Buddy's intolerance, but he certainly has his own way of saying that the unenlightened life is not worth living.

Throughout the Glass books Seymour has just this role of teaching sympathy for those who must live deprived of poetry and somehow it almost always comes out quite massively condescending, like the above passage. There's a mythical "Fat Lady" in *Franny and Zooey* who serves the same purpose: the Glass children go about their humble tasks—writing and acting and performing on nationally broadcast radio shows are humble tasks to the Glasses—always remembering that the Fat Lady is out there, "sitting on this porch all day, swatting flies, with her radio going full blast." In this case it's not enough that we love her for her undistinguished but adorable humanity; we must understand, Zooey tells us, that the Fat Lady is "Christ himself." Ah.

There are two things to say about the quality of religious thought in the Glass books: First, that it's just too *easy*. These children have read "everything," but are never actually seen reading. They acquire learning the way

George Eliot complained that the pluperfect heroines of 19th-century Ladies' Fiction acquired foreign languages: "as the bees sip honey." In this respect, the Glasses are a feast of wish-fulfillment for the intellectually ambitious but lazy reader. The other thing to say is that the transcendent love preached by Seymour is subtly selective, subtly discriminatory. In the end, it's not really so hard to love the Fat Lady, nor even Muriel's mother, who might just be our own. But to love our superficially more attractive, more competitive brothers and sisters—for instance, the prep school brat, Holden's nemesis, who calls the Lunts "angels"—to love these is hard indeed; harder than Seymour takes the trouble to admit. Seymour's teaching leaps too free, too quickly, of the stubbornly actual obstacles to achieving total benignity of soul in the environs of New York's Fifth Avenue.

If their ideas, as such, haven't weathered well, it's nevertheless true that the Glass stories retain an extraordinary interest and appeal; particularly *Raise High the Roofbeam, Carpenters*, where ideas-as-such figure least. The source of their interest is uncannily hard to describe. I can only do so by testifying to the Glasses' superogatory "realness" as people. Even as I bristled at the naïveté of what they were all endlessly, endlessly saying to one another, I saw them all present before me, more distinct and palpable, their gestures more known and alive, than the characters in any fiction written since.

Salinger's Error?

In an ardently admiring article on Salinger years back, John Updike confessed a misgiving about the Glass family that is difficult to gainsay. He quoted Seymour quoting R.H. Blyth's definition of sentimentality: "We are being sentimental when we give to a thing more tenderness than God gives it." There is Salinger's error, said Updike; he gives to the Glasses more love than God does. And so unstintingly does Salinger indulge them all that at first it seems Updike must be right, and Salinger must become yet one more text for the modern sermon that a writer must not love his fictional creations too well.

In principle, of course, I agree. But as critics we must always work to overcome our principles, when they get in the way of seeing and feeling; and in the present case we mustn't be blind to what Salinger has accomplished by virtue of his overabundant love. It stands behind what I began by calling "indelibility," a quality which can't be wrought into a work by any mere perfection of craft, but requires almost irrational commitments of feeling. The effect of Salinger's commitment is unmistakable: By it alone can we explain that peculiar sadness which descended upon no small number in a generation of readers when word got out that the Glasses weren't real, that Salinger made them up. There are few other living writers—perhaps there are none—who have such a sadness to their credit.

MODERN MUSIC TURNS A CORNER

By Irving Lowens



For the past several decades many American composers and music theorists have explored an arid landscape of atonality, non-melodic serial structure and twelve tone modes that were guaranteed never to set audiences to humming as they left the concert hall. Now the trend is a return to older verities of romantic melody and harmonic structure, tempered and transformed, of course, by modern influences. In some ways the trend in music is strikingly similar to those in architecture, sculpture, painting and other art forms—a period of “minimalism,” or intellectual rigor, followed by a period of new regard for older forms that in the past made art more “accessible” and pleasing to the general public.

Irving Lowens is well equipped to chart new directions in music. Internationally known as a music historian and critic, he has written more than a dozen books and has lectured at many universities. For 18 years he was chief music critic of *The Washington Star*. He currently is dean of the Peabody Conservatory of Music in Baltimore, Maryland.

As we enter the ninth decade of the century, it becomes more and more evident that the austere definition of contemporary music commonly used in the 1950s and 1960s no longer describes the scene. In those years the expansion of serial techniques, the evolution of electronic music and the eager acceptance of chance and improvisation were the hallmarks of the avant-garde. As recently as 1967, Elliot Schwartz and Barney Childs were describing these developments as a “revolution in musical esthetics.” The new rhetoric, they wrote, “is marked by jagged melodic contours; tonality that is concealed if it is present at all; an interest in the potential of textures and sonorities; an objective and depersonalized use of musical instruments involving extreme ranges and previously unorthodox sounds; and the fragmentation and dissolution of the melodic line. Most significant, however, is the breakdown in the concepts of continuity, structure and form that constitute the last stronghold of earlier music.” A dozen years later, the music of this “new” rhetoric is, for the most part, both out of fashion and old-fashioned.

The Darmstadt Example

This is true not only in the United States but on the international scene as well. As a typical case in point, one might consider the most recent developments in Darmstadt, Germany, where the Internationale Musikinstitut has stood as an impregnable bastion of the musical vanguard ever since its establishment in 1947. Throughout the history of the Musikinstitut, those composers who broke most radically with the ways of the past and the world's most expert interpreters of their music were the most prominent features of the celebrated international seminar for new music which drew musicians and music-lovers to Darmstadt each summer. A pilgrimage to Darmstadt, where the new rhetoric reigned supreme, was considered an essential element in the education of all young composers during the postwar years.

But Darmstadt has changed, and those who came to worship at the shrine in the 1950s and 1960s would have had difficulty in recognizing the place had they attended the 1978 seminars. The tune being sung at Darmstadt then was "a retrospective orientation towards assured attitudes of the past," and the old avant-garde was conspicuous by its absence. According to the October, 1978, *Kulturbrief* (an arts news review published in Bonn for foreign consumption), "classical notation and sequences of movements, romantic beauty of sound, and tonality were in demand again. That was almost programatically exemplified in the opening concert with premières of works by Hans-Jürgen von Bose, Wolfgang Schweinitz, and Wolfgang Rihm—string trios clearly modelled on Beethoven." The old iconoclasts must have wondered what the world was coming to. Beethoven the hero of Darmstadt? Incredible! European music critics were hard pressed to explain such a phenomenon. One respected observer speculated that the reason for this curious trend might be that "the youngest composers yearn (after the tabula rasa endeavors of their experimenting predecessors) to employ, or at least to invoke, traditional values once again."

A Spreading Phenomenon

What has happened at Darmstadt is no isolated phenomenon—exactly the same thing has been taking place on the U.S. side of the Atlantic with ever-increasing frequency. Consider, for example, the case of Frederic Rzewski, until very recently a relatively little known American avant-gardist, active during the 1960s in Rome and Berlin. Rzewski, who returned to the United States in 1971, was influenced by such composers of "trance music" as Terry Riley, Steve Reich and Philip Glass, as well as by the proletarian songs of the political left such as those by Hanns Eisler and the urban folk-popular music of Latin America. In 1975, he received a commission from the Washington Performing Arts Society to write a piano piece for Ursula Oppens, a gifted young pianist scheduled to appear in

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Washington's Kennedy Center the following year. For her, Rzewski composed a formidable set of 36 variations on a Chilean folk-popular song, *El Pueblo Unido Jamás Será Vencido!*, which grew out of the Chilean Socialist movement.

The 50-minute work was warmly received in Washington, but it evoked an extraordinary critical reaction when Oppens performed it for the first time in New York in December 1978. Harold C. Schonberg, senior music critic of *The New York Times*, is not normally moved to extravagant praise, but he described the Rzewski variations as a landmark in the history of piano music. That is overstating the case somewhat, but there can be no doubt that the work is a remarkable achievement. Its almost Gothic architectural structure calls to mind that of the Bach "Goldberg Variations," and as the piece evolves, the variation technique of Johannes Brahms is evoked. A recording of the work by Oppens has been rapturously greeted by American music critics and has been nominated for one of the Montreux International Record Awards. It is fair to say that Rzewski is now accepted as a major compositional talent.

For Today's Listeners

Yet the work that won for him a large audience cannot be called anachronistic—it is clearly a work of today written for the listeners of today. Its avid eclecticism, in which the familiar sound of 19th-century chromatic harmonies and pianistic figurations are abruptly interrupted by jarring tone-clusters and violent dissonances, is peculiarly and unmistakably contemporary. Back in 1958, when the American apostle of avant-garde electronic music, Milton Babbitt, wrote his famous article entitled "Who Cares If You Listen," the slogan he advanced was (in essence): "Up with self-expression! Down with communication!" Today, that slogan has a hollow ring—the younger contemporary composers are committed to comprehensibility. In order to communicate with their listeners, they combine a return to tonality with an avid acceptance of anything the past can offer that will serve their artistic ends.

American Innovators

Rzewski and his colleagues are the end products of a long line of innovative American composers. The great father figure of American music today is undoubtedly Charles Ives (1874-1954), at long last recognized as an authentic genius and pathbreaker. Ives was unhappy with music as it was being written in his time (which ended, for all practical purposes, in 1918 when he ceased composing due to illness), and he turned to experimental techniques based on folk elements which suited his purposes. He loved to quote the popular songs, hymns and marches he had known in his youth; he delighted in juxtaposing the sweet and the sour; he preferred to bend the rules to suit his ends rather than to follow them. Along with William Billings, America's most gifted 13th-century composer, he believed that

"every composer should be his own carver." He was self-reliant, independent, and unconventional; as Henry and Sidney Cowell put it, he was "unaffectedly at home in the unregulated and untried." It is not surprising that Ives was rejected by his musical contemporaries and was regarded, by all except a tiny coterie of admirers, as no more than a cranky eccentric. Due to his isolation from the musical life of his time, the influence of his music did not begin to make itself felt until after his death in 1954.

But even before then, three European masters who emigrated to the United States had become the most potent shapers and movers of new American music. First to arrive, in 1915, was Edgard Varèse (1883-1965), the progenitor of electronic music. He was followed in 1933 by Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951), inventor of serialism and the use of the tone-row as the organizing element in composition. In 1939 came Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971), with his chameleon-like transformation from colorism to serialism via neo-classicism. It is interesting to note that with Stravinsky's adoption of the tone-row technique shortly after the death of Schoenberg in 1951, serialism achieved its apogee in the United States. But the path to serialism had been pioneered by Milton Babbitt, who crusaded for an ultrarational music in which "the twelve-tone set must dominate *every* aspect of the piece." Babbitt preached total serialization, in which the principle of the series was applied not only to pitch, but to rhythm, dynamics and timbre.

Rochberg and Crumb

It was in this atmosphere of intellectualism that the two progenitors of today's communication-oriented new music made their entrance on the stage of history. Their names, still relatively unfamiliar abroad, are George Rochberg and George Crumb. Curiously, both men teach at the University of Pennsylvania, and both began their composing careers as adherents of serialism.

Rochberg describes the "time of his turning" eloquently in his own words. At the beginning of his search, he wrote in 1973:

For the most potent and effective way to transform my musical energies into the clearest and most direct patterns of feeling and thought, I entered the world of atonality and serialism and came to terms with the musical esperanto that Arnold Schoenberg had conceived. . . . [But] by the beginning of the 1960s, I had become completely dissatisfied with its inherently narrow terms. . . . It became necessary to move on. My last serial work was a trio for violin, cello and piano (1963). From then on I have been engaged in an effort to rediscover the larger and more sweeping gestures of the past, to reconcile my love for that past and its traditions with my relation to the present and its often-destructive pressures. . . . Not yet ready to embrace tonality without reserve, I began to approach it first by quoting tonal music of the past, in assemblages or collages of different musics, and in commentaries on works of the past; later, I would compose sections of movements or whole move-

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ments in the language of tonality. By 1972 I had arrived at the possibility not only of a real and personal rapprochement with the past (which had become of primary importance), but also of the combination of different gestures and languages within the frame of a single work.

Rochberg's Third String Quartet (1972) was the first major work he composed in the eclectic idiom he has made his own, and since then, his influence on American music has been prodigious. So has his personal creativity—a large number of impressive and expressive major compositions have come from his pen, including a widely praised violin concerto.

Unorthodox Sounds

George Crumb's experience with serialism was much shorter in duration than Rochberg's, although the influence of Anton Webern is still perceptible in the sparseness of his textures and the economy of his writing, as well as in the exquisite placement of isolated sonorities in order to imbue them with maximum expressivity. Crumb's music is, in fact, closely allied to the avant-garde "new rhetoric" described by Schwartz and Childs—it does manifest "an interest in the potential of textures and sonorities" and "an objective and depersonalized use of musical instruments involving extreme ranges and previously unorthodox sounds." But Crumb is essentially a romantic composer with a highly developed sense of the dramatic, and he uses these techniques for expressive ends that have enormous emotional impact in the concert hall. At the same time, his melodic lines are often supported by modal harmonies or by impressionistic, parallel chords, and his music as a whole, although rigidly controlled, frequently gives the listener a sense of rapturous improvisation.

Crumb had already found his own path in 1963, when he composed his *Night Music I* for soprano, piano, celesta and percussion, the first in a long series of settings of poems by Spain's Federico Garcia Lorca. He frequently uses his musicians for dramatic effects, as in his *Echoes of Time and the River* (1967) which calls for ceremonial processions, and *Lux Aeterna* (1971), in which he specifies that the performers wear masks and be robed entirely in black. The critic-composer Nicolas Slonimsky sums up Crumb's musical approach as follows:

He preserves the external formalities of traditional music, suggesting baroque procedures, but he makes revolutionary changes in his technical resources, demanding from the performers an exceptional precision and subtlety of interpretation, exploiting the extreme instrumental registers and making use of outlandish effects in the vocal part, including tongue clicks, explosive shrieks, hissing and whispering, as well as singing fractional intervals.

The Older Converts

Just about every device used by the youthful Rzewskis of today may be found in the music of Rochberg or Crumb, and the common denominator is a combination of tonality and eclecticism, the proportions of which vary with the individual composers. Some of the older, more established composers are surprising converts to the schemata. Thus, Gunther Schuller recently announced that he had adopted "the new classicism," which turned out to be a euphuism for Rochberg's eclecticism. Another surprising convert to the ideology is Leonard Bernstein—he demonstrated his understanding of the concept recently in his *Songfest* (1977). But artistic movements are never neat, and as a consequence, many unusually gifted younger composers adhere to the severe esthetic enunciated by Babbitt and are more concerned with mathematical order, complexity and self-expression than they are with the problem of communication. Among the finest of these composers are Christian Wolff, who insists on giving the performer maximum choice during a performance; Charles Wuorinen, who follows the path towards total organization blazed by Babbitt; Harvey Sollberger, another Babbitt disciple who has also been strongly influenced by the dense textures of Elliott Carter; and Peter Lieberson, yet another Babbitt-Carter follower, at 33 the youngest of this group, and perhaps the most talented.

Who, then, are the American composers walking new paths yet seeking old directions? Most of them are in their thirties and forties. Increasingly, they are finding interested and enthusiastic audiences in recital halls, concert auditoriums and opera houses. Their music makes its impact felt immediately—in listening to it, you do not have to wait for that second hearing before deciding whether or not you like it. You know the first time around—if you don't, the composer has failed.

The Young Leaders

The list must include at least the following: Dominick Argento, an operatic talent of the first order, whose *Voyage of Edgar Allan Poe* (1976) proved to be the finest opera brought into being by the 1976 celebration of America's 200th birthday; Jacob Druckman, whose view of the concert hall as a form of theater is beautifully exemplified in his *Lamia* (1976), a work for soprano and orchestra which was hailed, when it was presented by Jan de Gaetani and the New York Philharmonic in 1976, as "a work of considerable imaginative power, imagery, and craftsmanship"; Richard Wernick, winner of the 1979 Pulitzer Prize, who has developed an intensely expressive style based on what he calls "the impulse to sing"; David Del Tredici, whose series of works based on *Alice in Wonderland* have scored a formidable success; John Corigliano, whose capacity for lyrical expression and incisive sense of rhythm place him in the generic tradition of Bartók and Prokofiev; Stephen Douglas Burton, whose *Songs of the Tulpehocken* (1976), a song-cycle for tenor and orchestra on Pennsylvania German texts,

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brings the intensity of Gustav Mahler strongly to mind; Bruce MacCombie, whose *Parkside Music: A Clockworks Ritual* (1979) is reminiscent of the best of Crumb's music in its delicate handling of instrumental timbres; Thomas Pasatieri, composer of 11 operas (among other works), whose most striking achievement to date is probably *The Seagull* (1974), after Chekhov's play; and Claude Eaker, whose *Banchetto Musicale* (1978) impressively combines Rochberg's eclecticism with Crumb's textures.

Fashions in music change, as do fashions in all things, and there is no way of knowing how long the currently popular effort to meet the audience more than halfway will last. A few years from now, the story may be much different. But for the time being, American audiences are being artfully wooed by an increasingly large number of composers whose music beguiles the ear in new and old ways.



KEROUAC IS BACK

By Bruce Cook

Mr. Cook has written several books on music and literary subjects, including *The Beat Generation*. The review is reprinted from *The New Republic*.

Desolate Angel: Jack Kerouac, The Beat Generation, and America. By Dennis McNally. New York: Random House. 400 pp.

It may seem hard to believe, but at the time of his death 11 years ago, Jack Kerouac was considered a has-been, all but forgotten by those who had read *On the Road* and proclaimed him the king of the Beats. The hippies, the inheritors of the freedom that Kerouac extolled and exercised, had never heard of him—or, if they had, thought of him as one of those old guys who wrote books. He languished in Orlando, Florida—alcoholic, dyspeptic, given to fits of anger against both the Establishment and those who opposed it. Was he a man without a country? No, never that, for he was always American, knew it and glorified in it, and gave his whole life to proving it. What he was, I suppose, was a writer without a readership, a literary hero without a following, an idea whose time had come and gone.

Well, if that last was true 10 years ago, then Jack Kerouac today is an idea whose time has now come back again. Not only are his novels selling well once more in paperback reprint, but books

about him now appear about as regularly as studies of William Faulkner and F. Scott Fitzgerald used to. There was Ann Charter's *Kerouac*, a bibliographer's work that was dry and revealing by turns. This was followed by Barry Gifford's and Lawrence Lee's *Jack's Book*, which the co-authors describe quite accurately as an "oral biography." And then came Carolyn Cassady's *Heart Beat*, a memoir of her life with Neal Cassady (the mad Dean Moriarty of Kerouac's "road" books) and of her affair with Jack. And now *Desolate Angel*, which is being touted as the definitive Kerouac biography.

Is it? Well, perhaps. It is certainly the best organized narrative account of his life. Dennis McNally has packed a great deal of information into the book's 400 pages, yet it all comes out in smooth-flowing style. If there is not much new information in it, then that is because the same ground has been covered pretty thoroughly in the earlier books—including Kerouac's own, for he was a compulsively autobiographical writer. By the same token, however, if the story is by now an old one, it loses nothing at all in the retelling.

The child of French-Canadian parents, Jack was born Jean Louis Kerouac in the old New England mill town of Lowell, Massachusetts, just in time to see his brother, Gerard, the family saint, die of rheumatic fever. As far as

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he roamed and as hard as he ran, he never really left Lowell behind. His family, particularly his mother in later years, exercised a kind of tyranny over him. And he never really got over being the dreamy kid he had been while growing up along the Merrimack River.

Voyages of Discovery

By biographical convention, dreamy kids grow up intending to be writers—and so it was with Kerouac when he headed off to Columbia University on a football scholarship just before the war. In fact, nearly everything he did from then on was determined by that desire—quitting Columbia to ship out in the Merchant Marine, low-living with William Burroughs and Allen Ginsberg among the denizens of New York's Times Square, even venturing forth with Neal Cassady on those voyages of discovery which he described so excitingly. His was virtually a life lived in search of material, and as he found that material, he filled book after book with it—*The Subterraneans*, *The Dharma Bums*, *Desolation Angels*, *Tristram*, *Big Sur*—in that tumble of titles that appeared once Kerouac and the Beat Generation had exploded on the scene.

McNally handles all this quite well—although he does show a rather distressing tendency to use language in the same imprecise, bombastic, shotgun style that Kerouac did.

McNally takes it upon himself to explain the 1950s to the reader. He apparently was born sometime early in that decade. That being the case, it is not surprising that he makes mistakes not so much in the facts as in the *feeling* of the period. And in the details: he associates Matthew Arnold with the New

Critics, whereas if Arnold had influence on any critical school at all, it was through Lionel Trilling on the social and moral critics of the *Partisan Review*. He compares Kerouac's "spontaneous bop prosody" to the bebop of Charlie Parker's music and the action painting of Jackson Pollock. While it is true that Jack Kerouac thought he was modeling his automatic prose style on Parker's improvisations, it is also plain from



Jack Kerouac

what he has written of it that he had absolutely no grasp of what was really going on in jazz; he thought of it as far more structureless and free than it is. The analogy of Kerouac's prose approach to action painting seems to make more sense.

From Romance to Tragedy

It is best not to attempt the polymathic approach unless one is a true polymath. What Dennis McNally shows himself to be here is a historian, a scholar, a diligent researcher who can gather facts from the most diverse sources and

weave them into a nearly seamless story that runs from romance to tragedy in less than five decades. But McNally is evidently not much interested in the literary aspect of his subject. There is virtually no attempt in this book to evaluate or even formally comment upon the texts left by Kerouac. Nor, beyond comparisons to bop and action painting, is there any analysis of his style. Although *Desolate Angel* is the biography of a novelist, it is not, by any means, a literary biography.

The Beat Generation seemed something more than (some would say, other

than) a literary movement when it became known in the late 1950s, and that is also how it is remembered by most and written about today, over 20 years later. Still, it was a literary movement, one that inspired poets and novelists and journalists and had far-reaching effects in loosening up strictures regarding subject matter, language and style. Since then there has been nothing to compare to it. That is the reason why Kerouac and the rest are still important to us today and will continue to be until another such generation or movement comes along. If one ever does.

WHY SOME PEOPLE DO BETTER THAN OTHERS

By Chester E. Finn, Jr.

The writer is the author of several books on education. This review is reprinted from *Commentary* magazine.

Who Gets Ahead? The Determinants of Economic Success in America. By Christopher Jencks and others. New York: Basic Books. 397 pp.

Seven years ago, Christopher Jencks and a team of collaborators published a much-noted and widely discussed book entitled *Inequality*, which sought to show that equalizing educational opportunity would not do much to equalize the distribution of incomes in American society, since the impact of formal

schooling on economic success is slight compared with the effects of family background and what Jencks termed "luck." Although the analysis was taken by some to justify reduced expenditures for education, the authors meant it, to the contrary, as an argument for radical income redistribution. "As long as egalitarians assume that public policy cannot contribute to economic equality directly," they wrote, "but must proceed by ingenious manipulations of marginal institutions like the schools, progress will remain glacial. If we want to move beyond this tradition, we will have to establish political control over the economic institutions that shape American

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society. This is what other countries call socialism."

A considerable distance lies between that conclusion and the present volume, and the differences between them are emblematic of some of the changes that the 1970s have wrought both in American society and in egalitarian criticism of it. *Who Gets Ahead?* is not an indictment of "the system" for its failure to produce uniform results, but rather an effort to explain and measure the factors that cause some people to do better than others. As Jencks bluntly states in the preface, the book "is primarily concerned with the determinants of individual success within the existing economic system, not with the determinants of the level of inequality in that system." It is also not a clarion call for fundamental change.

As a social scientist's tour of the peaks and valleys of personal attainment in the United States, the book is immensely informative, not least because its primary findings are compatible with common sense and everyday assumptions. We learn, for example, that in the early 1970s "the family background as a whole explained about 48 percent of the variance in occupational status and 15 to 35 percent of the variance in earnings among men aged 25 to 64. . . . The estimates imply that those who do well economically typically owe almost half of their occupational advantage and 55 to 85 percent of their earnings advantage to family background."

Education Makes a Difference

The emphasis on the power of family background—shrewdly measured without having to define it by comparing the careers and earnings of brothers—is consistent with Jencks's previous work.

What differentiates the present volume from *Inequality*, apart from its much less ideological tone, is the conclusion that education does, after all, seem to matter too. In fact, it matters a great deal, especially for those who manage to get through college. Possession of a bachelor's degree was associated with incomes 40 percent greater than those of secondary-school graduates and with very substantial gains in occupational status. "The best readily observable predictor of a young man's eventual status or earnings," Jencks concludes, "is the amount of schooling he has had."

Statistical analyses such as these do not permit any confident explanation of what it is about formal education that confers advantage on its recipients. It "could be because schooling is an arbitrary rationing device for allocating scarce jobs; or because schooling imparts skills, knowledge, or attitudes that employers value; or because schooling alters men's aspirations." The numbers do not say. But they do enable the authors to dismiss the notion that education is just society's way of sorting out the able from the inept. Although a man's measurable cognitive ability is usually associated with the amount of schooling he receives and with his subsequent job status and earnings, "men who fail to convert their ability advantage into additional schooling do not have much of an occupational advantage over men with lower scores."

As for race, there is considerable evidence that, although the occupational levels and earnings of blacks are generally lower than those of whites, when the amount of education is the same, these gaps narrow and sometimes disappear. This is especially vivid when a university degree is obtained. In fact,

one of the national surveys on which the book is based indicated that by 1971 the earnings of whites and non-whites with degrees were almost equal. Hence, even if nothing else—such as unequal pay for blacks and whites with similar training—were to change, a blend of public policies and private decisions that led to the uniform distribution of educational attainment would eliminate 25 to 30 percent of the present difference in earnings between whites and non-whites. And insuring equal pay for similar education and experience would wipe out almost 70 percent of the earnings gap, even if current patterns of black-white schooling persisted.

Not a Matter of Luck

It is significant that the authors here dwell on the salutary effects of purposeful changes in public policy and private decisions, for the absorbing aspect of this book—for black and white alike—is its faith in the power of ordinary institutions to determine “who gets ahead,” and in the ability of those who guide such institutions to act in ways that can alter individual economic destinations. To appreciate this perhaps obvious point, one must again recall the heavy emphasis given to uncontrollable forces in Jencks’s previous work, especially the bald statement in *Inequality* that

“Economic success seems to depend on varieties of luck and on-the-job competence that are only moderately related to family background, schooling, or scores on standardized tests.” Now it turns out that the amount of schooling received explains half the variation in occupational status and earnings, and Jencks, a conscientious scholar, finds that he can neither attribute this to “luck” nor ignore the clear possibility that social policies affecting the amount of education people receive are likely to influence their economic prospects.

This is an admirable book, not least because it does not flinch from its own analysis even when, as sometimes seems to be the case, the authors may have wished the figures had come out differently. Although its preparation was intricate—Jencks’s eleven associates did various portions of the analysis and actual writing—the only serious shortcoming, as the authors recognize, is its omission of the female half of the population from the analysis. That is a shame, especially because many of the most interesting changes in American society in recent years are related to the entry of women into the workforce and their progress there. One hopes that Jencks and company make their next project the measurement and illumination of that development.



A FILM EDITOR'S LONELY JOB

By Janet Maslin

The writer is a film critic for *The New York Times*. This review is excerpted from that newspaper's *Book Review*.

When the Shooting Stops...the Cutting Begins, A Film Editor's Story. By Ralph Rosenblum and Robert Karen. New York: The Viking Press. 310 pp.

Film editing isn't exactly a thankless job, but there's precious little limelight associated with the profession. *When the Shooting Stops...the Cutting Begins*, a memoir by Ralph Rosenblum, makes that eminently clear. Rosenblum, an editor for more than 30 years, and Robert Karen, his co-author, point out that much of the film editor's time is spent in cramped, dark rooms—and that can become the most pleasant part of the undertaking, if the director is sufficiently ornery. Rosenblum, whose attributes include bashfulness, superhuman patience and a tremendous talent for stifling his own rage, has worked with more than his share of ornery directors.

This book, a chronicle of Rosenblum's life and a history of his profession, is also Rosenblum's chance to get even. And he makes the most of it. He cites "the inclination of innumerable directors, infatuated with the excessive attention they receive, to conclude that their immense gifts acquit them of the courtesy and decency that would be required of almost any other human being." He provides plenty of examples.

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Hallelujah Chorus

One of the projects that helped to establish Rosenblum's reputation as a feature-film editor, after the many years he had spent editing documentaries, was William Friedkin's *The Night They Raided Minsky's*, which Rosenblum maintains was not Friedkin's at all. After a studio executive had announced, "In all my years in film, this is the worst first cut I've ever seen," Rosenblum says that he was hired to help improve it. He says he did this by incorporating old newsreel footage, fading from black and white to color, and employing Handel's Hallelujah Chorus ("the use of which is always a sure sign that a film is in danger"), just as he later resorted to it in *A Thousand Clowns*. When the critic Judith Crist saw the finished movie and praised these touches (all but the Chorus) as signs that "Director William Friedkin proves his sense of cinema," Rosenblum was one of the relatively few people who knew that the director had not even seen this version of the movie.

Rosenblum also devotes a chapter to his ordeal on *The Producers* with Mel Brooks, describing the spectacle of Brooks reducing a little old lady to tears and remarking upon the director's tendency to pay more attention to the crew's sandwich orders at lunchtime than he did to anyone's hurt feelings. If this was the low point of his career, the high point was his collaboration on five

films with Woody Allen. Characterizing his working relationship with Allen as "a Dance of Deference," Rosenblum turns the book's chapters on Allen into a fine illustration of why he has been most successful at editing comedies. Here, perhaps more so than with dramatic films, the director's and editor's jobs diverge. While Allen concentrated on being funny, Rosenblum worried about organization, valuing structure even at the cost of some of Allen's best jokes.

Woody Allen's Films

This section of the book is its most vivid, because Rosenblum's skills seem to have been put to ideal use at this stage of his career and because the evolution of Allen's movies is so fascinating. *Take the Money and Run* originally had a mournful strain; it even ended with a bloody shoot-'em-up in which Virgil Starkwell, the character played by Allen, was graphically killed. Rosenblum prevailed—very politely—upon the director to end the film on a cheerier note. He says he also "created a new transitional device by chopping up pieces of the long interview with Starkwell's parents I found in the rushes but which had barely been used in the first

version of the film." Music that had been gloomy was replaced with selections by the jazz pianist Eubie Blake. A maudlin romantic interlude became hilarious when Mr. Allen added a voice-over full of jokes.

Fans of *Annie Hall* are sure to relish Rosenblum's catalogue of the out-takes (discarded film footage), among them a scene in which Alby Singer imagines his own parents behaving like the Hall family. ("Father: 'Make me a martini.' Mother: 'Of course, sweetheart. How would you like it, dear?' Father: 'On white bread with mayonnaise.'")

It's a tribute to the authors' simple, direct presentation of this story, and to Rosenblum's empathy for all of the film business's underdogs (a chapter on a lost performance from *Goodbye Columbus* is particularly moving) that the book can include such tidbits of Woody Allen lore without being overwhelmed by them. Far from dazzling the reader with tales of Rosenblum's famous employers, the book works slowly and quietly to create a heightened awareness of editing as a craft. "We hope that after reading it, you will no longer think about movies in quite the same way," the authors note in their introduction. Gradually and modestly, they accomplish that, and more.



THE SORROWS OF UPDIKE

By Jonathan Yardley

The reviewer is book editor of *The Washington Star*, from which this article is reprinted.

Problems, and Other Stories. By John Updike. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 182 pp.

"Seven years since my last short-story collection?" John Updike asks, and then answers: "There must have been problems."

Yes, there were: domestic problems. Updike, in whose fiction can be charted the course of his own life, experienced in those seven years the sorrows and disruptions of separation and divorce, the joys and uncertainties of remarriage. Like Ferris in his story "Guilt-Gems," Updike is a "divorced, middle-aged man," brooding over the losses he has suffered, the wounds he has inflicted, the rewards he has reaped. Though there are other "problems" in these 22 stories, marital woes give the book its most distinctive flavor.

Dose of Pain

These are stories about what it is like to feel pain. With the exception of the final pages of *Rabbit, Run*, nowhere in Updike's work is there such a concentrated dose of pain—pain arising out of

anger and love. In the best of these divorce stories—"Nevada," "Separating," "Problems," "Domestic Life in America," "Here Come the Maples"—Updike manages to convey a pervasive, heart-breaking sense of the random ways husbands and wives hurt each other, indeed cannot help hurting each other.

Divorce, Updike knows, can be as inexorable as love; the process of growing apart proceeds as implacably as the process of drawing together. His men and women resist it because they do not want it, yet they know what is coming.

"Years ago the Maples had observed how often, among their friends, divorce followed a dramatic home improvement, as if the marriage were making one last effort to live; their own worst crisis had come amid the plaster dust and exposed plumbing of a kitchen renovation."

The tenderness of these stories about separation and divorce is palpable. They are filled with longing and guilt and regret, with the awful knowledge that stupid, irreparable mistakes have been made. Here is a passage, from "Domestic Life in America," that is worth quoting at length because it is Updike at his very best:

Penny had been their first dog, a sweet-tempered golden retriever. She became very old and stiff, and her

back arched with pain, yet she didn't know how to die. On one of his visits Fraser had dug her grave, in case she died before the next one, and the dog had come with him into the wood and laid down beside the hole as it enlarged, enjoying the smell of fresh earth, the stir of human activity. At one point he had measured her with the shovel handle, and she had wagged her tail, amused. Still she wouldn't die. The following weekend, they called the vet to the place. Penny had liked the vet, but dreaded his kennels. He held up her foreleg, and he injected a violet fluid. For a second or two she gazed upward for approval, then swooned to the lawn with an astonishing relaxation. As they watched in a ring (Kenny had stayed in the house, listening to records, refusing to watch), her breathing grew more and more shallow. Then she was dead, in the November sun's long shadows. When Fraser lifted the dog, her skin had become a sack for her bones; and he laid her floppy body in the hole he had dug, it appeared to him through his absurd, excessive tears that he was burying a dozen golden summers, his children's childhood and his own blameless prime.

That is a perfect piece of writing. It is restrained and ruefully humorous, and thus avoids sentimentality. The connection it makes between the death of the dog and the death of the marriage is not facile but genuine; Updike knows all the symbolism, large and small, of domestic life. The detail is exact but not (as it sometimes is in Updike's work) excessive or self-indulgent.

Persistent Memories

In these stories about the dissolution of marriages, Updike does marvelous things. As anyone acquainted with *Couples* is well aware, he writes brilliantly

about the tangled web of affections and resentments that binds fathers to their children, their sons in particular; the moment in "Separating" when Richard Maple tells his elder son about the impending separation is exquisitely subtle and knowing. Updike understands that,



John Updike

when one marries more than once, the new marriage is both shaped and threatened by the persistent memories of what went before—the good and bad memories alike.

Master of Heartbreak

It should be conceded that these stories of marital disruption are written from the man's point of view. In all but one of them ("Nevada"), it is the husband who is leaving the wife, and the wife who wants the marriage to be salvaged. But the point of view matters less than the compassion that pervades all these stories. Updike is trying very

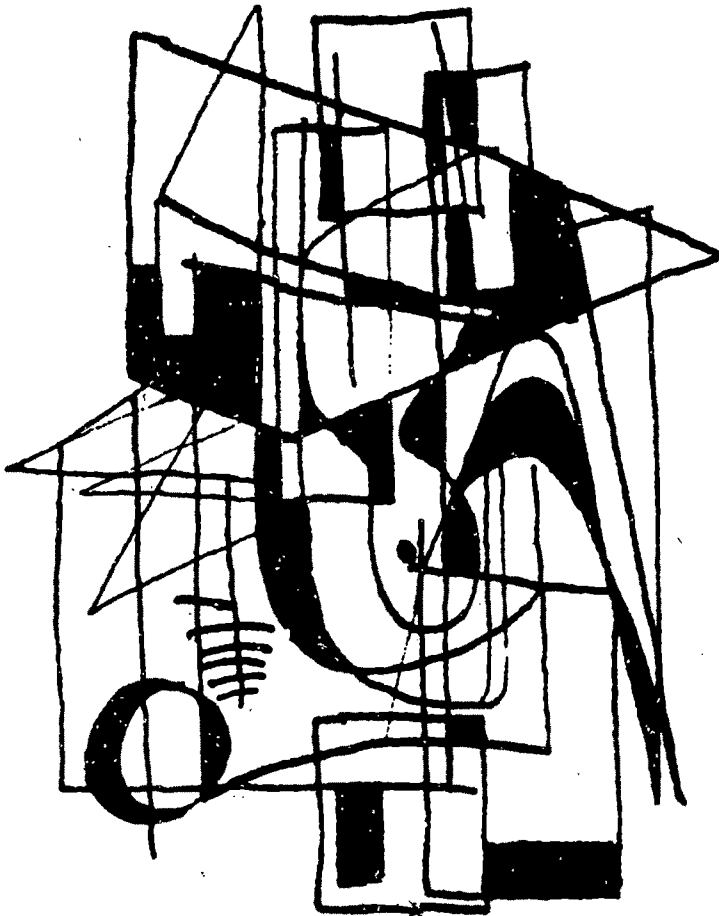
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hard to understand his people and what is happening to them, and is making a very good job of it.

As to the stories about other "problems," most of them are considerably less successful. "Transaction" is a remarkably trite account of an encounter between a weary, lonesome businessman and a whore who does not have a heart of gold. The stories that touch on religious themes occupy territory Up-

dike has already worked to depletion. Some of the shorter pieces are merely arch, a pitfall into which Updike too often tumbles.

No matter. There are a half-dozen pieces in this collection so fine as to render the rest of them irrelevant. If at other points in his career Updike has been a chronicler of domestic joy, now he is a chronicler of domestic heart-break. He is a master at it.



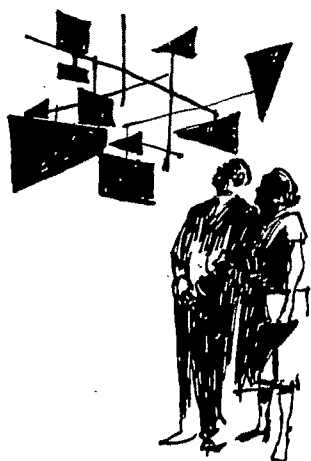
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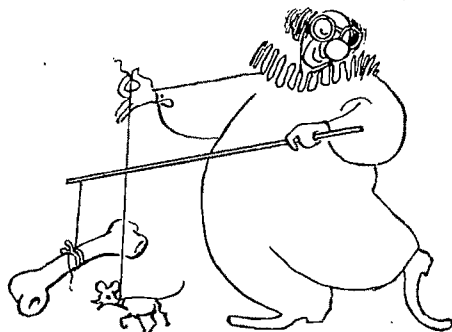
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